



Frontispiece.



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By THE
SATYRS
OF

Decimus Junius Juvenalis:

AND OF

AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS.

Translated into English VERSE

By Mr. DRYDEN,

And several other Eminent Hands.

To which is Prefix'd a

W DISCOURSE

Concerning the

Original and Progress of SATYR.

*Quicquid agunt Homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.*

The Sixth Edition. Corrected and Amended.

DUBLIN:

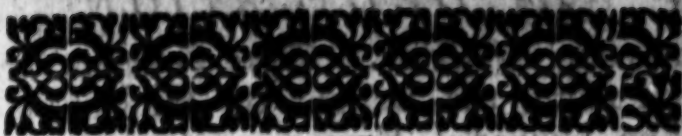
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THE
SALES
OF
THE
BRITISH MUSEUM



DISCOUNT

By the
The British Museum
Printed by and for H.M. LUTHER, 20
The British Museum, Great Britain



To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*,

Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household,
Knight of the Most Noble ORDER of
the GARTER, &c.

My LORD,

THE Wishes and Desires of
all good Men, which have at-
tended your Lordship from
your First Appearance in the
World, are at length accomplish'd in your
obtaining those Honours and Dignities,
which you have so long deserv'd. There
are no Factions, tho' irreconcilable to
one another, that are not united in their
Affection to you, and the Respect they
pay you. They are equally pleas'd in
your Prosperity, and wou'd be equally con-
cern'd

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in your Affliction. *Titus Vespasian* was not more the Delight of Human-kind. The Universal Empire made him only more known, and more powerful, but cou'd not make him more belov'd. He had greater Ability of doing Good, but your Inclination to it, is not less; And tho' you cou'd not extend your Beneficence to so many Persons, yet you have lost as few Days, as that excellent Emperor; and never had his Complaint to make, when you went to Bed, that the Sun had shone upon you in vain, when you had the Opportunity of relieving some unhappy Man. This, my Lord, has justly acquir'd you as many Friends, as there are Persons, who have the Honour to be known to you: Meer Acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a nearer Line: And they who have convers'd with you, are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a Truth so generally acknowledg'd, that it needs no Proof: 'Tis of the Nature of a first Principle, which is receiv'd, as soon as it is propos'd; and needs not the Reformation, which *Descartes* us'd to his: For we doubt not, neither can we properly say, we think we admire and love you, above all other Men: There is a Certainty in the Proposition, and we know it. With
the

The DEDICATION.

the same Assurance can I say, you neither have Enemies, nor can scarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither Love nor Hate you; and they who have, can have no other Notion of you, than that which they receive from the Public, that you are the best of Men. After this, my Testimony can be of no farther Use, than to declare it to be Day-light at High-noon: And all who have the Benefit of Sight, can look up as well, and see the Sun.

'Tis true, I have one Privilege which is almost particular to my self, that I saw you in the *East*, at your first arising above the Hemisphere: I was as soon sensible as any Man of that Light, when it was but just shooting out, and beginning to travel upwards to the Meridian. I made my early Addresses to your Lordship, in my Essay of Dramatic Poetry; and therein bespoke you to the World; wherein I have the Right of a First Discoverer. When I was my self in the Rudiments of my Poetry, without Name or Reputation in the World; having rather the Ambition of a Writer, than the Skill; when I was drawing the Outlines of an Art, without any living Master to instruct me in it; an Art which had been better prais'd than study'd here in *England*,
A. 3. wherein

wherein *Shakspear*, who created the Stage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and justly; and *Johnson*, who by studying *Horace*, had been acquainted with the Rules, yet seemed to envy to Posterity that Knowledge, and like an Inventor of some useful Art, to make a Monopoly of his Learning: When thus, as I may say, before the Use of the Loadstone, or Knowledge of the Compass, I was sailing in a vast Ocean, without other help, than the Pole-Star of the Antients, and the Rules of the *French* Stage amongst the Moderns, which are extremely different from ours, by reason of their opposite Taste; yet even then, I had the Presumption to Dedicate to your Lordship: a very unfinish'd Piece, I must confess, and which only can be excus'd by the little Experience of the Author, and the Modesty of the Title, *An Essay*. Yet I was stronger in Prophecy than I was in Criticism; I was inspir'd to foretel You to Mankind, as the Restorer of Poetry, the greatest Genius, the truest Judge, and the best Patron.

Good Sense and good Nature are never separated, tho' the ignorant World has thought otherwise. Good Nature, by which I mean Beneficence and Candor, is the Product of right Reason; which of necessity

necessity will give Allowance to the Failings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in Mankind; and by distinguishing that which comes nearest to Excellency, tho' not absolutely free from Faults, will certainly produce a Candor in the Judge. 'Tis incident to an elevated Understanding, like your Lordship's, to find out the Errors of other Men: But 'tis your Prerogative to pardon them; to look with Pleasure on those things, which are somewhat congenial, and of a remote Kindred to your own Conceptions: And to forgive the many Failings of those, who with their wretched Art, cannot arrive to those Heights that you possess, from a happy, abundant, and native Genius. Which are as inborn to you, as they were to *Shakespear*; and for ought I know, to *Homer*; in either of whom, we find all Arts and Sciences, all Moral and Natural Philosophy, without knowing that they ever study'd them.

There is not an *English* Writer this Day living, who is not perfectly convinc'd, that your Lordship excels all others, in all the several parts of Poetry, which you have undertaken to adorn. The most Vain, and the most Ambitious of our Age, have not dar'd to assume so much, as the Competitors.

tors of *Themistocles*: They have yielded the first Place without dispute; and have been arrogantly content to be esteem'd as Second to your Lordship; and even that also with a *Longo, sed proximi Intervallo*. If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their Self-conceit, they must be very singular in their Opinion: They must be like the *Officer*, in a Play, who was call'd Captain, Lieutenant and Company. The World will easily conclude, whether such unattended Generals can ever be capable of making a Revolution in *Parnassus*.

I will not attempt, in this place, to say any thing particular of your *Lyric Poems*, tho' they are the Delight and Wonder of this Age, and will be the Envy of the next. The Subject of this Book confines me to Satyr; and in that, an Author of your own Quality, (whose Ashes I will not disturb,) has given you all the Commendation, which his Self-sufficiency cou'd afford to any Man: *The best good Man, with the worst-natured Muse*. In that Character, methinks, I am reading *Johnson's* Verses to the Memory of *Shakespeare*: An Insolent, Sparing, and Invidious Panegyric: Where good Nature, the most Godlike Commendation of a Man is only attributed to your Person, and deny'd to your Writings: For
they

they are every-where so full of Candor, that, like *Horace*, you only expose the Follies of Men, without arraigning their Vices; and in this excel him, that you add that pointedness of Thought, which is visibly wanting in our great *Roman*. There is more of Salt in all your Verses, than I have seen in any of the Moderns, or even of the Antients: But you have been sparing of the Gall; by which means you have pleas'd all Readers, and offended none. *Donn* alone, of all our Country-men, had your Talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your Versification. And were he translated into Numbers, and *English*, he wou'd yet be wanting in the Dignity of Expression. That which is the Prime Virtue, and chief Ornament of *Virgil*, which distinguishes him from the rest of Writers, is so conspicuous in your Verses, that it casts Shadow on all your Contemporaries; we cannot be seen, or but obscurely, while you are present. You equal *Donn* in the Variety, Multiplicity, and Choice of Thoughts; you excel him in the Manner, and the Words. I read you both, with the same Admiration, but not with the same Delight. He affects the Metaphysics, not only in his Satyrs, but in his amorous Verses, where Nature only should reign; and per-

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perplexes the Minds of the fair Sex with nice Speculations of Philosophy, when he shou'd engage their Hearts, and entertain them with the Softness of Love. In this (if I may be pardon'd for so bold a Truth) Mr. *Cowley* has copy'd him to a Fault; so great an one in my Opinion, that it throws his Mistress infinitely below his Pindariques, and his latter Compositions, which are undoubtedly the best of his Poems, and the most correct. For my own part, I must avow it freely to the World, that I never attempted any thing in Satyr, wherein I have not study'd your Writings, as the most perfect Model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greatest Commendation, which my own Partiality can give to my Productions, is, that they are Copies; and no farther to be allow'd, than as they have something more or less of the Original. Some few Touches of your Lordship, some secret Graces which I have endeavour'd to expresse after your manner, have made whole Poems of mine to pass with Approbation: But take your Verses altogether, and they are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, 'tis because you have not written more. You have not let me sufficient Copy to transcribe; and I cannot add one Letter of my own Invention.

vention, of which I have not the Example there.

'Tis a general Complaint against your Lordship, and I must have leave to upbraid you with it, that, because you need not write, you will not. Mankind that wishes you so well, in all things that relate to your Prosperity, have their Intervals of wishing for themselves, and are within a little of grudging you the Fulness of your Fortune: They wou'd be more malicious, if you us'd it not so well, and with so much Generosity.

Fame is in it self a real Good, if we may believe *Cicero*, who was perhaps too fond of it. But even Fame, as *Virgil* tells us, acquires Strength by going forward. Let *Epicurus* give Indolency, as an Attribute to his Gods, and place in it the Happiness of the Blest: The Divinity which we worship, has given us not only a Precept against it, but his own Example to the contrary. The World, my Lord, wou'd be content to allow you a Seventh Day for Rest; or if you thought that hard upon you, we wou'd not refuse you half your Time: If you came out, like some Great Monarch, to take a Town but once a Year: as it were for your Diversion, tho' you had no need to extend your Territories:

In

In short, if you were a bad, or which is worse, an indifferent Poet, we wou'd thank you for our own Quiet, and not expose you to the want of yours. But when you are so great and so successful, and when we have that Necessity of your Writing, that we cannot subsist intirely without it ; any more (I may almost say) than the World without the daily Course of ordinary Providence; methinks this Argument might prevail with you, my Lord, to forego a little of your Repose for the public Benefit. 'Tis not that you are under any force of working daily Miracles, to prove your Being; but now and then somewhat of extraordinary, that is any thing of your Production, is requisite to refresh your Character.

This, I think, my Lord, is a sufficient Reproach to you; and shou'd I carry it as far as Mankind wou'd authorize me, wou'd be little less than Satyr. And, indeed, a Provocation is almost necessary, in behalf of the World, that you might be induc'd sometimes to write; and in Relation to a Multitude of Scriblers, who daily pester the World with their insufferable Stuff, that they might be discouraged from Writing any more. I complain not of their Lampoons and Libels, tho' I have been the

the public Mark for many Years. I am vindictive enough, to have repelled Force by Force, if I cou'd imagine that any of them had ever reach'd me; but they either shot at Rovers, and therefore missed, or their Powder was so weak, that I might safely stand them, at the nearest Distance. I answer'd not the *Rehearsal*, because I knew the Author sate to himself, when he drew the Picture, and was the very Bays of his own Farce. Because also I knew, that my Betters were more concern'd than I was in that Satyr: and, lastly, because Mr. *Smith* and Mr. *Johnson*, the main Pillars of it, were two such languishing Gentlemen in their Conversation, that I cou'd liken them to nothing but to their own Relations, those Noble Characters of Men of Wit and Pleasure about the Town. The like Considerations have hindr'd me from dealing with the lamentable Companions of their Prose and Doggrel, I am so far from defending my Poetry against them, that I will not so much as expose theirs. And for my Morals, if they are not Proof against their Attacks, let me be thought by Posterity, what those Authors would be thought, if any Memory of them, or of their Writings, cou'd endure so long, as to another Age. But these dull Makers of

B Lampoons

Lampoons, as harmless as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous Example to the Public: Some witty Men may perhaps succeed to their Designs, and mixing Sense with Malice, blast the Reputation of the most Innocent amongst Men, and the most Virtuous amongst Women.

Heaven be prais'd, our common Libellers are as free from the Imputation of Wit, as of Morality; and therefore whatever Mischief they have design'd, they have perform'd but little of it. Yet these ill Writers, in all Justice, ought themselves to be expos'd: As *Perfius* has given us a fair Example in his First Satyr; which is level'd particularly at them: And none is so fit to correct their Faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own Writings, but is also so just, that he will never defame the Good; and is armed with the Power of Verse, to punish and make Examples of the Bad. But of this I shall have Occasion to speak further, when I come to give the Definition and Character of true Satyrs.

In the mean Time, as a Counsellor bred up in the Knowledge of the Municipal and Statute-Laws, may honestly inform a Just Prince how far his Prerogative extends; so I may be allowed to tell your Lordship,
who

who by an undisputed Title, are the King of Poets, what an extent of Power you have, and how lawfully you may exercise it, over the petulant Scriblers of this Age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know, you are absolute by your Office, in all that belongs to the Decency and Good Manners of the Stage. You can banish from thence Scurrility and Profaneness, and restrain the licentious Insolence of Poets and their Actors in all Things that shock the public Quiet; or the Reputation of Private Persons, under the Notion of *Humour*. But I mean not the Authority, which is annexed to your Office: I speak of that only which is inborn and inherent to your Person. What is produc'd in you by an excellent Wit, a Masterly and Commanding Genius over all Writers: Whereby you are empower'd, when you please, to give the final Decision of Wit; to put your Stamp on all that ought to pass for current; and set a Brand of Reprobation on clipp'd Poetry, and false Coin. A Shilling dipt in the *Bath* may go for Gold amongst the Ignorant, but the Scepters on the Guineas shew the Difference. That your Lordship is form'd by Nature for this Supremacy, I could easily prove, (were it not already granted by the World) from the distinguishing

guishing Character of your Writing. Which is so visible to me, that I never cou'd be impos'd on to receive for yours, what was written by any others; or to mistake your Genuine Poetry, for their Spurious Productions. I can farther add with Truth (tho' not without some Vanity in saying it) that in the same Paper, written by divers Hands, whereof your Lordship's was only part, I cou'd separate your Gold from their Copper: And tho' I cou'd not give back to every Author his own Brass, (for there is not the same Rule for distinguishing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good) yet I never fail'd of knowing what was yours, and what was not: And was absolutely certain, that this, or the other Part, was positively yours, and cou'd not possibly be written by any other.

True it is, that some bad Poems, tho' not all, carry their Owners Marks about 'em. There is some peculiar Aukwardness, false Grammar, imperfect Sense, or at least Obscurity; some Brand or other on this Buttock, or that Ear, that 'tis notorious who are the Owners of the Cattle, tho' they shou'd not sign it with their Names. But your Lordship, on the contrary, is distinguish'd, not only by the Excellency of your Thoughts, but by your Style and Manner

Manner of expressing them. A Painter judging of some admirable Piece, may affirm with certainty, that it was of *Holben*, or *Vandike*: But Vulgar Designs, and Common Draughts, are easily mistaken, and misapply'd. Thus, by my long Study of your Lordship, I am arriv'd at the Knowledge of your particular Manner. In the Good Poems of other Men, like those Artists, I can only say, this is like the Draught of such a one, or like the Colouring of another. In short, I can only be sure, that 'tis the Hand of a good Master: But in your Performances, 'tis scarcely possible for me to be deceiv'd. If you write in your Strength, you stand reveal'd at the first View; and shou'd you write under it, you cannot avoid some peculiar Graces, which only cost me a second Consideration to discover you: For I may say it, with all the Severity of Truth, that every Line of yours is precious. Your Lordship's only Fault is, that you have not written more; unless I cou'd add another, and that yet greater, but I fear for the Public; the Accusation wou'd not be true, that you have written, and out of vicious Modesty will not publish.

Virgil has confin'd his Works within the Compass of Eighteen Thousand Lines, and

has not treated many Subjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have, the Reputation of the best Poet. *Martial* says of him, that he could have excell'd *Varius* in Tragedy, and *Horace* in Lyric Poetry, but out of Deference to his Friends, he attempted neither.

The same prevalence of Genius is in Your Lordship, but the World cannot pardon your concealing it on the same Consideration; because we have neither a living *Varius*, nor a *Horace*, in whose Excellencies both of Poems, Odes, and Satyrs, you had equall'd them, if our Language had not yielded to the Roman Majesty, and Length of Time had not added a Reverence to the Works of *Horace*. For good Sense is the same in all or most Ages; and course of Time rather improves Nature, than impairs her. What has been, may be again: Another *Homer*, and another *Virgil*, may possibly arise from those very Causes which produc'd the first: Tho' it would be Impudence to affirm that any such have appear'd.

'Tis manifest, that some particular Ages have been more happy than others in the Production of Great Men, in all sorts of Arts and Sciences: As that of *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Aristophanes*, and the rest for Stage-

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Stage-Poetry amongst the *Greeks*: That of *Augustus* for Heroic, Lyric, Dramatic, Elegiac, and indeed all sorts of Poetry; in the Persons of *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Varius*, *Ovid*, and many others; especially if we take into that Century the latter End of the Common-wealth; wherein we find *Varro*, *Lucretius*, and *Catullus*. And at the same Time liv'd *Cicero*, and *Sallust*, and *Cesar*. A famous Age in modern Times, for Learning in every Kind, was that of *Lorenzo de Medici*, and his Son *Leo X*, wherein Painting was reviv'd and Poetry flourish'd, and the *Greek Language* was restor'd.

Examples in all these are obvious: But what I wou'd infer is this; That in such an Age, 'tis possible some Great Genius may arise, to equal any of the Antients; abating only for the Language. For great Contemporaries whet and cultivate each other: And mutual Borrowing, and Commerce, makes the common Riches of Learning, as it does of the Civil Government.

But suppose that *Homer* and *Virgil* were the only of their Species, and that Nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet the Example only holds in Heroic Poetry: In Tragedy and Satyr I offer my self

to maintain against some of our modern Critics, that this Age and the last, particularly in *England*, have excell'd the Antients in both those Kinds; and I wou'd instance in *Shakespear* of the former, of your Lordship in the latter Sort.

Thus I might safely confine my self to my Native Country: But if I would only cross the Seas, I might find in *France* a living *Horace* and a *Juvenal*, in the Person of the admirable *Boileau*; whose Numbers are Excellent, whose Expressions are Noble, whose Thoughts are Just, whose Language is Pure, whose Satyr is Pointed, and whose Sense is Close: What he borrows from the Antients, he repays with Usury of his own; in Coin as good, and almost as universally valuable: For setting Prejudice and Partiality apart; tho' he is our Enemy, the Stamp of a *Louis*, the Patron of all Arts, is not much inferior to the Medal of an *Augustus Caesar*. Let this be said without entring into the Interests of Factions and Parties; and relating only to the Bounty of that King to Men of Learning and Merit: A Praise so just, that even we who are his Enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now if it may be permitted me to go back again to the Consideration of *Epic Poetry*

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Poetry, I have confess'd, that no Man
hitherto has reach'd, or so much as ap-
proach'd to the Excellencies of *Homer* or
of *Virgil*; I must farther add, that *Statius*,
the best Versificator next *Virgil*, knew not
how to design after him, tho' he had the
Model in his Eye; that *Lucan* is wanting
both in Design and Subject, and is besides
too full of Heat and Affectation; that a-
mong the Moderns, *Ariosto* neither design'd
justly, nor observ'd any Unity of Action,
or Compass of Time, or Moderation in
the Vastness of his Draught: His Style is
luxurious, without Majesty, or Decency,
and his Adventurers without the Compass
of Nature and Possibility: *Tasso*, whose
Design was Regular, and who observ'd the
Rules of Unity in Time and Place, more
closely than *Virgil*, yet was not so happy
in his Action; he confesses himself to have
been too Lyrical, that is, to have written
beneath the Dignity of Heroic Verse, in
his *Episodes* of *Sophronia*, *Erminia*, and
Armida; his Story is not so pleasing as
Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes, and
sometimes too dry; many times unequal,
and almost always forc'd; and besides, is
full of Conceptions, Points of Epigram
and Witticisms; all which are not only
below the Dignity of Heroic Verse, but
contrary

contrary to its Nature; *Virgil* and *Homer* have not one of them. And those who are guilty of so Boyish an Ambition in so grave a Subject, are so far from being consider'd as Heroic Poets, that they ought to be turn'd down from *Homer* to the *Anthologia*, from *Virgil* to *Martial* and *Owen's* Epigrams, and from *Spencer* to *Flecko*; that is from the Top to the Bottom of all Poetry. But to return to *Tasso*, he borrows from the Invention of *Boyardo*, and in his Alteration of his Poem, which is infinitely the worse, imitates *Homer* so very servilely, that (for Example) he gives the King of *Jerusalem* fifty Sons, only because *Homer* had bestowed the like Number on King *Priam*; he kills the youngest in the same Manner, and has provided his Hero with a *Patroclus*, under another Name, only to bring him back to the Wars, when his Friend was kill'd. The *French* have perform'd nothing in this kind, which is not as below these two *Italians*, and subject to a Thousand more Reflections, without examining their *St. Lewis*, their *Pucelle*, or their *Alarique*: The *English* have only to boast of *Spencer* and *Milton*, who neither of them wanted either Genius or Learning, to have been perfect Poets; and yet both of them are liable to many Censures. For there

there is no Uniformity in the Design of *Spencer*: He aims at the Accomplishment of no one Action: He raises up an Hero for every one of his Adventures; and endows each of them with some particular Moral Virtue, which renders them all equal, without Subordination or Preference. Every one is most Valiant in his own Legend; only we must do him that Justice to observe, that Magnanimity which is the Character of Prince *Arthur*, shines throughout the whole Poem; and succours the rest, when they are in Distress. The Original of every Knight was then living in the Court of Queen *Elizabeth*; and he attributed to each of them that Virtue which he thought most conspicuous in them: An ingenious Piece of Flattery, tho' it turn'd not much to his Account. Had he liv'd to finish his Poem, in the six remaining Legends, it had certainly been more of a Piece; but cou'd not have been perfect, because the Model was not true. But Prince *Arthur*, or his chief Patron Sir *Philip Sidney*, whom he intended to have made happy by the Marriage of his *Gloriana*, dying before him, depriv'd the Poet, both of Means and Spirit, to accomplish his Design: For the rest, his obsolete Language, and the ill Choice of his Stanza,

are

are Faults but of the Second Magnitude: For notwithstanding the first he is still intelligible, at least after a little Practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admir'd; that labouring under such a Difficulty, his Verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only *Virgil*, whom he professedly imitated, has surpass'd him, among the *Romans*; and only Mr. *Waller* among the *English*.

As for Mr. *Milton*, whom we all admire with so much Justice, his Subject is not that of an Heroic Poem, properly so call'd. His Design is the losing of our Happiness; his Event is not prosperous, like that of all other *Epic Works*: His Heavenly Machines are many, and his Human Persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. *Rhymer's* Work out of his Hands: He has promis'd the World a Critique on that Author; wherein, tho' he will not allow his Poem for Heroic, I hope he will grant us, that his Thoughts are elevated, his Words founding, and that no Man has so happily copy'd the Manner of *Homer*; or so copiously translated his *Grecisms*, and the *Latin Elegancies* of *Virgil*. 'Tis true, he runs into a flat Thought, sometimes for a hundred Lines together, but 'tis when he is got into a Track of Scripture: His antiquated

tiquated Words were his Choice, not his
 Necessity; for therein he imitated *Spencer*,
 as *Spencer* did *Chaucer*. And tho', perhaps,
 the love of their Masters, may have trans-
 ported both too far, in the frequent Use of
 them; yet in my Opinion, obsolete Words
 may then be laudably reviv'd, when either
 they are more sounding, or more signifi-
 cant than those in Practice: And when
 their Obscurity is taken away, by joining
 other Words to them, which clear the
 Sense; according to the Rule of *Horace*,
 for the Admission of new Words. But in
 both Cases, a Moderation is to be observ'd
 in the Use of them. For unnecessary Coin-
 age, as well as unnecessary Revival, runs
 into Affectation; a Fault to be avoided on
 either Hand. Neither will I justify *Milton*
 for his blank Verse, tho' I may excuse him,
 by the Example of *Horatius Caro*, and o-
 ther *Italians* who have us'd it: For what-
 ever Causes he alledges for the abolishing
 of Rhime (which I have not now the Lei-
 sure to examine) his own particular Rea-
 son is plainly this, that Rhime was not his
 Talent; he had neither the Ease of doing
 it, nor the Graces of it; which is manifest
 in his *Giornali*, or Verses written in his
 Youth; where his Rhime is always con-
 strain'd and forc'd; and comes hardly from
 him

him at an Age when the Soul is most pliant; and the Passion of Love makes almost every Man a Rhimer, tho' not a Poet.

By this Time, my Lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my Bias so long together, and made so tedious a Digression from Satyr to Heroic Poetry. But if you will not excuse it by the tating Quality of Age, which, as *Sir William Davenant* says, is always Narrative; yet I hope the Usefulness of what I have to say on this Subject, will qualify the Remoteness of it; and this is the last Time I will commit the Crime of Prefaces, or trouble the World with my Notions of any Thing that relates to Verse. I have then, as you see, observ'd the Failings of many great Wits amongst the Moderns, who have attempted to write an *Epique* Poem: Besides these, or the like Animadversions of them by other Men, there is yet a farther Reason given, why they cannot possibly succeed, so well as the Antients, even tho' we cou'd allow them not to be inferior, either in Genius or Learning, or the Tongue in which they write; or all those other wonderful Qualifications which are necessary to the forming of a true accomplish'd Heroic Poet. The Fault is laid on our Religion: They say that

Christianity

Christianity is not capable of those Embellishments which are afforded in the Belief of those Antient Heathens.

And 'tis true that in the severe Notions of our Faith, the Fortitude of a Christian consists in Patience and Suffering for the Love of GOD, whatever Hardships can befall in the World; not in any great Attempts, or in Performance of those Enterprizes which the Poets call Heroic; and which are commonly the Effects of Interest, Ostentation, Pride, and Wordly Honour. That Humility and Resignation are our prime Virtues; and that these include no Action, but that of the Soul: Whereas, on the contrary, an Heroic Poem requires, to its necessary Design, and as its last Perfection, some great Action of War, the Accomplishment of some extraordinary Undertaking; which requires the Strength and Vigour of the Body, the Duty of a Soldier, the Capacity and Prudence of a General; and, in short, as much, or more of the Active Virtue, than the Suffering. But to this, the Answer is very obvious. GOD has plac'd us in our several Stations; the Virtues of a private Christian are Patience, Obedience, Submission, and the like; but those of a Magistrate, or General, or a King, are Prudence, Counsel,

Counsel, active Fortitude, coercive Power, awful Command, and the Exercise of Magnanimity, as well as Justice. So that this Objection hinders not, but that an Epic Poem, or the Heroic Action of some Great Commander, enterpris'd for the Common Good, and Honour of the Christian Cause, and executed happily, may be as well written now, as it was of old by the *Heathens*; provided the Poet be *endow'd* with the same Talents; and the Language, tho' not of equal Dignity, yet as near approaching to it, as our Modern Barbarism will allow, which is all that can be expected from our own or any other now extant, tho' more refin'd; and therefore we are to rest contented with that only Inferiority, which is not possibly to be remedy'd.

I wish I cou'd as easily remove that other Difficulty which yet remains. 'Tis objected by a great *French* Critic as well as an admirable Poet, yet living, and whom I have mentioned with that Honour which his Merit exacts from me, I mean *Bouhours*, That the Machines of our Christian Religion in Heroic Poetry, are much more feeble to support that Weight than those of *Heathenism*. Their Doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous Fables, was yet the Belief of the two Victorious Monarchies,
(John 3)
Grecian

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Grecian and Roman. Their Gods did not only interest themselves in the Event of Wars (which is the Effect of a Superior Providence) but also espous'd the several Parties, in a visible Corporeal Descent, manag'd their Intrigues, and fought their Battles sometimes in Opposition to each other: Tho' *Virgil* (more discreet than *Homer* in that last Particular) has contented himself with the Partiality of his Deities, their Favours, their Counsels or Commands, to those whose Cause they had espous'd, without bringing them to the Outragiousness of Blows. Now, our Religion (says he) is depriv'd of the greatest part of those Machines; at least the most shining in Epic Poetry. Tho' *St. Michael* in *Ariosto* seeks out *Discord*, to send her among the *Pagans*, and finds her in a Convent of Friars where Peace should Reign, which indeed is fine Satyr; and *Satan* in *Tasso*, excites *Solyman* to an Attempt by Night on the Christian Camp, and brings an Host of Devils to his Assistance; yet the Arch-Angel, in the former Example, when *Discord* was restive, and would not be drawn from her belov'd Monastery with fair Words, has the whip-hand of her, drags her out with many Scripes, sets her, on God's name, about her Business; and makes her know

the Difference of Strength betwixt a Nuncio of Heaven, and a Minister of Hell: The same Angel, in the latter Instance from *Tasso* (as if God had never another Messenger belonging to the Court, but was confin'd like *Jupiter* to *Mercury*, and *Juno* to *Iris*,) when he sees his Time, that is, when half of the *Christians* are already kill'd, and all the rest are in a fair way of being routed, stickles betwixt the Remainers of God's Host, and the Race of Fiends; pulls the Devils backwards by the Tails, and drives them from their Quarry; or otherwise the whole Business had miscarry'd, and *Jerusalem* remain'd untaken. This, says *Boileau*, is a very unequal Match for the poor Devils, who are sure to come by the worst of it in the Combat; for nothing is more easy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old Rebels to Reason, when he pleases. Consequently, what Pleasure, what Entertainment can be rais'd from so pitiful a Machine, where we see the Success of the Battle from the very Beginning of it; unless that, as we are *Christians*, we are glad that we have gotten God on our Side, to maul our Enemies, when we cannot do the Work our selves? For if the Poet had given the Faithful more Courage, which had cost him Nothing, or at least have.

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have made him exceed the *Turks* in Number, that he might have gain'd the Victory for us *Christians*; without interesting Heaven in the Quarrel; and that with as much Ease, and as little Credit to the Conqueror, as when a Party of 100 Soldiers defeats another which consists only of 50.

This, my Lord, I confess, is such an Argument against our Modern Poetry, as cannot be answered by those Mediums which have been us'd. We cannot hitherto boast, that our Religion has furnish'd us with any such Machines, as have made the Strength and Beauty of the Antient Buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an Invention of my own, to supply the manifest Defect of our new Writers: I am sufficiently sensible of my Weakness; and 'tis not very probable that I shou'd succeed in such a Project, whereof I have not had the least Hint from any of my Predecessors, the Poets, or any of their Seconds, and Coadjutors the Critics. Yet we see the Art of War is improv'd in Sieges, and new Instruments of Death are invented daily: Something new in Philosophy and the Mechanic's is discover'd almost every Year: And the Science of former Ages is improv'd by the succeeding. I will not detain you with a long Preamble to that, which

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which better Judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

'Tis this, in short, That Christian Poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own Strength. If they had search'd the Old Testament as they ought, they might there have found the Machines which are proper for their Work, and those more certain in their Effect, than it may be the New Testament is, in the Rules sufficient for Salvation. The perusing of one Chapter in the Prophecy of *Daniel*, and accomodating what there they find, with the Principles of *Platon's* Philosophy, as it is now Christianiz'd, wou'd have the Ministry of Angels as strong an Engine, for the working up Heroic Poetry, in our Religion, as that of the Antients has been to raise theirs by all the Fables of their Gods, which were only receiv'd for Truths by the most ignorant and weakest of the People.

'Tis a Doctrine almost universally receiv'd by Christians, as well Protestants as Catholics, That there are Guardian Angels appointed by God Almighty, as his Vicegerents, for the Protection and Government of Cities, Provinces, Kingdoms, and Monarchies; and those as well of Heavens, as of true Believers. All this is so plainly

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plainly provid from those Texts of *Daniel*, that it admits of no farther Controversie. The Prince of the *Persians*, and that other of the *Grecians*, are granted to be the Guardians and Protecting Ministers of those Empires. It cannot be deny'd, that they were opposite, and resisted one another. St. *Michael* is mention'd by his Name, as the Patron of the *Jews*, and is now taken by the Christians, as the Protector General of our Religion. These Tutelar Geni, who presided over the several People and Regions committed to their Charge, were watchful over them for Good, as far as their Commissions cou'd possibly extend: The general Purpose, and Design of all, was certainly the Service of their Great CREATOR. But 'tis an undoubted Truth, that for Ends best known to the Almighty Majesty of Heaven, his Providential Designs for the Benefit of his Creatures, for the Debasing and Punishing of some Nations, and the Exaltation and Temporal Reward of others, were not wholly known to these Ministers; else why those factions Quarrels, Controversies, and Battles, amongst themselves, when they were all united in the same Design, the Service and Honour of their Common Master? But being instructed only in the general

general, and zealous of the main Design;
 and as Finite Beings, not admitted into
 the Secrets of Government, the last Re-
 sorts of Providence, or capable of disco-
 vering the final Purposes of GOD, who
 can work Good out of Evil, as he pleases;
 and irresistibly sways all manner of Events
 on Earth, directing them finally for the
 best, to his Creation in general, and to the
 ultimate end of his own Glory in particular:
 They must of necessity be sometimes igno-
 rant of the Means conducing to those
 Ends, in which alone they can jar and op-
 pose each other. One Angel, as we may
 suppose the Prince of *Persia*, as he is cal-
 led, judging, that it would be more for
 God's Honour and the Benefit of his Peo-
 ple, that the *Median* and *Persian* Monar-
 chy, which deliver'd them from the *Baby-
 lonish* Captivity, shou'd still be the upper-
 most: And the Patron of the *Grecians*, to
 whom the Will of God might be more par-
 ticularly reveal'd, contending on the other
 Side, for the Rise of *Alexander* and his
 Successors, who were appointed to punish
 the Backsliding *Jews*, and thereby to put
 them in mind of their Offences, that they
 might repent, and become more Virtuous,
 and more observant of the Law reveal'd.
 But how far these Controversies and ap-
 pearing

bearing Enmities of those glorious Crea-
 tures may be carry'd; how these Opposi-
 tions may best be manag'd, and by what
 Means conducted, is not my Business to
 shew or to determine: These things must
 be left to the Invention and Judgment of
 the Poet: If any of so happy a Genius be
 now living, or any future Age can produce
 a Man who being conversant in the Philoso-
 phy of *Plato*, as it is now accommodated
 to Christian Use; for (as *Virgil* gives us to
 understand by his Example) he is the on-
 ly proper Person, of all others for an *Epic*
 Poem, who to his Natural Endowments,
 of a large Invention, a ripe Judgment, and
 a strong Memory, has join'd the Know-
 ledge of the Liberal Arts and Sciences,
 and particularly Moral Philosophy, the
 Mathematic's, Geography and History, and
 with all these Qualifications is born a Poet;
 knows, and can practise the Variety of
 Numbers, and is Master of the Language
 in which he writes; if such a Man, I say,
 be now arisen, or shall arise, I am vain e-
 nough to think, that I have propos'd a
 Model to him, by which he may build a
 Nobler, a more Beautiful, and more Per-
 fect Poem, than any yet extant since the
 Antients.

There

There is another part of those Machines yet wanting; but by what I have said, it wou'd have been easily supply'd by a Judicious Writer. He cou'd not have fail'd to add the Opposition of ill Spirits to the good; they have also their Design, ever opposite to that of Heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the Practice of the Moderns. But this imperfect System, if I may call it such, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that Hypothesis of the Evil Spirits contending with the Good. For being so much weaker since their Fall, than those Blessed Beings, they are yet suppos'd to have a permitted Power of God, of acting ill, as from their own deprav'd Nature; they have always the Will of designing it. A great Testimony of which we find in Holy Writ, when God Almighty suffer'd *Satan* to appear in the Holy Synod of the Angels, (a thing not hitherto drawn into Example by any of the Poets,) and also gave him Power over all Things belonging to his Servant *Job*, excepting only Life.

Now what these Wicked Spirits cannot compass, by the vast Disproportion of their Forces, to those of the Superior Beings, they may by their Fraud and Cunning carry farther, in a seeming League, Confederacy

racy, or Subserviency to the Designs of some good Angel, as far as consists with his Purity, to suffer such an Aid, the End of which may possibly be disguis'd, and conceal'd from his finite Knowledge. This is indeed to suppose a great Error in such a Being: Yet since a Devil can appear like an Angel of Light; since Craft and Malice may sometimes blind for a while a more perfect Understanding; and lastly, since *Milton* has given us an Example of the like Nature, when *Satan* appearing like a Cherub to *Uriel*, the Intelligence of the Sun circumvented him, even in his own Province, and pass'd only for a Curious Traveller through those new-created Regions, that he might observe therein the Workmanship of God, and praise him in his Works.

I know not why, upon the same Supposition, or some other, a Fiend may not deceive a Creature of more Excellency than himself, but yet a Creature; at least by the Connivance, or tacit Permission of the Omniscient Being.

Thus, my Lord, I have, as briefly as I cou'd, given your Lordship, and by you the World, a rude Draught of what I have been long labouring in my Imagination. And what I had intended to have put in

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Prac-

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Practice, (tho' far unable for the Attempt of such a Poem) and to have left the Stage, to which my Genius never much inclin'd me, for a Work which wou'd have taken up my Life in the Performance of it. This too, I had intended chiefly for the Honour of my Native Country, to which a Poet is particularly oblig'd: Of two Subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful, whether I should chuse that of King *Arthur* conquering the *Saxons*; which being farther distant in Time, gives the greater Scope to my Invention: Or that of *Edward* the Black Prince, in subduing *Spain*, and restoring it to the Lawful Prince, tho' a great Tyrant, *Don Pedro* the Cruel: Which for the compass of Time, including only the Expedition of one Year; for the Greatness of the Action, and its answerable Event; for the Magnanimity of the *English* Hero, opposed to the Ingratitude of the Person, whom he restor'd; and for the many beautiful Episodes, which I had interwoven with the principal Design, together with the Characters of the chiefest *English* Persons; wherein, after *Virgil* and *Spencer*, I wou'd have taken occasion to represent my living Friends and Patrons of the noblest Families, and also shadow'd the Events of future Ages, in the Succession of our Imperial Line.

Line. With these Helps, and those of the
Machines, which I have mention'd; I
might perhaps have done as well as some of
my Predecessors; or at least chalk'd out a
way, for others to amend my Errors in a
like Design. But being encourag'd only
with fair Words by King Charles II. my
little Salary ill paid, and no prospect of a
future Subsistence, I was then discourag'd
in the Beginning of my Attempt; and now
Age has overtaken me; and Want, a more
insufferable Evil, through the Change of
the Times, has wholly disabl'd me. Tho'
I must ever acknowledge, to the Honour
of your Lordship, and the eternal Memory
of your Charity, that since this Revoluti-
on, wherein I have patiently suffer'd the
Ruin of my small Fortune, and the Loss
of that poor Subsistence, which I had from
Two Kings, whom I had serv'd more faith-
fully, than profitably to my self; then your
Lordship was pleas'd, out of no other Mo-
tive, but your own Nobleness, without any
Desert of mine, or the least Sollicitation
from me, to make me a most Bountiful Pre-
sent, which at that Time, when I was most
in want of it, came most seasonably and
unexpectedly to my Relief. That Favour,
my Lord, is of it self sufficient to bind any
Grateful Man, to a perpetual Acknowledg-
ment,

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ment, and to all the future Service, which one of my mean Condition can be ever able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in Blessing you here, and Rewarding you hereafter. I must not presume to defend the Cause for which I now suffer, because your Lordship is engaged against it: But the more you are so, the greater is my Obligation to you: For your laying aside all the Considerations of Factions and Parties, to do an Action of pure disinterested Charity. This is one amongst many of your shining Qualities, which distinguish you from others of your Rank: But let me add a farther Truth, That without these Ties of Gratitude, and abstracting from them all, I have a most particular Inclination to Honour you; and, if it were not too bold an Expression, to say, I Love you. 'Tis no Shame to be a Poet, tho' 'tis to be a bad one. *Augustus Caesar* of old, and Cardinal *Richlieu* of late, wou'd willingly have been such; and *David* and *Solomon* were such. You, who without Flattery, are the best of the present Age in *England*, and wou'd have been so, had you been born in any other Country, will receive more Honour in future Ages, by that one Excellency, than by all those

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Honours to which your Birth has intitl'd you, or your Merits have acquir'd you.

Ne, forte, pudori;

Sit Tibi Musa Lyrae solers, & Cantor Apollo.

I have formerly said in this Epistle, that I cou'd distinguish your Writings from those of any others: 'Tis now Time to clear my self from any Imputation of Self-Conceit on that Subject. I assume not to my self any particular Lights in this Discovery; they are such only, as are obvious to every Man of Sense and Judgment, who loves Poetry, and understands it. Your Thoughts are always so remote from the common way of Thinking, that they are, as I may say, of another Species, than the Conceptions of other Poets; yet you go not out of Nature for any of them: Gold is never bred upon the Surface of the Ground; but lies so hidden, and so deep, that the Mines of it are seldom found; but the force of Waters casts it out from the Bowels of Mountains, and exposes it amongst the Sands of Rivers: giving us of her Bounty, what we cou'd not hope for by our Search. This Success attends your Lordship's Thoughts, which wou'd look like Chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the same Te-

nour. If I grant that there is Care in it, 'tis such a Care as wou'd be ineffectual and fruitless in other Men. 'Tis the *Curiosa felicitas* which *Petronius* ascribes to *Horace*, in his *Odes*. We have not wherewithal to imagine so strongly, so justly, and so pleasantly: In short, if we have the same Knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the same Quintessence; we cannot give it such a Term, such a Propriety, and such a Beauty: Something is deficient in the Manner, or the Words, but more in the Nobleness of our Conception. Yet when you have finish'd all, and it appears in its full Lustre, when the Diamond is not only found, but the Roughness smooth'd, when it is cut into a Form, and set in Gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect Work of Art and Nature: And every one will be so vain, to think he himself cou'd have perform'd the like, 'till he attempts it. 'Tis just the Description that *Horace* makes of such a finish'd Piece: It appears so easie, *Ut sibi quisvis speret idem; sudet multum, frustra que laboret, ausus idem.* And besides all this, 'tis your Lordship's particular Talent to lay your Thoughts so close together, that were they closer they wou'd be crouded, and even a due Connexion wou'd be wanting. We are not kept

kept in Expectation of Two good Lines, which are to come after a long Parenthesis of Twenty bad; which is the *April-Poetry* of other Writers, a Mixture of Rain and Sun-shine by Fits: You are always bright, even almost to a Fault, by reason of the Excess. There is continual Abundance, a Magazine of Thought, and yet a perpetual Variety of Entertainment; which creates such an Appetite in your Reader, that he is not cloy'd with any thing, but satisfy'd with all. 'Tis that which the *Romans* call *Cana dubia*; where there is such Plenty, yet withal so much Diversity, and so good Order, that the Choice is difficult betwixt one Excellency and another; and yet the Conclusion, by a due Climax, is evermore the best; that is, as a Conclusion ought to be, ever the most proper for its Place. See, my Lord, whether I have not study'd your Lordship with some Application: And since You are so Modest, that you will not be Judge and Party, I appeal to the whole World, if I have not drawn your Picture to a great degree of Likeness, tho' 'tis but in Miniature: And that some of the best Features are yet wanting. Yet what I have done, is enough to distinguish You from any other; which is the Proposition that I took upon me to demonstrate.

And

And now, my Lord, to apply what I have said to my present Business; the Satyrs of *Juvenal* and *Perfius*, appearing in this new *English* Dress, cannot so properly be inscrib'd to any Man as to your Lordship, who are the First of the Age in that way of Writing. Your Lordship, amongst many other Favours, has given me your Permission for this Address; and you have particularly encourag'd me by your Perusal and Approbation of the *Sixth* and *Tenth* Satyrs of *Juvenal*, as I have Translated them. My Fellow-Labourers have likewise Commission'd me, to perform in their Behalf this Office of a Dedication to you; and will acknowledge with all possible Respect and Gratitude, your Acceptance of their Work. Some of them have the Honour to be known to your Lordship already; and they who have not yet that Happiness, desire it now. Be pleas'd to receive our common Endeavours with your wonted Candour, without Intituling you to the Protection of our common Failings, in so difficult an Undertaking. And allow me your Patience, if it be not already tir'd with this long Epistle, to give you from the best Authors, the Origine, the Antiquity, the Growth, the Change, and the Completement of Satyr among the *Romans*. To describe, if

not

not define, the Nature of that Poem, with its several Qualifications and Virtues, together with the several Sorts of it. To compare the Excellencies of *Horace*, *Persius* and *Juvenal*, and shew the particular Manners of their Satyrs. And lastly, to give an Account of this new way of Version, which is attempted in our Performance. All which, according to the Weakness of my Ability, and the best Lights, which I can get from others, shall be the Subject of my following Discourse.

The most perfect Work of Poetry, says our Master *Aristotle*, is Tragedy. His Reason is, because 'tis the most united; being more severely confin'd within the Rules of Action, Time, and Place. The Action is entire of a Piece, and One, without Episodes: The Time is limited to a Natural Day; and the Place circumscrib'd at least within the Compass of one Town, or City. Being exactly proportion'd thus, and uniform in all its Parts, the Mind is more capable of comprehending the whole Beauty of it without Distraction.

But after all these Advantages, an Heroic Poem is certainly the greatest Work of Human Nature. The Beauties and Perfections of the other are but Mechanical; those of the Epic are more Noble. Tho

Homer

Homer has limited his Place to *Troy*; and the Fields about it; his Actions to Forty Eight Natural Days, whereof Twelve are Holy-days, or Cessation from Business, during the Funerals of *Patroclus*. To proceed, the Action of the Epic is greater: The Extention of Time enlarges the Pleasure of the Reader, and the Episodes give it more Ornament, and more Variety. The Instruction is equal; but the first is only Instructive, the latter forms a Hero, and a Prince.

If it signifies any thing which of them is of the more Antient Family, the best and most absolute Heroic Poem was written by *Homer* long before Tragedy was invented: But, if we consider the natural Endowments, and acquir'd Parts which are necessary to make an accomplish'd Writer in either Kind, Tragedy requires a less and more confin'd Knowledge: Moderate Learning, and Observation of the Rules is sufficient, if a Genius be not wanting. But in an Epic Poet, one who is worthy of that Name, besides an universal Genius, is requir'd universal Learning, together with all those Qualities and Acquisitions which I have nam'd above, and as many more as I have through Haste or Negligence omitted. And after all, he must have exactly
study'd.

study'd *Homer* and *Virgil*, as his Patterns, *Aristotle* and *Horace* as his Guides, and *Vida* and *Bossu*, as their Commentators, with many others both *Italian* and *French* Critics, which I want Leisure here to recommend.

In a word, What I have to say, in relation to this Subject, which does not particularly concern Satyr, is, That the Greatness of an Heroic Poem, beyond that of a Tragedy, may easily be discover'd by observing how few have attempted that Work, in Comparison of those who have written Drama's; and of those few, how small a Number have succeeded. But leaving the Critics on either Side, to contend about the Preference due to this or that Sort of Poetry; I will hasten to my present Business, which is the Antiquity and Origine of Satyr, according to those Informations which I have receiv'd from the learned *Casaubon*, *Heinsius*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and the *Dauphin's Juvenal*; to which I shall add some Observations of my own.

There has been a long Dispute among the Modern Critics, whether the *Romans* deriv'd their Satyr from the *Grecians*, or first invented it themselves. *Julius Scaliger* and *Heinsius*, are of the first Opinion; *Casaubon*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and the Publish-
er

er of the *Dauphin's Juvenal*, maintain the latter. If we take Satyr in the general Signification of the Word, as it is us'd in all modern Languages for an Inveective: 'tis certain that 'tis almost as old as Verse; and tho' Hymns, which are Praises of God, may be allow'd to have been before it, yet the Defamation of others was not long after it. After God had curs'd *Adam* and *Eve* in Paradise, the Husband and Wife excus'd themselves, by laying the Blame on one another; and gave a Beginning to those conjugal Dialogues in Prose, which the Poets have perfected in Verse. The Third Chapter of *Job* is one of the first Instances of this Poem in Holy Scripture: Unless we will take it higher, from the latter end of the Second; where his Wife advises him to curse his Maker.

This Original, I confess, is not much to the Honour of Satyr; but here it was Nature, and that deprav'd: When it became an Art, it bore better Fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that Scoffs and Revilings are of the Growth of all Nations; and consequently that neither the *Greek* Poets borrow'd from other People their Art of Railing, neither needed the *Romans* to take it from them. But considering Satyr as a Species of Poetry; here
the

the War begins amongst the Critics. *Scaliger* the Father will have it descend from *Greece* to *Rome*; and derives the Word *Satyr*, from *Satyrus*, that mixt kind of Animal, or, as the Antients thought him, Rural God, made up betwixt a Man and a Goat; with a Human Head, hook'd Nose, powting Lips, a Bunch or Struma under the Chin, prick'd Ears, and upright Horns; the Body shagg'd with Hair, especially from the Waste, and ending in a Goat, with the Legs and Feet of that Creature. But *Casaubon*, and his Followers, with Reason, condemn this Derivation; and prove that *Satyrus*, the Word *Satyra*, as it signifies a Poem, cannot possibly descend. For *Satira* is not properly a Substantive, but an Adjective; to which the Word *Lanx*, in *English* a Charger, or large Platter, is understood: So that the *Greek* Poem made according to the Manner of a Satyr, and expressing his Qualities, must properly be call'd Satyrical, and not Satyr. And thus far 'tis allow'd that the *Grecians* had such Poems; but that they were wholly different in Specie, from that to which the *Romans* gave the Name of Satyr.

Aristotle divides all Poetry, in relation to the Progress of it, into Nature without Art, Art begun, and Art completed.

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Man-

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Mankind, even the most Barbarous, have the Seeds of Poetry implanted in them. The first Specimen of it was certainly shewn in the Praises of the DEITY, and Prayers to Him: And as they are of Natural Obligation, so they are likewise of Divine Institution. Which *Milton* observing, introduces *Adam* and *Eve* every Morning adoring GOD in Hymns and Prayers. The first Poetry was thus begun, in the wild Notes of Natural Poetry, before the Invention of Feet and Measures. The *Grecians* and *Romans* had no other Original of their Poetry. Festivals and Holy-days soon succeeded to Private Worship, and we need not doubt but they were enjoin'd by the True GOD to His own People; as they were afterwards imitated by the *Heathens*; who by the Light of Reason knew they were to invoke some Superior Being in their Necessities, and to thank Him for his Benefits. Thus the *Grecian* Holy-days were celebrated with Offerings to *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, and other Deities, to whose Bounty they suppos'd they were owing for their Corn and Wine, and other Helps of Life. And the antient *Romans*, *Horace* tells us, paid their Thanks to Mother Earth, or *Vesta*, to *Sylvanus*, and their *Genius*, in the same manner. But

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as all Festivals have a double Reason of their Institution; the first of Religion, the other of Recreation, for the unbending of our Minds: So both the *Grecians* and *Romans* agreed, after their Sacrifices were perform'd, to spend the Remainder of the Day in Sports and Merriments; amongst which, Songs and Dances, and that which they call'd Wit (for want of knowing better) were the chiefest Entertainments. The *Grecians* had a Notion of Satires, whom I have already describ'd; and taking them, and the *Sileni*, that is the young Satires and the old, for the Tutors, Attendants, and humble Companions of their *Bacchus*, habited themselves like those Rural Deities, and imitated them in their Rustic Dances, to which they join'd Songs, with some Sort of rude Harmony, but without certain Numbers; and to these they added a kind of *Chorus*.

The *Romans* also (as Nature is the same in all Places) tho' they knew nothing of those *Grecian* Demi-Gods, nor had any Communication with *Greece*, yet had certain Young Men, who, at their Festivals danc'd and sung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of Verse, which they call'd *Saturnian*; what it was, we have no Light from Antiquity to discover; but we

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may conclude, that, like the *Grecian*, it was void of Art, or at least with very feeble Beginnings of it. Those antient *Romans*, at these Holy-days, which were a Mixture of Devotion and Debauchery, had a Custom of reproaching each other with their Faults, in a Sort of *extempore* Poetry, or rather of tunable hobling Verse; and they answer'd in the same kind of gross Raillery; their Wit and their Music being of a Piece. The *Grecians*, says *Casaubon*, had formerly done the same, in the Persons of their petulant Satires: But I am afraid he mistakes the matter, and confounds the Singing and Dancing of the Satires, with the Rustical Entertainments of the first *Romans*. The Reason of my Opinion is this; that *Casaubon* finding little Light from Antiquity, of these Beginnings of Poetry, amongst the *Grecians*, but only these Representations of *Satires*, who carry'd *Canisters* and *Cornucopia's* full of several Fruits in their Hands, and danc'd with them at their Public Feasts: And afterwards reading *Horace*, who makes Mention of his homely *Romans*, jesting at one another in the same kind of Solemnities, might suppose those wanton *Satires* did the same. And especially because *Horace* possibly might seem to him, to have shewn the Original

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ginal of all Poetry in general, including the Grecians as well as Romans: Tho' 'tis plainly otherwise, that he only describ'd the beginning, and first Rudiments of Poetry in his own Country. The Verses are these, which he cites from the First Epistle of the Second Book, which was written to Augustus.

*Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem
Cum sociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fida,
Tellurem Porco, Silvanum lacte piabunt;
Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi:
Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
Versibus alternis, opprobria rustica fudit.*

Our brawny Clowns of old, who turn'd the Soil,
Content with little, and inur'd to Toil, [Cheer
At Harvest home, with Mirth and Country-
Restor'd their Bodies for another Year;
Refresh'd their Spirits, and renew'd their Hope
Of such a future Feast, and future Crop.
Then with their Fellow-Joggers of the Ploughs
Their little Children, and their faithful Spouse;
A Sow they slew to Vesta's Deity;
And kindly Milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee.
With Flow'rs, and Wine, their Genius they ador'd;
A short Life, and a merry was the Word. [

*From flowing Cups defaming Rhymes ensue,
And at each other homely Taunts they threw.*

Yet since it is a hard Conjecture, that so Great a Man as *Casaubon* shou'd misapply what *Horace* writ concerning antient *Rome*, to the Ceremonies and Manners of antient *Greece*, I will not insist on this Opinion, but rather judge in general, That since all Poetry had it's Original from Religion, that of the *Grecians* and *Romans* had the same Beginning: Both were invented at Festivals of Thanksgiving: And both were prosecuted with Mirth and Raillery, and Rudiments of Verse: Amongst the *Greeks*, by those who represented *Satires*; and amongst the *Romans*, by real Clowns.

For, indeed, when I am reading *Casaubon* on these two Subjects, methinks I hear the same Story told twice over with very little Alteration. Of which *Dacier* taking Notice, in his Interpretation of the Latin Verses which I have translated, says plainly, that the Beginning of Poetry was the same, with a small Variety, in both Countries: And that the Mother of it in all Nations, was Devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that most learned Critic takes notice also, in his Illustrations on the First Epistle of the Second Book, that as
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the Poetry of the *Romans*, and that of the *Grecians*, had the same Beginning at Feasts of Thanksgiving, as it has been observ'd; and the old Comedy of the *Greeks* which was invective, and the Satyr of the *Romans* which was of the same Nature, were begun on the very same Occasion, so the Fortune of both in process of time was just the same; the old Comedy of the *Grecians* was forbidden, for it's too much Licence in exposing of particular Persons, and the rude Satyr of the *Romans* was also punish'd by a Law of the *Decemviri*, as *Horace* tells us, in these Words:

*Libertasque recurrentes accepta per Annos
Lusit amabiliter, donec jam sevens apertam
In rabiem verti cepit jocus; Et per honestas
Ire domos impune minax: Doluere cruento
Dente laceffite; fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi: Quinetiam Lex,
Pœnaque lata, quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Describi, vertere modum formidine sustis;
Ad bene dicendum delectandumque reducti.*

The Law of the *Decemviri* was this:
Siquis Occentassit malum Carum, sive Condi-
disit, quod Infamiam faxit, Flagitiumve al-
teri, Capital esto. A strange Likeness, and
barely possible: But the Critics being all
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of the same Opinion, it becomes me to be silent, and to submit to better Judgments than my own.

But to return to the *Grecians*, from whose Satiric Drama's, the elder *Scaliger* and *Heinsius*, will have the *Roman* Satyr to proceed, I am to take a View of them first, and see if there be any such Descent from them as those Authors have pretended.

Thespis, or whosoever he were that invented Tragedy, (for Authors differ) mingl'd with them a Chorus and Dances of *Satires*, which had before been us'd, in the Celebration of their Festivals; and there they were ever afterwards retain'd. The Character of them was also kept, which was Mirth and Wantonness: And this was given, I suppose, to the Folly of the common Audience, who soon grew weary of good Sense; and as we daily see, in our own Age and Country, are apt to forsake Poetry, and still ready to return to Buffoonry and Farce. From hence it came, that in the *Olympic Games*, where the Poets contended for four Prizes, the Satyric Tragedy was the last of them; for in the rest, the *Satires* were excluded from the Chorus. Amongst the Plays of *Euripides*, which are yet remaining, there is one of these Satyrics, which is call'd the *Cyclops*;
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in which we may see the Nature of those Poems; and from thence conclude, what Likeness they have to the *Roman Satyr*.

The Story of this *Cyclops*, whose Name was *Polyphemus*, so famous in the *Grecian Fables*, was. That *Ulysses*, who with his Company was driven on the Coast of *Sicily*, where those *Cyclops* inhabited, coming to ask Relief from *Silenus*, and the rest of the *Satyrs*, who were Herdsmen to that one-eyed Giant, was kindly receiv'd by them, and entertain'd; 'till being perceiv'd by *Polyphemus*, they were made Prisoners, against the Rites of Hospitality, (for which *Ulysses* eloquently pleaded,) were afterwards put down in the Den, and some of them devour'd. After which *Ulysses* having made him drunk, when he was asleep thrust a great Firebrand into his Eye; and so revenging his dead Followers, escap'd with the Remaining Party of the Living: And *Silenus*, and the *Satyrs*, were freed from their Servitude under *Polyphemus*, and remitted to their first Liberty, of attending and accompanying their Patron *Bacchus*.

This was the Subject of the Tragedy, which being one of those that end with a happy Event, is therefore by *Aristotle* judg'd below the other Sort, whose Success is unfortunate. Notwithstanding which,
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the *Satyrs*, who were part of the *Drammatis Personæ*, as well as the whole *Chorus*, were properly introduc'd into the Nature of the Poem, which is mix'd of Farce and Tragedy. The Adventure of *Ulysses* was to entertain the Judging Part of the Audience, and the uncouth Persons of *Silenus* and the *Satyrs*, to divert the Common People with their gross Railleries.

Your Lordship has perceiv'd, by this time, that this Satiric Tragedy, and the *Roman Satyr*, have little resemblances in any other Features. The very Kinds are different: For what has a Pastoral Tragedy to do with a Paper of Verses satyrically written? The Character and Raillery of the *Satires*, is the only thing that cou'd pretend to a likeness: Were *Scaliger* and *Heinsius* alive to maintain their Opinion. And the first Farces of the *Romans*, which were the Rudiments of their Poetry, were written before they had any Communication with the *Greeks*; or, indeed, any Knowledge of that People.

And here it will be proper to give the Definition of the *Greek Satiric Poem* from *Casaubon*, before I leave this Subject. The *Satiric*, says he, is a *Dramatic Poem*, annex'd to a Tragedy; having a *Chorus*, which consists of *Satires*: The Persons represent-

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ed in it, are illustrious Men: The Action of it is great; the Style is partly serious, and partly jocular; and the Event of the Action most commonly is happy.

The *Grecians*, besides these Satiric Tragedies, had another kind of Poem, which they call'd *Silli*; which were more of kin to the *Roman* Satyr: Those *Silli* were indeed invective Poems, but of a different Species from the *Roman* Poems of *Ennius*, *Pacuvius*, *Lucilius*, *Horace*, and the rest of their Successors. They were so call'd, says *Casaubon* in one Place, from *Silenus*, the Foster-Father of *Bacchus*; but in another Place, bethinking himself better, he derives their Name ἀπὸ τῆς σιλλαμίας from their Scoffing and Petulancy. From some Fragments of the *Silli*, written by *Timon*, we may find, that they were Satiric Poems, full of *Parades*; that is, of Verses patch'd up from great Poets, and turn'd into another Sense than their Author intended them. Such among the *Romans* is the famous *Cento* of *Ausonius*; where the Words are *Virgil's*: But by applying them to another Sense, they are made the Relation of a Wedding-Night; and the Act of Consummation fulsomly describ'd in the very Words of the most Modest amongst all Poets. Of the same manner are our Songs, which are turn'd in-

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to Burlesque; and the serious Words of the Author perverted into a ridiculous Meaning. Thus in *Timon's Silli* the Words are generally those of *Homer*, and the Tragic Poets; but he applies them Satirically, to some Customs and Kinds of Philosophy, which he arraigns. But the *Romans* not using any of these *Parodes* in their Satyr; sometimes, indeed, repeating Verses of other Men, as *Persius* cites some of *Nero's*; but not turning them into another Meaning, the *Silli* cannot be suppos'd to be the Original of *Roman Satyr*. To these *Silli*, consisting of *Parodes*, we may properly add the Satyr which were written against particular Persons; such as were the Iambics of *Archilocus* against *Lycambes*, which *Horace* undoubtedly imitated in some of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, whose Titles bear a sufficient Witness of it; I might also name the *Invective* of *Ovid* against *Ibis*; and many others: But these are the Under-Wood of Satyr, rather than the Timber-Trees: They are not a general Extension, as reaching only to some individual Person. And *Horace* seems to have purg'd himself from those splenetic Reflections in those *Odes* and *Epodes*, before he undertook the Noble Work of Satyr; which were properly so call'd.

Thus

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Thus, my Lord, I have at length disengag'd my self from those Antiquities of Greece, and have prov'd, I hope, from the best Critics, that the Roman Satyr was not borrow'd from thence, but of their own Manufacture: I am now almost gotten into my depth; at least by the help of *Dacier* I am swimming towards it. Not that I will promise always to follow him, any more than he follows *Casaubon*; but to keep him in my Eye, as my best and truest Guide; and where I think he may possibly mislead me, there to have Recourse to my own Lights, as I expect that others should do by me.

Quintilian says, in plain Words, *Satira quidem tota, nostra est*: And *Horace* had said the same thing before him, speaking of his Predecessor in that sort of Poetry, *Et Graecis intacti Calaminis Author*. Nothing can be clearer than the Opinion of the Poet, and the Orator, both the best Critics of the two best Ages of the Roman Empire, than that Satyr was wholly of Latin Growth; and not transplanted from *Athens* to *Rome*. Yet, as I have said, *Saetigen* the Father, according to his Custom, that is, insolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better Reason, than the Derivation of *Satyrus* from *salacitus*; and so from

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the Lechery of those Fauns, thinks he has sufficiently prov'd, that Satyr is deriv'd from them. As if Wantonneſs and Lubricity were eſſential to that ſort of Poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other Allegation, which I have already mentioned, is as pitiful: That the *Satires* carry'd Platters and Caniſters full of Fruit, in their Hands. If they had enter'd empty-handed, had they been ever the leſs *Satires*? Or were the Fruits and Flowers, which they offer'd, any thing of kin to Satyr? Or any Argument that this Poem was originally *Grecian*? *Casaubon* judg'd better, and his Opinion is grounded on ſure Authority; that Satyr was deriv'd from *Satura*, a *Roman* Word, which ſignifies Full, and Abundant, and full alſo of Variety, in which nothing is wanting in its due Perfection. 'Tis thus, ſays *Dacier*, that we lay a full Color, when the Wool has taken the whole Tincture, and drunk in as much of the Dye as it can receive. According to this Derivation, from *Satur* comes *Satura*, or *Satyra*, according to the new Spelling; as *optumus* and *maxumus* are now ſpell'd *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an Adjective, and relates to the Word *Lanx*, which is underſtood. And this *Lanx*, in *Engliſh* a Charger, or large Platter, was yearly

yearly fill'd with all sorts of Fruits, which were offer'd to the Gods at their Festivals, as the *Premices*, or First-Gatherings. These Offerings of several Sorts thus mingled, 'tis true, were not unknown to the *Grecians*, who call'd them *παρασπονδὴν θυσιῶν* a Sacrifice of all sorts of Fruits; and *παρασπονδὴν*, when they offer'd all kinds of Grain. *Virgil* has mention'd these Sacrifices in his *Georgics*.

Lancibus & pandis, fumantia reddimus Extā. And in another Place, *Lancesque & liba feremus*: That is, we offer the smoking Entrails in great Platters; and we will offer the Chargers and the Cakes.

This Word *Satura* has been afterwards apply'd to many other sorts of Mixtures; as *Festus* calls it a kind of *Olla*, or hotch-potch, made of several sorts of Meats. Laws were also call'd *Leges Saturæ*; when they were of several Heads and Titles; like our tack'd Bills of Parliament. And *per Saturnam legem ferro*, in the Roman Senate, was to carry a Law without telling the Senators, or counting Voices when they were in haste. *Sallust* uses the Word *per Saturnam Sententias exquirere*; when the Majority was visibly on one side. From hence it might probably be conjectur'd, that the Discourses or Satyrs of *Ennius*, *Lucilius* and *Horace*, as we now call them,

took their Name; because they are full of various Matters, and are also written on various Subjects, as *Porphyrus* says. But *Dacier* affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that these Satyrs are so call'd: For that Name had been us'd formerly for other things, which bore a nearer Resemblance to those Discourses of *Horace*. In explaining of which, (continues *Dacier*) a Method is to be pursu'd, of which *Casaubon* himself has never thought, and which will put all things into so clear a Light, that no farther room will be left for the least Dispute.

During the space of almost four hundred Years, since the building of their City, the Romans had never known any Entertainments of the State: Chance and Jollity first found out those Verses which they call'd *Saturnian* and *Fescennine*: Or rather Human Nature, which is inclin'd to Poetry, first produc'd them, rude and barbarous, and unpolish'd, as all other Operations of the Soul are in their Beginnings, before they are cultivated with Art and Study. However, in Occasions of Merriment they were first practis'd; and this rough-cast unhewn Poetry, was instead of Stage-Plays for the space of one hundred and twenty Years together. They were made *extempore*, and
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were, as the *French* call them, *Impromptus*: For which the *Tarfians* of old were much renowned; and we see the daily Examples of them in the *Italian* Farces of *Harlequin*, and *Scaramucha*. Such was the Poetry of that *Salvage* People, before it was turn'd into Numbers, and the Harmony of Verse. Little of the *Saturnian* Verses is now remaining; we only know from Authors, that they were nearer Prose than Poetry, without Feet, or Measure. They were *ῥυθμιῶν*, but not *ῥυθμοποι*: Perhaps they might be us'd in the solemn Part of their Ceremonies; and the *Fescennine*, which were invented after them, in their Afternoons Debauchery, because they were scoffing and obscene.

The *Fescennine* and *Saturnian* were the same; for as they were call'd *Saturnian* from their Antientness, when *Saturn* reign'd in *Italy*; they were also called *Fescennine* from *Fescennina*, a Town in the same Country, where they were first practis'd. The Actors, with a gross and rustic kind of Raillery, reproach'd each other with their Failings; and at the same time were nothing sparing of it to their Audience. Somewhat of this Custom was afterwards retain'd in their *Saturnalia*, or Feasts of *Saturn*, celebrated in *December*; at least all kind.

kind of Freedom in Speech was then allow'd to Slaves, even against their Masters; and we are not without some Imitation of it in our *Christmas-Gambols*. Soldiers also us'd those *Fescennine Verses*, after Measure and Numbers had been added to them, at the Triumph of their Generals: Of which we have an Example, in the Triumph of *Julius Caesar* over *Gaul*, in these Expressions: *Cesar Gallias subegit, Nicomedes Cesarem: Ecce Caesar nunc triumphat, qui subegit Gallias; Nicomedes non triumphat, qui subegit Cesarem.* The Vapors of Wine made the first Satyrical Poets amongst the Romans; which, says *Dacier*, we cannot better represent than by imagining a Company of Clowns on a Holy-day, dancing Lubberly, and upbraiding one another in *extempore-Doggrel*, with their Defects and Vices, and the Stories that were told of them in Bake-houses and Barbers-shops.

When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entring, as I may say, into the first Rudiments of Civil Conversation, they left these Hedge-Notes, for another sort of Poem, somewhat polish'd, which was also full of pleasant Raillery, but without any Mixture of Obscenity. This sort of Poetry appear'd under the Name of Satyr, because of its Variety: And this Satyr

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was adorn'd with Compositions of Music, and with Dances; but lascivious Postures were banish'd from it. In the *Tuscan Language*, says *Livy*, the Word *Hister* signifies a Player: And therefore those Actors, which were first brought from *Etruria* to *Rome*, on occasion of a Pestilence; when the *Romans* were admonish'd to avert the Anger of the Gods by Plays, in the Year *ab Urbe Condita CCCXC*: Those Actors, I say, were therefore call'd *Histriones*: And that Name has since remain'd, not only to Actors *Roman-born*, but to all others of every Nation. They play'd not the former *extempore* Stuff of *Fescennine Verses*, or Clownish Jest; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly Farce, with Music and Dances, and Motions that were proper to the Subject.

In this Condition *Livius Andronicus* found the Stage, when he attempted first, instead of Farces, to supply it with a nobler Entertainment of Tragedies and Comedies. This Man was a *Grecian* born, and being made a Slave by *Livius Salinator*, and brought to *Rome*, had the Education of his Patron's Children committed to him. Which Trust he discharg'd, so much to the Satisfaction of his Master, that he gave him his Liberty.

Andronicus

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Andronicus thus become a Freeman of Rome. added to his own Name that of *Livius* his Master; and, as I observ'd, was the first Author of a regular Play in that Commonwealth. Being already instructed, in his Native Country, in the Manners and Decencies of the *Athenian* Theatre, and conversant in the *Archæa Comædia*, or old Comedy of *Aristophanes*, and the rest of the *Grecian* Poets; he took from that Model his own designing of Plays for the Roman Stage. The first of which was represented in the Year CCCCCXIV, since the Building of Rome, as *Tully*, from the Commentaries of *Atticus*, has assur'd us; it was after the end of the first *Punic* War, the Year before *Ennius* was born. *Dacier* has not carry'd the Matter altogether thus far; he only says, that one *Livius Andronicus* was the first Stage-Poet. at Rome: But I will adventure on this Hint, to advance another Proposition, which I hope the Learned will approve. And tho' we have not any thing of *Andronicus* remaining to justify my Conjecture, yet 'tis exceeding probable, that having read the Works of those *Grecian* Wits, his Country-men, he imitated not only the Ground-work, but also the manner of their Writing. And how grave soever his Tragedies might be, yet in his Comedies

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Comedies he express'd the way of *Aristophanes*, *Eupolis*, and the rest, which was to call some Persons by their own Names, and to expose their Defects to the Laughter of the People. The Examples of which we have in the fore-mention'd *Aristophanes*, who turn'd the wise *Socrates* into Ridicule; and is also very free with the Management of *Cleon*, *Alcibiades*, and other Ministers of the *Athenian* Government. Now if this be granted, we may easily suppose, that the first Hint of Satyrical Plays on the Roman Stage, was given by the *Greeks*. Not from the *Satyrical*, for that has been reasonably exploded in the former part of this Discourse: But from their old Comedy, which was imitated first by *Livius Andronicus*. And then *Quintilian* and *Horace* must be cautiously interpreted, where they affirm, that Satyr is wholly *Roman*; and a sort of Verse, which was not touch'd on by the *Grecians*. The Reconcilement of my Opinion to the Standard of their Judgment, is not, however, very difficult, since they spake of Satyr, not as in its first Elements, but as it was form'd into a separate Work; begun by *Ennius*, pursu'd by *Lucilius*, and compleated afterwards by *Horace*. The Proof depends only on this *Postulatum*, that the Comedies of *Andronicus*, which were

were Imitations of the *Greek*, were also Imitations of their Railleries, and Reflections on particular Persons. For if this be granted me, which is a most probable Supposition, 'tis easy to infer, that the first Light which was given to the *Roman Theatrical Satyr*, was from the Plays of *Livius Andronicus*. Which will be more manifestly discover'd, when I come to speak of *Ennius*. In the mean time I will return to *Dacier*.

The People, says he, ran in Crowds to these new Entertainments of *Andronicus*, as to Pieces which were more noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former Satyrs, which for some time they neglected and abandon'd. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they join'd them to their Comedies: Playing them at the end of every Drama; as the *French* continue at this Day to act their Farces; in the nature of a separate Entertainment from their Tragedies. But more particularly they were join'd to the *Atellane Fables*, says *Casaubon*; which were Plays invented by the *Osci*. Those Fables, says *Valerius Maximus*, out of *Livy*, were temper'd with the *Italian* Severity, and free from any Note of Infamy or Obsceneness; and as an old Commentator on *Juvenal* affirms, the *Exodiarii*, which were Singers and Dancers, enter'd

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er'd to entertain the People with light Songs, and mimical Gestures, that they might not go away oppress'd with Melancholy, from those serious Pieces of the Theatre. So that the antient Satyr of the Romans was in extemporary Reproaches: The next was Farce, which was brought from *Tuscany*: To that succeeded the Plays of *Andronicus*, from the old Comedy of the Grecians: And out of all these, sprung two several Branches of new Roman Satyr; like different Cyons from the same Root. Which I shall prove with as much Brevity as the Subject will allow.

A Year after *Andronicus* had open'd the Roman Stage with his new Drama's, *Ennius* was born; who, when he was grown to Man's Estate, having seriously consider'd the Genius of the People, and how eagerly they followed the first Satyrs, thought it wou'd be worth his Pains to refine upon the Project, and to write Satyrs not to be acted on the Theatre, but Read. He preserv'd the Ground-work of their Pleasantry, their Venom, and their Raillery on particular Persons, and general Vices: And by this means, avoiding the Danger of any ill Success, in a Public Representation, he hoped to be as well receiv'd in the Cabinet, as *Andronicus* had been upon the Stage.

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The Event was answerable to his Expectation. He made Discourses in several Sorts of Verse, vary'd often in the same Paper; retaining still in the Title, their original Name of Satyr. Both in relation to the Subjects, and the variety of Matters contain'd in them, the Satyrs of *Horace* are entirely like them; only *Ennius*, as I said, confines not himself to one sort of Verse, as *Horace* does; but taking Example from the *Greeks*, and even from *Homer* himself, in his *Margites*, which is a kind of Satyr, as *Scaliger* observes, gives himself the License, when one sort of Numbers comes not easily, to run into another, as his Fancy dictates. For he makes no Difficulty to mingle Hexameters with Iambic Trimeters; or with Trochaic Tetrameters; as appears by those Fragments which are yet remaining of him. *Horace* has thought him worthy to be copy'd; inserting many things of his into his own Satyrs, as *Virgil* has done into his *Aeneid*.

Here we have *Dacier* making out that *Ennius* was the first Satyrist in that way of Writing, which was of his Invention; that is, Satyr abstracted from the Stage, and new modell'd into Papers of Verses, on several Subjects. But he will have *Ennius* take the Ground-work of Satyr from the first Farces

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of the Romans; rather than from the formed Plays of *Livius Andronicus*, which were copy'd from the *Grecian* Comedies. It may possibly be so; but *Dacier* knows no more of it than I do. And it seems to me the more probable Opinion, that he rather imitated the fine Raileries of the *Greeks*, which he saw in the Pieces of *Andronicus*, than the Courtesies of his old Countrymen, in their clownish extemporary way of jeering.

But besides this, 'tis universally granted, that *Ennius*, tho' an *Italian*, was excellently learn'd in the *Greek* Language. His Verses were stuff'd with Fragments of it, even to a Fault: And he himself believ'd, according to the *Pythagorean* Opinion, that the Soul of *Homer* was transfus'd into him: Which *Persius* observes, in his *Sixth Satyr*: *Postquam destertuit esse Mæonides*. But this being only the private Opinion of so inconsiderable a Man as I am, I leave it to the farther Disquisition of the Critics, if they think it worth their Notice. Most evident it is, that whether he imitated the *Roman* Farce, or the *Greek* Comedies, he is to be acknowledg'd the first Author of *Roman Satyr*, as it is properly so called; and distinguish'd from any sort of Stage-Play.

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Of *Pacuvius*, who succeeded him, there is little to be said, because there is so little remaining of him: Only that he is taken to be the Nephew of *Ennius*, his Sister's Son; that in probability he was instructed by his Uncle, in his way of Satyr, which we are told he has copy'd; but what Advantages he made we know not.

Lucilius came into the World, when *Pacuvius* flourish'd most; he also made Satyrs after the manner of *Ennius*, but he gave them a more graceful turn; and endeavour'd to imitate more closely the *vetus Comædia* of the Greeks: Of the which the old original Roman Satyr had no Idea, 'till the time of *Livius Andronicus*. And tho' *Horace* seems to have made *Lucilius* the first Author of Satyr in Verse amongst the Romans, in these Words, *Quid cum est Lucilius ausus Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem*: He is only thus to be understood, that *Lucilius* had given a more graceful turn to the Satyr of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*; not that he invented a new Satyr of his own: And *Quintilian* seems to explain this Passage of *Horace* in these Words: *Satira quidem tota nostra est, in qua primus insignem laudem adeptus est Lucilius*.

Thus, both *Horace* and *Quintilian* give a kind of Primacy of Honor to *Lucilius*, amongst

amongst the Latin Satyrists. For as the Roman Language grew more refin'd, so much more capable it was of receiving the Grecian Beauties in his time: *Horace* and *Quintilian* could mean no more, than that *Lucilius* writ better than *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*: And on the same account we prefer *Horace* to *Lucilius*: Both of them imitated the old Greek Comedy; and so did *Ennius* and *Pacuvius* before them. The polishing of the Latin Tongue, in the Succession of Times, made the only Difference. And *Horace* himself, in two of his Satyrs, written purposely on this Subject, thinks the Romans of his Age were too partial in their Commendations of *Lucilius*; who writ not only loosely, and muddily, with little Art, and much less Care, but also in a time when the Latin Tongue was not yet sufficiently purg'd from the Dregs of Barbarism; and many significant and sounding Words, which the Romans wanted, were not admitted even in the Times of *Lucretius* and *Cicero*; of which both complain.

But to proceed, *Dacier* justly taxes *Casaubon*, saying that the Satyrs of *Lucilius* were wholly different in *Specie*, from those of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*. *Casaubon* was led into that Mistake by *Diomedes* the Grammarian, who in effect says this: Satyr a-

mong the *Romans*, but not among the *Greeks*, was a biting invective Poem, made after the Model of the antient Comedy; for the Reprehension of Vices: Such as were the Poems of *Lucilius*, of *Horace*, and of *Persius*. But in former Times, the Name of Satyr was given to Poems, which were compos'd of several sorts of Verses; such as were made by *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*; more fully expressing the Etymology of the Word Satyr, from *Satura*, which we have observ'd. Here 'tis manifest, that *Dionædes* makes a Specificall Distinction betwixt the Satyrs of *Ennius* and those of *Lucilius*. But this, as we say in *English*, is only a Distinction without a Difference; for the Reason of it is ridiculous, and absolutely false. This was that which cozen'd honest *Casaubon*, who relying on *Dionædes*, had not sufficiently examin'd the Origin and Nature of those two Satyrs; which were entirely the same, both in the Matter and the Form. For all that *Lucilius* perform'd beyond his Predecessors, *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, was only the adding of more Politeness, and more Salt; without any Change in the Substance of the Poem: And tho' *Lucilius* put not together in the same Satyr several sorts of Verses, as *Ennius* did; yet he compos'd several Satyrs,

Satyrs, of several sorts of Verses; and mingled them with Greek Verses: One Poem consisted only of *Hexameters*; and another was entirely of *Iambics*; a third of *Trochaics*; as is visible by the Fragments yet remaining of his Works. In short, if the Satyrs of *Lucilius* are therefore said to be wholly different from those of *Ennius*, because he added much more of Beauty and Polishing to his own Poems, than are to be found in those before him; it will follow from hence, that the Satyrs of *Horace* are wholly different from those of *Lucilius*, because *Horace* has not less surpass'd *Lucilius* in the Elegancy of his Writing, than *Lucilius* surpass'd *Ennius* in the Turn and Ornament of his. This Passage of *Diomedes* has also drawn *Doussa*, the Son, into the same Error of *Casaubon*, which I say, not to expose the little Failings of those judicious Men, but only to make it appear, with how much Diffidence and Caution we are to read their Works; when they treat a Subject of so much Obscurity, and so very antient, as is this of Satyr.

Having thus brought down the History of Satyr from its Original to the Times of *Horace*, and shewn the several Changes of it: I should here discover some of those Graces which *Horace* added to it, but that

I think it will be more proper to defer that Undertaking, till I make the Comparison betwixt him and *Juvenal*. In the mean while, following the Order of Time, it will be necessary to say somewhat of another kind of Satyr, which also was descended from the Antients: 'Tis that we call the *Varroian* Satyr, but which *Varro* himself calls the *Menippean*; because *Varro*, the most learned of the *Romans*, was the first Author of it, who imitated, in his Works, the Manners of *Menippus* the *Gadarenian*, who profess'd the Philosophy of the *Cynics*.

This sort of Satyr was not only compos'd of several sorts of Verse, like those of *Ennius*, but was also mix'd with Prose; and Greek was sprinkled amongst the *Latin*. *Quintilian*, after he had spoken of the Satyr of *Lucilius*, adds what follows; *There is another and former kind of Satyr, compos'd by Terentius Varro, the most learned of the Romans: In which he was not satisfy'd alone with mingling in it several sorts of Verse.* The only Difficulty of this Passage is, that *Quintilian* tells us, that this Satyr of *Varro* was of a former Kind. For how can we possibly imagin this to be, since *Varro*, who was coteremporary to *Cicero*, must consequently be after *Lucilius*? But *Quintilian*

ilian meant not, that the Satyr of *Varro* was in Order of Time before *Lucilius*; he would only give us to understand, that the *Varronian* Satyr, with mixture of several sorts of Verses, was more after the manner of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, than that of *Lucilius*, who was more severe, and more correct; and gave himself less Liberty in the Mixture of his Verses, in the same Poem.

We have nothing remaining of those *Varronian* Satyrs, excepting some considerable Fragments, and those for the most part much corrupted. The Titles of many of them are indeed preserv'd, and they are generally double: From whence, at least we may understand, how many various Subjects were treated by that Author. *Tully*, in his *Academics*, introduces *Varro* himself giving us some light concerning the Scope and Design of those Works. Wherein, after he had shewn his Reasons why he did not *ex professo* write of Philosophy, he adds what follows. Notwithstanding, *says he*, that those Pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated *Menippus*, though I have not translated him, are sprinkled with a kind of Mirth and Gaiety. Yet many things are there inserted, which are drawn from the very Intrails of Philosophy, and many things severely argu'd: Which I have mingled

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gled with Pleasantries on purpose, that they may more easily go down with the common sort of unlearn'd Readers. The rest of the Sentence is so lame, that we can only make thus much out of it; that in the Composition of his Satyrs, he so temper'd Philology with Philosophy, that his Work was a Mixture of them both. And Tully himself confirms us in this Opinion; when a little after he addresses himself to Varro in these Words. *And you your self have compos'd a most elegant and complete Poem; you have begun Philosophy in many Places: Sufficient to incite us, though too little to instruct us.* Thus it appears, that Varro was one of those Writers whom they call'd *studiosi*, studious of Laughter; and that, as Learned as he was, his Business was more to divert his Reader, than to teach him. And he intitled his own Satyrs *Menippean*: Not that *Menippus* had written any Satyrs (for his were either Dialogues or Epistles) but that Varro imitated his Style his Manner, his Facetiousness. All that we know farther of *Menippus*, and his Writings, which are wholly lost, is, that by some he is esteemed, as, among the rest, by Varro: By others he is noted of Cynical Impudence, and Obscenity: That he was much given to those *Paredes*, which I have already mention'd;

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mentioned; that is, he often quoted the Verses of *Homer* and the Tragic Poets, and turn'd their serious Meaning into something that was ridiculous; whereas *Varro's* Satyrs are by *Tully* call'd Absolute, and most Elegant, and Various Poems. *Lucian*, who was emulous of this *Menippus*, seems to have imitated both his Manners and his Style in many of his Dialogues; where *Menippus* himself is often introduced as a Speaker in them, and as a perpetual Buffoon: Particularly his Character is express'd in the Beginning of that Dialogue, which is call'd *Νερομαντία*. But *Varro*, in imitating him, avoids his Impudence and Filthiness, and only expresses his witty Pleasantry.

This we may believe for certain, That as his Subjects were various, so most of them were Tales or Stories of his own Invention. Which is also manifest from Antiquity, by those Authors who are acknowledg'd to have written *Varronian* Satyrs, in Imitation of his: Of whom the Chief is *Petronius Arbiter*, whose Satyr, they say, is now printed in *Holland*, wholly recovered, and made complete: When 'tis made public, it will easily be seen by any one Sentence, whether it be supposititious, or genuin. Many of *Lucian's* Dialogues may also properly be call'd *Varronian* Satyrs; particularly his
True

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True History: And consequently the *Golden Ass* of *Apuleius*, which is taken from him. Of the same Stamp is the Mock Deification of *Claudius*, by *Seneca*: And the *Symposium* or *Cæsars* of *Julian* the Emperor. Amongst the Moderns we may reckon the *Encomium Moria* of *Erasmus*, *Barclay's Euphormio*, and a Volum of *German* Authors, which my ingenious Friend Mr. *Charles Killigrew* once lent me. In the *English* I remember none, which are mix'd with *Prose*, as *Varro's* were: But of the same kind is *Mother Hubbard's Tale* in *Spencer*; and (if it be not too vain to mention any thing of my own) the Poems of *Abalom* and *Mac-Flecno*.

This is what I have to say in general of *Satyr*: Only as *Dacier* has observed before me, we may take notice, That the Word *Satyr* is of a more general Signification in *Latin*, than in *French*, or *English*. For amongst the *Romans* it was not only us'd for those Discourses which decry'd Vice, or expos'd Folly; but for others also, where Virtue was recommended. But in our modern Languages we apply it only to the invective Poems, where the very Name of *Satyr* is formidable to those Persons, who wou'd appear to the World, what they are not in themselves. For in *English*, to say
Satyr

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Satyr, is no mean Reflection, as we use that Word in the worst Sense; or as the *French* call it, more properly, *Medisance*. In the Criticism of Spelling, it ought to be with (i) and not with (y); to distinguish its true Derivation from *Satura*, not from *Satyrus*. And if this be so, then 'tis false spell'd throughout this Book; for here 'tis written Satyr. Which having not considered at the first, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the *French* are more nice, and never spell it any other way than Satire.

I am now arriv'd at the most difficult part of my Undertaking, which is to compare *Horace* with *Juvenal* and *Persius*. 'Tis observ'd by *Regaltius*, in his Preface before *Juvenal*, written to *Tibullus*, that these three Poets have all their particular *Partisans*, and Favorers. Every Commentator, as he has taken Pains with any of them, thinks himself oblig'd to prefer his Author to the other two: To find out their Failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own Darling. Such is the Partiality of Mankind, to set up that Interest which they have once espous'd, tho' it be to the Prejudice of Truth, Morality, and common Justice: And especially in the Productions of the Brain. As Authors generally

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nerally think themselves the best Poets, because they cannot go out of themselves to judge sincerely of their Betters; so is it with Critics, who, having first taken a liking to one of these Poets, proceed to Comment on him, and to Illustrate him. After which, they fall in Love with their own Labors, to that degree of blind Fondness, that at length they defend and exalt their Author, not so much for his Sake as for their own. 'Tis a Folly of the same Nature with that of the *Romans* themselves, in their Games of the *Circus*; the Spectators were divided in their Factions, betwixt the *Veneti* and the *Prasini*: Some were for the Charioteer in Blue, and some for him in Green. The Colors themselves were but a Fancy; but when once a Man had taken Pains to set out those of his Party, and had been at the trouble of procuring Voices for them, the Case was alter'd: He was concern'd for his own Labor; and that so earnestly, that Disputes and Quarrels, Animosities, Commotions, and Bloodshed, often happen'd: And in the Declension of the *Grecian* Empire, the very Sovereigns themselves engag'd in it, even when the Barbarians were at their Doors; and stickl'd for the Preference of Colors, when the Safety of their People was

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was in question. I am now, my self, on the Brink of the same Precipice; I have spent some Time on the Translation of *Juvenal* and *Persius*; and it behoves me to be wary, lest, for that Reason, I shou'd be partial to them, or take a Prejudice against *Horace*. Yet, on the other Side, I wou'd not be like some of our Judges, who wou'd give the Cause for a poor Man, right or wrong: For tho' that be an Error on the better Hand, yet is still a Partiality: And a rich Man unheard cannot be concluded an Oppressor. I remember a Saying of King *Charles II.* on Sir *Matthew Hales*, (who was doubtless an Uncorrupt and Upright Man) That his Servants were sure to be cast on a Tryal, which was heard before him: Not that he thought the Judge was possible to be brib'd; but that his Integrity might be too scrupulous: And that the Causes of the Crown were always suspicious, when the Privileges of Subjects were concern'd.

It had been much fairer, if the modern Critics, who have embark'd in the Quarrels of their Favourite Authors, had rather given to each his proper Due; without taking from another's Heap; to raise their own. There is Praise enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching

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It had been much fairer, if the modern Critics, who have embark'd in the Quarrels of their Favourite Authors, had rather given to each his proper Due; without taking from another's Heap, to raise their own. There is Praise enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching

on his Fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themselves with the Spoils of others. But to come to Particulars: *Heinsius* and *Dacier* are the most principal of those, who raise *Horace* above *Juvenal* and *Persius*. *Scaliger* the Father, *Rigaltius*, and many others, debase *Horace*, that they may set up *Juvenal*. And *Casaubon*, who is almost single, throws Dirt on *Juvenal* and *Horace*, that he may exalt *Persius*, whom he understood particularly well, and better than any of the former Commentators; even *Stelluti*, who succeeded him. I will begin with him, who, in my Opinion, defends the weakest Cause, which is that of *Persius*; and labouring, as *Tacitus* professes of his own Writings, to divest my self of Partiality, or Prejudice, consider *Persius*, not as a Poet, whom I have wholly translated, and who has cost me more Labor and Time than *Juvenal*; but according to what I judge to be his own Merit; which I think not equal in the main, to that of *Juvenal* or *Horace*; and yet in some things to be prefer'd to both of them.

First, then, for the Verse, neither *Casaubon* himself, nor any for him, can defend either his Numbers, or the Purity of his *Latin*. *Casaubon* gives this Point for lost; and pretends not to justify either the Measures,

ures, or the Words of *Persius*: He is evidently beneath *Horace* and *Juvenal*, in both.

Then, as his Verse is scabrous, and hobbling, and his Words not every where well chosen, the Purity of *Latin* being more corrupted, than in the Time of *Juvenal*, and consequently of *Horace*, who writ when the Language was in the Height of its Perfection; so his Diction is hard; his Figures are generally too bold and daring; and his Tropes, particularly his Metaphors, insufferably strain'd.

In the third Place, notwithstanding all the Diligence of *Casaubon*, *Stelluti*, and a *Scotch* Gentleman (whom I have heard extremely commended for his Illustrations of him;) yet he is still obscure: Whether he affected not to be understood, but with Difficulty; or whether the fear of his Safety under *Nero*, compell'd him to this Darkness in some Places; or that it was occasion'd by his close way of Thinking, and the Brevity of his Style, and crowding of his Figures; or lastly, whether after so long a Time, many of his Words have been corrupted, and many Customs, and Stories relating to them, lost to us; whether some of these Reasons, or all, concur'd to render him so cloudy; we may be bold to Affirm,

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firm, that the best of Commentators can but guess at his Meaning, in many Passages: And none can be certain that he has divin'd rightly.

After all, he was a young Man, like his Friend and Cotemporary *Lucan*: Both of them Men of extraordinary Parts, and great acquir'd Knowledge, considering their Youth. But neither of them had arriv'd to that Maturity of Judgment, which is necessary to the accomplishing of a formed Poet. And this Consideration, as on the one hand it lays some Imperfections to their Charge; so, on the other side, 'tis a candid Excuse for those Failings, which are incident to Youth and Inexperience; and we have more Reason to wonder, how they, who died before the Thirtieth Year of their Age cou'd write so well, and think so strongly; than to accuse them of those Faults, from which Human Nature, and more especially in Youth, can never possibly be exempted.

To consider *Persius* yet more closely: He rather insulted over Vice and Folly, than expos'd them, like *Juvenal* and *Horace*. And as chaste and modest as he is esteem'd, it cannot be deny'd, but that in some Places he is broad and fulsome, as the latter Verses of the Fourth Satyr, and of
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the Sixth, sufficiently witness. And 'tis believ'd, that he who commits the same Crime often, and without Necessity, cannot but do it with some kind of Pleasure.

To come to a Conclusion, he is manifestly below *Horace*; because he borrows most of his greatest Beauties from him: And *Casaubon* is so far from denying this, that he has written a Treatise purposely concerning it; wherein he shews a Multitude of his Translations from *Horace*, and his Imitations of him, for the Credit of his Author which he calls *Imitatio Horatiana*.

To these Defects, which I casually observ'd, while I was Translating this Author, *Scaliger* has added others: He calls him, in plain Terms, a silly Writer, and a Trifler; full of Ostentation of Learning; and after all, unworthy to come into Competition with *Juvenal* and *Horace*.

After such terrible Accusations, 'tis time to hear what his Patron *Casaubon* can alledge in his Defence. Instead of answering he excuses for the most part; and when he cannot, accuses others of the same Crimes. He deals with *Scaliger*, as a modest Scholar with a Master. He Compliments him with so much Reverence, that one wou'd swear he fear'd him as much at least as he respected him. *Scaliger* will not

allow *Persius* to have any Wit: *Casaubon* interprets this in the mildest Sense; and confesses his Author was not good at turning Things into a pleasant Ridicule; or in other Words, that he was not a laughable Writer. That he was *ineptus*, indeed, but that was *non aptissimus ad jocandum*. But that he was ostentatious of his Learning, that, by *Scaliger's* good Favor, he denies. *Persius* shew'd his Learning, but was no Boaster of it; he did *ostendere*, but not *ostentare*; and so, he says, did *Scaliger*: Where, methinks, *Casaubon* turns it hand-somly upon that supercilious Critic, and silently insinuates, that he himself was sufficiently Vain-glorious; and a Boaster of his own Knowledge. All the Writings of this Venerable *Censor*, continues *Casaubon*, which are χρυσὴ χρυσότρεπα, more golden than Gold it self, are every-where smelling of that Thyme, which, like a Bee, he has gather'd from antient Authors: But far be Ostentation and Vain-glory from a Gentleman, so well Born, and so nobly Educated as *Scaliger*. But, says *Scaliger*, he is so obscure, that he has got himself the Name of *Scotinus*, a dark Writer: Now, says *Casaubon*, 'tis a wonder to me that any thing cou'd be obscure to the Divine Wit of *Scaliger*; from which nothing cou'd be hidden. This

is indeed a strong Compliment, but no Defence. And *Casaubon*, who cou'd not but be sensible of his Author's blind-side, thinks it Time to abandon a Post that was untenable. He acknowledges that *Perfius* is obscure in some Places: but so is *Plato*, so is *Thucydides*; so are *Pindar*, *Theocritus* and *Aristophanes*, amongst the Greek Poets; and even *Horace* and *Juvenal*, he might have added, amongst the Romans. The Truth is, *Perfius* is not sometimes, but generally obscure; and therefore *Casaubon*, as last, is forc'd to excuse him, by alledging that it was *se defendendo*, for fear of *Nero*; and that he was commanded to write so cloudily by *Cornutus*, in virtue of holy Obedience to his Master. I cannot help my own Opinion; I think *Cornutus* needed not have read many Lectures to him on that Subject. *Perfius* was an apt Scholar; and when he was bidden to be obscure in some Places, where his Life and Safety were in question, took the same Counsel for all his Book; and never after wrote ten Lines together clearly. *Casaubon*, being upon this Chapter, has not fail'd, we may be sure, of making a Compliment to his own Comment. If *Perfius*, says he, be in himself obscure, yet my Interpretation has made him intelligible. There is no question but he deserves that

Praise

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Praise, which he has given to himself: But the nature of the Thing, as *Lucretius* says, will not admit of a perfect Explanation. Besides many Examples which I cou'd urge, the very last Verse of his last Satyr, upon which he particularly values himself in his Preface, is not yet sufficiently explained. 'Tis true, *Holiday* has endeavour'd to justify his Construction; but *Stelluti* is against it: And, for my part, I can have but a very dark Notion of it. As for the Chastity of his Thoughts, *Casaubon* denies not, but that one particular Passage, in the Fourth Satyr, *At, si unctus cesses*, &c. is not only the most obscure, but the most obscene of all his Works: I understood it; but for that Reason turn'd it over. In Defence of his boistrous Metaphors, he quotes *Longinus*, who accounts them as Instruments of the Sublime; fit to move and stir up the Affections, particularly in Narration. To which it may be reply'd, That where the Trope is far fetch'd, and hard, 'tis fit for nothing but to puzzle the Understanding; and may be reckon'd amongst those Things of *Demosthenes*, which *Æschines* call'd *θαύματα* not *ρήματα*, that is, Prodigies, not Words. It must be granted to *Casaubon*, that the Knowledge of many Things is lost in our Modern Ages, which were

were of familiar Notice to the Antients; and that *Satyr* is a Poem of a difficult Nature in it self, and is not written to vulgar Readers. And through the Relation which it has to Comedy, the frequent change of Persons makes the Sense perplex'd; when we can but divine who it is that speaks: Whether *Perfius* himself, or his Friend and Monitor; or, in some Places, a third Person. But *Casaubon* comes back always to himself, and concludes, that if *Perfius* had not been obscure, there had been no need of him for an Interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoin'd himself so hard a Task, he then consider'd the Greek Proverb, that he must *κελεύωνες φαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν* either eat the whole Snail, or let it quite alone; and so he went through with his laborious Task, as I have done with my difficult Translation.

Thus far, my Lord, you see it has gone very hard with *Perfius*: I think he cannot be allow'd to stand in Competition, either with *Juvenal* or *Horace*. Yet, for once, I will venture to be so vain, as to affirm, That none of his hard Metaphors, or forc'd Expressions, are in my Translation: But more of this in its proper Place, where I shall say somewhat in particular, of our general Performance, in making these two
Authors

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Authors *English*. In the mean time, I think my self oblig'd to give *Persius* his undoubted Due, and to acquaint the World with *Casaubon*, in what he has equal'd, and in what excel'd his two Competitors.

A Man who is resolv'd to praise an Author, with any Appearance of Justice, must be sure to take him on the strongest Side, and where he is least liable to Exceptions. He is therefore oblig'd to chuse his Mediums accordingly: *Casaubon*, who saw that *Persius* cou'd not laugh with a becoming Grace, that he was not made for Jestings, and that a merry Conceit was not his Talent, turn'd his Feather, like an *Indian*, to another Light, that he might give it the better Gloss. Moral Doctrine, says he, and Urbanity, or well-manner'd Wit, are the two Things which constitute the *Roman Satyr*. But of the two, that which is most essential to this Poem, and is, as it were, the very Soul which animates it, is the scourging of Vice, and Exhortation to Virtue. Thus Wit, for a good Reason, is already almost out of Doors; and allow'd only for an Instrument, a kind of Tool, or a Weapon, as he calls it, of which the *Satyr*ist makes use, in the compassing of his Design. The End and Aim of our Three Rivals, is consequently the same. But by what Methods

hods they have prosecuted their Intention, is farther to be consider'd. Satyr is of the nature of Moral Philosophy, as being instructive: He therefore, who instructs most usefully, will carry the Palm from his two Antagonists. The Philosophy in which *Perfius* was Educated, and which he professes through his whole Book, is the Stoic: The most Noble, most Generous, most Beneficial to human Kind, amongst all the Sects, who have given us the Rules of Ethics, thereby to form a severe Virtue in Soul; to raise in us an undaunted Courage, against the Assaults of Fortune: to esteem as nothing the Things that are without us, because they are not in our Power; not to value Riches, Beauty, Honours, Fame, or Health, any farther than as Conveniencies, and so many Helps to Living as we ought, and doing good in our Generation. In short, to be anyways happy, while we possess our Minds, with a good Conscience, are free from the Slavery of Vices, and conform our Actions and Conversation to the Rules of right Reason. See here, my Lord, an Epitome of *Epictetus*; the Doctrine of *Zeno*, and the Education of our *Perfius*. And this he express'd, not only in all his Satyrs, but in the manner of his Life. I will not lessen this Commendation of the Stoic Philosophy

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Philosophy, by giving you an Account of some Absurdities in their Doctrine, and some perhaps Impletics, if we consider them by the Standard of Christian Faith: *Persius* has fallen into none of them; and therefore is free from those Imputations. What he teaches, might be taught from Pulpits, with more Profit to the Audience, than all the nice Speculations of Divinity, and Controversies concerning Faith; which are more for the Profit of the Shepherd, than for the Edification of the Flock. Passion, Interest, Ambition, and all their bloody Consequences of Discord, and of War, are banish'd from this Doctrine. Here is nothing propos'd but the Quiet and Tranquillity of the Mind; Virtue lodg'd at home, and afterwards diffus'd in her general Effects, to the Improvement and Good of Human Kind. And therefore I wonder not that the present Bishop of *Salisbury* has recommended this our Author, and the Tenth Satyr of *Juvenal*, in his Pastoral Letter, to the serious Perusal and Practice of the Divines in his Diocess, as the best Common-Places for their Sermons, as the Store-houses and Magazines of Moral Virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have Occasion, all manner of Assistance for the Accomplishment of a virtuous Life, which

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the Stoics have assign'd for the great End and Perfection of Mankind. Herein then it is, that *Persius* has excell'd both *Juvenal* and *Horace*. He sticks to his own Philosophy: He shifts not Sides, like *Horace*, who is sometimes an *Epicurean*, sometimes a *Stoic*, sometimes an *Eclectic*; as his present Humor leads him: nor declaims like *Juvenal* against Vices, more like an Orator, than a Philosopher. *Persius* is every where the same; true to Dogma's of his Master: What he has learnt he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practises himself. There is a Spirit of Sincerity in all he says: You may easily discern that he is in earnest, and is perswaded of that Truth which he inculcates. In this I am of Opinion, that he excels *Horace*, who is commonly in Jest, and laughs while he instructs: And is equal to *Juvenal*, who was as honest and serious as *Persius*, and more he cou'd not be.

Hitherto I have follow'd *Casanbon*, and enlarg'd upon him; because I am satisfy'd that he says no more than Truth; the rest is almost all frivolous. For he says that *Horace* being the Son of a Tax-gatherer, or a Collector, as we call it, smells every where of the Meanness of his Birth and Education: His Conceits are vulgar, like the Subjects of his Satyrs; that he does

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Plebeium sapere; and writes not with that Elevation, which becomes a Satyrist: That *Perſius* being Nobly born, and of an opulent Family, had likewise the Advantage of a better Master; *Cornutus* being the most Learned of his Time, a Man of a most Holy Life, the Chief of the Stole Sect at *Rome*; and not only a great Philosopher, but a Poet himself; and in probability a Coadjutor of *Perſius*. That, as for *Juvenal*, he was long a Declaimer, came late to Poetry, and had not been much conversant in Philosophy.

'Tis granted that the Father of *Horace* was *Libertinus*, that is, one Degree removed from his Grandfather, who had been once a Slave: But *Horace*, speaking of him, gives him the best Character of a Father, which I ever read in History; and I with a witty Friend of mine now living had such another. He bred him in the best School, and with the best Company of young Noblemen. And *Horace*, by his Gratitude to his Memory, gives a certain Testimony that his Education was ingenuous. After this, he form'd himself abroad, by the Conversation of Great Men. *Brutus* found him at *Athens*, and was so pleas'd with him, that he took him thence into the Army, and made him *Tribunus Militum*, a Colonel in

Legion, which was the Preferment of an Old Soldier. All this was before his Acquaintance with *Mecenas*, and his Introduction into the Court of *Augustus*, and the Familiarity of that Great Emperor; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilize his Conversation, and render him accomplish'd and knowing in all the Arts of Complacency and good Behaviour; and, in short, an agreeable Companion for the retir'd Hours and Privacies of a Favourite, who was first Minister. So that, upon the whole matter, *Persius* may be acknowledg'd to be equal with him, in those Respects, tho' better born, and *Juvenal* inferior to both. If the Advantage be any where, 'tis on the Side of *Horace*; as much as the Court of *Augustus Caesar*, was superior to that of *Nero*. As for the Subjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that *Horace* writ not vulgarly on vulgar Subjects, nor always chose them. His Style is constantly accommodated to his Subject, either high or low: If his Fault be too much Lowness, that of *Persius* is the Fault of the Hardness of his Metaphors, and Obscurity: And so they are equal in the Failings of their Style; where *Juvenal* manifestly triumphs over both of them.

The Comparison betwixt *Horace* and *Juvenal* is more difficult; because their Forces were more equal: A Dispute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the Favorers of the two Poets. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* I shall only venture to give my own Opinion, and leave it for better Judges to determin. If it be only argu'd in general, which of them was the better Poet; the Victory is already gain'd on the Side of *Horace*. *Virgil* himself must yield to him in the Delicacy of his Turns, his choice of Words, and perhaps the Purity of his Latin. He who says that *Pindar* is inimitable, is himself inimitable in his *Odes*. But the Contention betwixt these two great Masters, is for the Prize of Satyr: In which Contróversy, all the *Odes* and *Epodes* of *Horace* are to stand excluded. I say this, because *Horace* has written many of them Satyrically, against his private Enemies: Yet these, if justly consider'd, are somewhat of the Nature of the *Greek Silli*, which were *Invectives* against particular Sects and Persons. But *Horace* had purg'd himself of this Choler, before he enter'd on those Discourses, which are more properly call'd the *Roman Satyr*: He has not now to do with a *Lyce*, a *Canidia*, a *Cassius Severus*, or a *Menas*;

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but is to correct the Vices and the Follies of his Time, and to give the Rules of a happy and virtuous Life. In a word, that former sort of Satyr, which is known in *England* by the Name of Lampoon, is a dangerous sort of Weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral Right on the Reputation of other Men. 'Tis taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two Reasons, for which we may be permitted to write Lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us: the first is Revenge, when we have been affronted in the same Nature, or have been any ways notoriously abus'd, and can make ourselves no other Reparation. And yet we know, that, in Christian Charity, all Offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like Pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty GOD. And this Consideration has often made me tremble, when I was saying our Saviour's Prayer; for the plain Condition of the Forgiveness which we beg, is the Pardoning others the Offences which they have done to us: For which Reason, I have many times avoided the Commission of that Fault, even when I have been notoriously provok'd. Let not this, my Lord, pass for Vanity in me; for 'tis Truth.

Truth. More Libels have been written against me, than almost any Man now living: And I had Reason on my Side, to have defended my own Innocence: I speak not of my Poetry, which I have wholly given up to the Critics; let them use it as they please; Posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: For Interest and Passion will lye bury'd in another Age; and Partiality and Prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my Morals, which have been sufficiently aspers'd; that only Sort of Reputation ought to be dear to every honest Man, and is to me. But let the World witness for me, that I have been often wanting to my self in that particular; I have seldom answer'd any scurrilous Lampoon; when it was in my Power to have expos'd my Enemies: And being naturally vindictive, have suffer'd in Silence, and posses'd my Soul in Quiet.

Any thing, tho' never so little, which a Man speaks of himself, in my Opinion, is still too much; and therefore I will wave this Subject, and proceed to give the second Reason, which may justify a Poet, when he writes against a particular Person; and that is, when he is become a Public Nuisance. And those whom *Horace* in his Satyrs, and *Persius* and *Juvenal* have mention'd in theirs,

theirs, with a Brand of Infamy, are wholly such. 'Tis an Action of Virtue to make Examples of vicious Men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their Crimes and Follies: Both for their own Amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible; and for the Terror of others, to hinder them falling into those Enormities, which they see are so severely punish'd, in the Persons of others. The first Reason was only an Excuse for Revenge; but this second is absolutely of a Poet's Office to perform: But how few Lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this Duty? When they come in my way, 'tis impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are in common Justice, from the Choice of such Persons as are the proper Subject of Satyr! And how little Wit they bring, for the support of their Injustice! The weaker Sex is their most ordinary Theme; and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst Men, those who are prosperously unjust, are intitled to Panegyric: But afflicted Virtue is insolently stabb'd with all manner of Reproaches; no Decency is consider'd, no Fulsomeness omitted; no Venom is wanting, as far as Dulness can supply it: For there is a perpetual

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petual Dearth of Wit; a Barrenness of good Sense and Entertainment. The neglect of the Readers, will soon put an End to this Sort of Scribbling. There can be no Pleasantry, where there is no Wit: No Impression can be made, where there is no Truth for the Foundation. To conclude, they are like the Fruits of the Earth in this unnatural Season: The Corn which held up its Head, is spoil'd with Rankness; but the greater part of the Harvest is laid a long, and little of good Income, and wholesome Nourishment is receiv'd into the Barns. This is almost a Digression, I confess to your Lordship; but a just Indignation forced it from me. Now I have remov'd this Rubbish, I will return to the Comparison of *Juvenal* and *Horace*.

I wou'd willingly divide the Palm betwixt them; upon the two Heads of Profit and Delight, which are the two Ends of Poetry in general. It must be granted by the Favorers of *Juvenal*, That *Horace* is the more copious and profitable in his Instructions of Human Life. But in my particular Opinion, which I set not up for a Standard to better Judgments, *Juvenal* is the more delightful Author. I am profited by both, I am pleas'd with both; but I owe more to *Horace*, for my Instruction; and

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and more to *Juvenal*, for my Pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular Taste of these two Authors: They who will have either of them to excel the other in both Qualities, can scarce give better Reasons for their Opinion, than I for mine: But all unbiass'd Readers will conclude, that my Moderation is not to be condemn'd: To such impartial Men I must appeal: For they who have already form'd their Judgment, may justly stand suspected of Prejudice; and tho' all who are my Readers, will set up to be my Judges, I enter my *Caveat* against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my Jury: Or, if they be admitted, 'tis but Reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the Defence of my Opinion.

That *Horace* is somewhat the better Instructor of the two, is prov'd from hence, That his Instructions are more general; *Juvenal's* more limited. So that granting, that the Counsels which they give are equally good for Moral Use; *Horace*, who gives the most various Advice, and most applicable to all Occasions which can occur to us in the Course of our Lives; as including in his Discourses, not only all the Rules of Morality, but also of Civil Conversation; is, undoubtedly, to be preferr'd to him, who

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is more circumscrib'd in his Instructions, makes them to fewer People, and on fewer Occasions, than the other. I may be pardon'd for using an old Saying, since 'tis true, and to the purpose, *Bonum, quo communius, eo melius.* Juvenal, excepting only his first Satyr, is in all the rest confin'd, to the exposing of some particular Vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His Sentences are truly shining and instructive: But they are sprinkl'd here and there. Horace is teaching us in every Line, and is perpetually Moral; he had found out the Skill of Virgil, to hide his Sentences: To give you the Virtue of them, without shewing them in their full Extent: Which is the Ostentation of a Poet, and not his Art: And this Petronius charges on the Authors of his Time, as a Vice of Writing, which was then growing on the Age. *Ne Sententiae extra Corpus Orationis emineant:* He wou'd have them weav'd into the Body of the Work, and not appear emboss'd upon it, and striking directly on the Reader's View. Folly was the proper Quarry of Horace, and not Vice: And, as there are but few notoriously wicked Men, in Comparison with a Shoal of Fools and Fops; so 'tis a harder thing to make a Man wise, than to make him honest: For the Will is

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only to be reclaim'd in the one; but the Understanding is to be inform'd in the other. There are Blind-sides and Follies, even in the Professors of Moral Philosophy; and there is not any one Sect of them that *Horace* has not expos'd. Which, as it was not the Design of *Juvenal*, who was wholly employ'd in lashing Vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagin'd; so, perhaps, it was not so much his Talent. *Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, & admissus circum praeordia ludit.* This was the Commendation which *Persius* gave him: Where by *Vitium*, he means those little Vices, which we call Follies, the Defects of Human Understanding, or at most the Peccadillo's of Life, rather than the Tragical Vices, to which Men are hurry'd by their unruly Passions and exorbitant Desires. But in the Word *Omne*, which is *universal*, he concludes with me, that the Divine Wit of *Horace* left nothing untouch'd; that he enter'd into the inmost Recesses of Nature; found out the Imperfections even of the most Wise and Grave, as well as of the Common People; discovering, even in the great *Trebatius*, to whom he addresses the first Satyr, his hunting after Business, and following the Court, as well as in the Persecutor *Crispinus*, his Im-

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portunity. 'Tis true, he exposes *Crispinus* openly, as a common Nuisance: But he rallies the other as a Friend, more finely. The Exhortations of *Persius* are confin'd to Noblemen: And the Stoic Philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them. *Juvenal* exhorts to particular Virtues, as they are oppos'd to those Vices against which he declaims: But *Horace* laughs to shame all Follies, and insinuates Virtue, rather by familiar Examples, than by the Severity of Precepts.

This last Consideration seems to incline the Balance on the Side of *Horace*, and to give him the Preference to *Juvenal*, not only in Profit, but in Pleasure. But, after all, I must confess, that the Delight which *Horace* gives me, is but languishing. Be pleas'd still to understand, that I speak of my own Taste only: He may ravish other Men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickl'd. Where he barely grins himself, and as *Scaliger* says, only shows his white Teeth, he cannot provoke me to any Laughter. His Urbanity, that is, his Good Manners, are to be commended, but his Wit is faint, and his Salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. *Juvenal* is of a more Vigorous and Masculine Wit, he gives me as much Pleasure as I can bear: He fully

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satisfies my Expectation; he treats his Subject home: His Spleen is rais'd, and he raises mine: I have the Pleasure of Concernment in all he says: He drives his Reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his Way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another Stage, it wou'd be too far, it wou'd make a Journey of a Progress, and turn Delight into Fatigue. When he gives over, 'tis a sign the Subject is exhausted, and the Wit of Man can carry it no farther. If a Fault can be justly found in him, 'tis that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my Friend the *Plain-Dealer*, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his Thoughts are as just as those of *Horace*, and much more elevated. His Expressions are Sonorous and more Noble; his Verse more numerous, and his Words are suitable to his Thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the Pleasure of the Reader; and the greater the Soul of him who reads, his Transports are the greater. *Horace* is always on the amble, *Juvenal* on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on Carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuosity than *Horace*, but as securely; and the Swiftneſs adds a more lively Agitation to the Spirits. The low Style of *Horace* is

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according to his Subject, that is generally
 grove lag: I question not but he cou'd have
 rais'd it: For the First Epistle of the Se-
 cond Book, which he writes to *Augustus*
 (a most instructive Satyr concerning Poe-
 try,) is of so much Dignity in the Words
 and of so much Elegancy in Numbers, that
 the Author plainly shews that *Sermo Peda-*
tris, in his other Satyrs, was rather his
 Choice than his Necessity. He was a Ri-
 val to *Lucilius* his Predecessor, and was
 resolv'd to surpass him in his own manner
Lucilius, as we see by his remaining Frag-
 ments, minded neither his Style nor his
 Numbers, nor his Purity of Words, nor
 his Run of Verse. *Horace* therefore cope-
 with him in that humble way of Satyr
 writes under his own Force, and carries a
 dead Weight, that he may match his Com-
 petitor in the Race. This I imagin was
 the chief Reason, why he minded only the
 Clearness of his Satyr, and the Cleanne-
 ss of Expression, without ascending to those
 Heights, to which his own Vigor might
 have carry'd him. But limiting his Desires
 only to the Conquest of *Lucilius*, he had
 the Ends of his Rival, who liv'd before
 him; but made way for a new Conquest o-
 ver himself, by *Juvenal* his Successor. He
 cou'd not give an equal Pleasure to his
 Reader

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Reader, because he us'd not equal Instru-
ments. The Fault was in the Tools, and
not in the Workman. But Versification and
Numbers, are the greatest Pleasures of Poe-
try: *Virgil* knew it, and practis'd both so
happily, that for ought I know, his greatest
Excellency is in his Diction. In all other
Parts of Poetry, is faultless; but in this he
plac'd his chief Perfection. And give me
leave, my Lord, since I have here an apt
Occasion, to say, that *Virgil* cou'd have
written sharper Satyrs, than either *Horace*
or *Juvenal*, if he wou'd have employ'd his
Talent that way. I will produce a Verse and
half of his, in one of his Eclogues, to jus-
tify my Opinion; and with *Comma's* after
every Word, to shew, that he has given al-
most as many Lashes, as he has written Syl-
lables; 'tis against a bad Poet, whose ill
Verses he describes: *Non tu, in triviis, in-*
docte, solebas, stridenti, miseram, stipula, dis-
perdere carmen? But to return to my Pur-
pose, when there is any thing deficient in
Numbers, and Sound, the Reader is uneasy,
and unsatisfy'd; he wants something of his
Complement, desires somewhat which he
finds not: And this being the manifest De-
fect of *Horace*, 'tis no wonder, that finding
it supply'd in *Juvenal*, we are more de-
lighted with him. And besides this, the

Sauce of *Juvenal* is more poignant, to create in us an Appetite of reading him. The Meat of *Horace* is more nourishing; but the Cookery of *Juvenal* more exquisite; so that granting *Horace* to be the more general Philosopher, we cannot deny that *Juvenal* was the greater Poet, I mean in Satyr. His Thoughts are sharper, his Indignation against Vice is more vehement; his Spirit has more of the Common-wealth-Genius; he treats Tyranny, and all the Vices attending it, as they deserve, with the utmost Rigor: and consequently a Noble Soul is better pleas'd with a zealous Vindicator of *Roman Liberty*, than with a temporizing Poet, a Well-manner'd Court-Slave, and a Man who is often afraid of laughing in the right Place; who is ever decent, because he is naturally servile. After all, *Horace* had the Disadvantage of the Times in which he liv'd; they were better for the Man, but worse for the Satyrist. 'Tis generally said, that those enormous Vices which were practis'd under the Reign of *Domitian*, were not known in the Time of *Augustus Caesar*: That therefore *Juvenal* had a larger Field than *Horace*. Little Follies were out of Doors, when Oppression was to be scourg'd instead of Avarice; it was no longer time to turn into Ridicule the false Opinions of Philoso-

Philosophers, when the *Roman Liberty* was to be asserted. There was more need of a *Brutus* in *Domitian's Days* to redeem or mend, than of a *Horace*, if he had then been living, to laugh at a Fly-Catcher. This Reflexion at the same time excuses *Horace*, but exalts *Juvenal*. I have ended, before I was aware, the Comparison of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, upon the Topics of Pleasure and Delight; and indeed, I may safely here conclude that Common-place: for if we make *Horace* our Minister of State in Satyr, and *Juvenal* of our private Pleasures; I think the latter has no ill Bargain of it. Let Profit have the Preeminence of Honor, in the End of Poetry. Pleasure, tho' but the second in Degree, is the first in Favor. And who wou'd not chuse to be lov'd better, rather than to be more esteem'd? But I am enter'd already upon another Topic; which concerns the particular Merits of these two Satyrists. However, I will pursue my Business where I left it; and carry it farther than that common Observation of the several Ages in which these Authors flourish'd. When *Horace* writ his Satyrs, the Monarchy of his *Cesar* was in its Newness, and the Government but just made easy to the conquer'd People. They cou'd not possibly have forgotten the U-

surpation of that Prince upon their Freedom, nor the violent Methods which he had us'd, in the compassing that vast Design: They yet remember'd his Proscriptions, and the Slaughter of so many noble *Romans* their Defenders. Amongst the rest, that horrible Action of his, when he forc'd *Livia* from the Arms of her Husband, who was constrain'd to see her marry'd, as *Dion* relates the Story, and big with Child as she was, convey'd to the Bed of his insulting Rival. The same *Dion Cassius* gives us another Instance of the Crime before mention'd: That *Cornelius Sisenia*, being reproach'd in full Senate, with the licentious Conduct of his Wife, return'd this Answer; That he had marry'd her by the Counsel of *Augustus*: Intimating, says my Author, that *Augustus* had oblig'd him to that Marriage, that he might, under that Covert, have the more free Access unto her. His Adulteries were still before their Eyes, but they must be patient, where they had not Power. In other things that Emperor was moderate enough: Propriety was generally secur'd; and the People entertain'd with public Shows, and Donatives, to make them more easily digest their lost Liberty. But *Augustus*, who was conscious to himself of so many Crimes which he had committed, thought

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thought in the first Place to provide for his own Reputation, by making an Edict against Lampoons and Satyre, and the Authors of those defamatory Writings, which my Author *Tacitus*, from the Law-Term, calls *famosos libellos*.

In the first Book of his *Annals*, he gives the following Account of it in these Words: *Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis libellis specie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Cassii Severi libidine, quâ viros fœminasque illustres, procacibus scriptis diffamaverat.* Thus in *English*: 'Augustus was the first, who under the Color of that Law took Cognisance of Lampoons; being provok'd to it, by the Petulancy of *Cassius Severus*, who had defam'd many illustrious Persons of both Sexes, in his Writings.' The Law to which *Tacitus* refers, was *Lex lesæ Majestatis*; commonly call'd, for the sake of Brevity, *Majestas*; or, as we say, High-Treason: He means not that this Law had not been enacted formerly: For it had been made by the *Decemviri*, and was inscrib'd amongst the rest in the Twelve Tables; to prevent the Asperision of the Roman Majesty, either of the People themselves, or their Religion, or their Magistrates: and the Infringement of it was Capital; that is, the Offender was whipt to Death,

Death, with the *Fasces*; which were borne before their chief Officers of Rome. But *Augustus* was the first, who restor'd that intermitted Law; By the Words, *Under Color of that Law*, he insinuates that *Augustus* caus'd it to be executed, on pretence of those Libels, which were written by *Cassius Severus*, against the Nobility: But, in truth, to save himself from such defamatory Verses. *Suetonius* likewise makes mention of it thus: *Sparsos de se in Curia famosos libellos, nec expavit, & magna cura redarguit. Ac ne requisitis quidam Auctoribus, id modocensuit, cognoscendum post hac, de his qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cuiuspiam sub alieno nomine edant.* *Augustus* was not afraid of Libels, says that Author: Yet he took all care imaginable to have them answer'd; and then decreed, that for the time to come, the Authors of them shou'd be punish'd. But *Aurelius* makes it yet more clear, according to my Sense, that this Emperor for his own sake durst not permit them: *Fecit id Augustus in speciem; & quasi gratificaretur Populo Romano, & Primoribus urbis; sed revera ut sibi consulere;* Nam habuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem in loquendo, a qua nec ipse exemptus fuit. Nam suo nomine compefcere erat invidiosum, sub alieno facile & utile. Ergo

Ergo specie legis tractavit, quasi Populi Romani Majestas infamaretur. This, I think, is a sufficient Comment on that Passage of Tacitus; I will add only by the way, that the whole Family of the *Cæsars*, and all their Relations, were included in the Law; because the Majesty of the Romans in the time of the Empire was wholly in that House: *Omnia Cæsar erat*: They were all accounted sacred who belong'd to him. As for *Cassius Severus*, he was cotemporary with *Horace*; and was the same Poet against whom he writes in his *Epodes*, under this Title, *In Cassium Severum Maledictum Poëtam*; Perhaps intending to kill two Crows, according to our Proverb, with one Stone; and revenge both himself and his Emperor together.

From hence I may reasonably conclude, That *Augustus*, who was not altogether so good as he was wise, had some By-respect in the enacting of this Law: For to do any thing for nothing, was not his Maxim. *Horace*, as he was a Courtier, comply'd with the Interest of his Master; and avoiding the lashing of greater Crimes, confin'd himself to the ridiculing of petty Vices and common Follies; excepting only some reserved Cases, in his *Odes* and *Epodes*, of his own particular Quarrels; which either with
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Permission of the Magistrate, or without it, every Man will revenge, tho' I say not that he should: for *prior leſſi*, is a good Excuse in the Civil-Law, if Christianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper Man to arraign great Vices, at least if the Stories which we hear of him are true, that he practis'd some, which I will not here mention, out of Honor to him. It was not for a *Clodius* to accuse Adulterers, especially when *Augustus* was of that Number: So that tho' his Age was not exempted from the worst of Villanies, there was no Freedom left to reprehend them, by reason of the Edict. And our Poet was not fit to represent them in an odious Character, because himself was dipt in the same Actions. Upon this Account, without farther insisting on the different Tempers of *Juvenal* and *Horace*, I conclude, that the Subjects which *Horace* chose for Satyr, are of a lower Nature than those of which *Juvenal* has written.

Thus I have treated; in a new Method, the Comparison betwixt *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Persius*; somewhat of their particular Manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be considered. *Persius* was Grave, and particularly opposed his Gravity to Lewdness, which was the predominant.

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nant Vice in *Nero's* Court, at the time when
 he publish'd his Satyrs, which was before
 that Emperor fell into the Excess of Cru-
 elty. *Horace* was a mild Admonisher, a
 Court-Satyrift, fit for the gentle Times of
Augustus, and more fit, for the Reasons
 which I have already given. *Juvenal* was
 as proper for his Times, as they for theirs:
 His was an Age that deserv'd a more se-
 vere Chastisement; Vices were more gross
 and open, more flagitious, more encour-
 aged by the Example of a Tyrant, and more
 protected by his Authority. Therefore,
 wheresoever *Juvenal* mentions *Nero*, he
 means *Domitian*, whom he dares not attack
 in his own Person, but scourges him by
 Proxy. *Heinsius* urges in praise of *Horace*,
 that according to the ancient Art and Law
 of Satyr, it shou'd be nearer to Comedy
 than to Tragedy; not declaiming against
 Vice, but only laughing at it. Neither *Per-
 sius* nor *Juvenal* were ignorant of this, for
 they had both studied *Horace*. And the
 thing it self is plainly true. But as they
 had read *Horace*, they had likewise read
Lucilius, of whom *Persius* says, *fecit Ur-
 bem; & genuinum fregit in illis*; meaning
Mutius and *Lupus*: And *Juvenal* also men-
 tions him in these Words: *Ense velut stricto,*
quoties Lucilius ardens Infremuit, &c. So
that

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that they thought the Imitation of *Lucretius* was more proper to their purpose than that of *Horace*. They changed Satyr, says *Holiday*; but they chang'd it for the better. For they being to reform great Vices, Chastisement goes farther than Admonition; whereas a perpetual Grin, like that of *Horace*, does rather anger than amend a Man.

Thus far that Learned Critic, *Bartus Holiday*, whose Interpretation and Illustrations of *Juvenal* are as excellent, as the Verse of his Translation and his *English* are lame and pitiful. For 'tis not enough to give us the Meaning of a Poet, which I acknowledge him to have performed most faithfully; but he must also imitate his Genius, and his Numbers, as far as the *English* will come up to the Elegance of the Original. In few Words, 'tis only for a Poet to translate a Poet. *Holiday* and *Stapylton* had not enough considered this, when they attempted *Juvenal*: But I forbear Reflexions; only I beg leave to take notice of this Sentence, where *Holiday* says, *A perpetual Grin like that of Horace, rather angers than amends a Man*. I cannot give him up the Manner of *Horace* in low Satyr so easily: Let the Chastisements of *Juvenal* be never so necessary for his new Kind of Satyr; let him declaim as wittily and sharply as

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he pleases, yet still the nicest and most delicate Touches of Satyr consist in fine Raillery. This, my Lord, is your particular Talent, to which even *Juvenal* could not arrive. 'Tis not Reading, 'tis not Imitation of an Author, which can produce this Fineness: It must be inborn, it must proceed from a Genius, and particular way of Thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him, who has it not from Nature: How easie it is to call Rogue and Villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a Man appear a Fool, a Blockhead, or a Knave, without using any of those opprobrious Terms! To spare the Grossness of the Names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full Face, and to make the Nose and Cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any Depth of Shadowing. This is the Mystery of that Noble Trade; which yet no Master can teach to his Apprentice: He may give the Rules, but the Scholar is never the nearer in his Practice. Neither is it true, that this Fineness of Raillery is offensive. A witty Man is tickled while he is hurt in this Manner; and a Fool feels it not. The occasion of an Offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in

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Effect this way dos more Mischief; than a Man is secretly wounded, and tho' he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious World will find it for him: Yet there is still a vast Difference betwixt the slovenly Butchering of a Man, and the Fineness of a Stroke that separates the Head from the Body, and leaves it standing in its Place. A Man may be capable, as *Jack Ketch's* Wife said of his Servant, of a plain Piece of Work, a bare Hanging; but to make a Malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her Husband. I wish I could apply it to my self; if the Reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The Character of *Zimri* in my *Absalom*, is, in my Opinion, worth the whole Poem: 'Tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough: And he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an Injury. If I had rail'd, I might have suffer'd for it justly; but I manag'd mine own Work more happily, perhaps more dextrously. I avoided the mention of great Crimes, and apply'd my self to the representing of Blind-sides, and little Extravagances: To which, the wittier a Man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the Jest went round, and he was laugh'd at in his Turn who began the Frolic.

And

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And thus, my Lord, you see I have prefer'd the Manner of *Horace*, and of your Lordship, in this kind of Satyr, to that of *Juvenal*; and I think, reasonably. *Holiday* ought not to have arraigned so great an Author, for that which was his Excellency and his Merit: Or if he did, on such a palpable Mistake, he might expect that some one might possibly arise, either in his own time, or after him, to rectify his Error, and restore to *Horace* that Commendation, of which he has so unjustly robb'd him. And let the *Manes* of *Juvenal* forgive me, if I say, that this way of *Horace* was the best for amending Manners, as it is the most difficult. His was, an *Ense rescindendum*; but that of *Horace* was a pleasant Cure, with all the Limbs preserv'd entire; and, as our *Mountebanks* tell us in their Bills, without keeping the Patient within Doors for a Day. What they promise only, *Horace* has effectually perform'd: Yet I contradict not the Proposition which I formerly advanced: *Juvenal's* Times requir'd a more painful kind of Operation: But if he had lived in the Age of *Horace*, I must needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the Method which was prescrib'd him by his own Genius; which was sharp and eager; he could not rally, but he could

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declaim: And as his Provocations were great, he has reveng'd them tragically. This notwithstanding, I am to say another Word, which, as true as it is, will yet displease the partial Admirers of our *Horace*. I have hinted it before; but 'tis Time for me now to speak more plainly.

This Manner of *Horace* is indeed the best; but *Horace* has not executed it altogether so happily, at least not often. The Manner of *Juvenal* is confessed to be inferior to the former; but *Juvenal* has excelled him in his Performance. *Juvenal* has rail'd more wittily than *Horace* has rally'd. *Horace* means to make his Reader laugh; but he is not sure of his Experiment. *Juvenal* always intends to move your Indignation; and he always brings about his Purpose. *Horace*, for ought I know, might have tickled the People of his Age; but amongst the Moderns he is not so successful. They who say he entertains so pleasantly, may perhaps value themselves on the Quickness of their own Understandings, that they can see a Jest farther off than other Men: They may find Occasion of Laughter in the Wit-battle of the two Buffoons, *Sormentus* and *Cicerrus*; and hold their Sides for fear of Bursting, when *Rupilius* and *Persius* are scolding. For my
own

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own Part, I can only like the Characters of all Four, which are judiciously given: But for my Heart I cannot so much as smile at their insipid Raillery. I see not why *Persius* should call upon *Brutus*, to revenge him on his Adversary; and that because he had killed *Julius Caesar* for endeavoring to be a King; therefore he should be desir'd to murder *Rupilius*, only because his Name was Mr. King. A miserable Clench, in my Opinion, for *Horace* to record: I have heard honest Mr. *Swan* make many a better, and yet have had the Grace to hold my Countenance. But it may be Punns were then in Fashion, as they were Wit in the Sermons of the last Age, and in the Court of King *Charles II.* I am sorry to say it, for the sake of *Horace*; but certain it is, he has no fine Palate, who can feed so heartily on Garbage.

But I have already wearied my self, and doubt not but, I have tir'd your Lordship's Patience, with this long, rambling, and I fear trivial Discourse. Upon the one half of the Merits, that is, Pleasure, I cannot but conclude that *Juvenal* was the better Satyrist: They who will descend into his particular Praises may find them at large in the Dissertation of the Learned *Rigaltius* to *Tbuanus*. As for *Persius*, I have gl-

ven the Reasons why I think him inferior to both of them: Yet I have one thing to add on that Subject.

Barten Holiday, who translated both *Juvenal* and *Persius*, has made this Distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than witty; That, in *Persius*, the Difficulty is to find a Meaning; in *Juvenal* to chuse a Meaning: So Crabbed is *Persius*, and so Copious is *Juvenal*: So much the Understanding is employ'd in one, and so much the Judgment in the other. So difficult it is to find any Sense in the former, and the best Sense in the latter.

If, on the other Side, any one suppose I have commended *Horace* below his Merit, when I have allow'd him but the Second Place, I desire him to consider, if *Juvenal*, a Man of excellent Natural Endowments, besides the Advantages of Diligence and Study, and coming after him, and building upon his Foundations, might not probably, with all these Helps, surpass him? And whether it be any Dishonor to *Horace* to be thus surpassed; since no Art or Science, is at once begun and perfected, but that it must pass first through many Hands, and even through several Ages? If *Lucilius* cou'd add to *Ennius*, and *Horace* to *Lucilius*, why without any Diminution to the
Fame

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name of *Horace*, might not *Juvenal* give the last Perfection to that Work? Or rather, what Disreputation is it to *Horace*, that *Juvenal* excels in the Tragical Satyr, and *Horace* does in the Comical? I have read over attentively both *Heinsius* and *Dacier*, in their Commendations of *Horace*; but I can find no more in either of them, for the Preference of him to *Juvenal*, than the instructive Part; the Part of Wisdom, and not that of Pleasure; which therefore I will allow'd him, notwithstanding what *Scaiger* and *Rigaltius* have pleaded to the contrary for *Juvenal*. And to show that I am impartial, I will here translate what *Dacier* has said on that Subject.

I cannot give a more just Idea of the Two Books of Satyrs made by *Horace*, than by comparing them to the Statues of the *Silens*, to which *Alcibiades* compares *Socrates*, in the *Symposium*. They were Figures, which had nothing of Agreeable, nothing of Beauty on their Out-side: But when any one took the pains to open them, and search into them, he there found the Figures of all the Deities. So, in the Shape that *Horace* presents himself to us, in his Satyrs, we see nothing at the first View, which deserves our Attention. It seems that he is rather an Amusement for Children,

dren, than for the serious Consideration of Men: But when we take away his Crust, and that which hides him from our Sight; when we discover him to the Bottom, then we find all the Divinities in a full Assembly: That is to say, all the Virtues which ought to be the continual Exercise of those, who seriously endeavor to correct their Vices.

'Tis easy to observe, that *Dacier*, in this noble Similitude, has confin'd the Praise of his Author wholly to the Instructive Part: The Commendations turn on this, and so does that which follows.

In these two Books of Satyr, 'tis the Business of *Horace* to instruct us, how to combat our Vices, to regulate our Passions, to follow Nature, to give Bounds to our Desires, to distinguish betwixt Truth and Falshood, and betwixt our Conceptions of Things, and Things themselves: To come back from our prejudicate Opinions, to understand exactly the Principles and Motives of all our Actions; and to avoid the Ridicule, into which all Men necessary fall, who are intoxicated with those Notions which they have receiv'd from their Masters; and which they obstinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right Reason.

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In a Word, he labors to render us happy in relation to our selves, agreeable and faithful to our Friends, and discreet, serviceable, and well-bred in relation to those with whom we are oblig'd to live, and to converse. To make his Figures intelligible, to conduct his Readers through the Labyrinth of some perplex'd Sentence, or obscure Parenthesis, is no greater Matter: And, as *Epictetus* says, there is nothing of Beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent Man. The principal Business, and which is of most Importance to us, is to shew the Use, the Reason, and the Proof of his Precepts.

They who endeavor not to correct themselves, according to so exact a Model; are just like the Patients, who have open before them a Book of admirable Receipts for their Diseases, and please themselves with reading it, without comprehending the Nature of the Remedies; or how to apply them to their Cure.

Let *Horace* go off with these Encomiums, which he has so well deserv'd.

To conclude the Contention betwixt our three Poets, I will use the Words of *Virgil*, in his *Fifth Æneid*, where *Æneas* proposes the Rewards of the Foot-Race, to the three first, who should reach the Goal. *Tres præmia*

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præmia primi, accipient; flavaque Caput nitentur Olivâ: Let these three Antients, be prefer'd to all the Moderns; as first arriving at the Goal: Let them all be Crowned as Victors, with the Wreath that properly belongs to Satyr. But, after that, with this Distinction amongst themselves, *Primus equum phaleris insignem, Victor habeto.* Let *Juvenal* ride first in Triumph. *Alter Amazoniam pharetram; plenamque Sagittis Threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur auro Balteus, & tereti subnectit Fibula gemma.* Let *Horace* who is the Second, and but just the Second, carry off the Quivers and the Arrows, as the Badges of his Satyr; and the Golden Belt and the Diamond Button. *Tertius, Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus abit.* And let *Persius*, the last of the first three Worthies, be contented with this Grecian Shield, and with Victory not only over all the Grecians, who were ignorant of the Roman Satyr, but over all the Moderns in succeeding Ages; excepting *Boileau* and your Lordship.

And thus I have given the History of Satyr, and deriv'd it as from *Ennius*, to your Lordship; that is, from its first Rudiments of Barbarity, to its last Polishing and Perfection: Which is, with *Virgil*, in his Address to *Augustus*;

— *nomen famâ tot ferre per annos,*
Tithoni primâ quot abest ab origine Cæsar. I

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I said only from *Ennius*; but I may safely carry it higher, as far as *Livius Andronicus*; who, as I have said formerly, taught the first Play at *Rome*, in the Year *ab Urbe condita* CCCCXIV. I have since desir'd my Learned Friend Mr. *Maidwell*, to compute the Difference of Times, betwixt *Aristophanes* and *Livius Andronicus*; and he assures me from the best Chronologers, that *Plutus*, the last of *Aristophanes's* Plays, was represented at *Athens*, in the Year of the 97th Olympiad; which agrees with the Year *Urbis Condite* CCCLXIV. So that the Difference of Years betwixt *Aristophanes* and *Andronicus* is 150; from whence I have probably deduc'd, that *Livius Andronicus*, who was a *Grecian*, had read the Plays of the Old Comedy, which were Satyrical, and also of the New; for *Menander* was fifty Years before him, which must needs be a great light to him, in his own Plays, that were of the Satyrical Nature. That the *Romans* had Farces before this, 'tis true; but then they had no Communication with *Greece*: So that *Andronicus* was the first who wrote after the manner of the Old Comedy, in his Plays; he was imitated by *Ennius*, about thirty Years afterwards. Tho' the former writ Fables; the latter, speaking properly, began the *Roman Satyr*.
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According to that Description, which *Juvenal* gives of it in his First; *Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.* This is that in which I have made bold to differ from *Casaubon*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and indeed from all the Modern Critics, that not *Ennius*, but *Andronicus* was the first; who by the *Archæa Comædia* of the Greeks, added many Beauties to the first Rude and Barbarous Roman Satyr: Which sort of Poem, tho' we had not deriv'd from Rome, yet Nature teaches it Mankind, in all Ages, and in every Country.

'Tis but necessary, that after so much has been said of Satyr, some Definition of it should be given. *Heinsius*, in his Dissertations on *Horace*, makes it for me, in these Words; Satyr is a kind of Poetry, without a Series of Action, invented for the purging of our Minds; in which Human Vices, Ignorance, and Errors, and all things besides, which are produc'd from them, in every Man, are severely Reprehended; partly Dramatically, partly Simply, and sometimes in both kinds of Speaking; but for the most part Figuratively, and Occultly; consisting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a sharp and pungent manner of Speech; but partly, also, in a Facetious and Civil way of Jestings; by which
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either Hatred, or Laughter, or Indignation is moved.—Where I cannot but observe, that this obscure and perplex'd Definition, or rather Description of Satyr, is wholly accommodated to the *Horatian* way; and excluding the Works of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, as foreign from that kind of Poem: The Clause in the Beginning of it (*without a series of Action*) distinguishes Satyr properly from Stage-Plays, which are all of one Action, and one continued Series of Action. The End or Scope of Satyr is to purge the Passions; so far it is common to the Satyrs of *Juvenal* and *Persius*: The rest which follows, is also generally belonging to all three; 'till he comes upon us, with the excluding Clause (*consisting in a low familiar way of Speech*) which is the proper Character of *Horace*; and from which, the other two, for their Honor be it spoken, are far distant. But how come Lowness of Style and the Familiarity of Words to be so much the Propriety of Satyr, that without them, a Poet can be no more a Satyrist, than without Risibility he can be a Man? Is the Fault of *Horace* to be made the Virtue and standing Rule of this Poem? Is the *Grande Sophos* of *Persius*, and the Sublimity of *Juvenal* to be circumscrib'd, with the Meanness of Words

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and Vulgarity of Expression? If *Horace* refused the pains of Numbers, and the Loftiness of Figures, are they bound to follow so ill a Precedent? Let him walk a-foot with his Pad in hand, for his own Pleasure; but let not them be accounted no Poets, who chuse to mount, and shew their Horsemanship. *Holiday* is not afraid to say, that there never was such a fall, as from his Odes to his Satyrs, and that he, injuriously to himself, untun'd his Harp. The Majestic way of *Persius* and *Juvenal* was new, when they began it; but 'tis old to us; and what Poems have not, with Time, received an Alteration in their Fashion? Which Alteration, says *Holiday*, is to after-times, as good a Warrant as the first. Has not *Virgil* chang'd the Manners of *Homer's* Heroes in his *Antid*? certainly he has, and for the better. For *Virgil's* Age was more civiliz'd, and better bred; and he writ according to the Politeness of *Rome*, under the Reign of *Augustus Caesar*; not to the Rudeness of *Agamemnon's* Age, or the Times of *Homer*. Why should we offer to confine free Spirits to one form, when we cannot so much as confine our Bodies to one Fashion of Apparel? Wou'd not *Donn's* Satyrs, which abound with so much Wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his Words, and
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of his Numbers? But he followed *Horace* so very close, that of Necessity he must fall with him: And I may safely say it of this present Age, That if we are not so great Wits as *Donn*, yet, certainly, we are better Poets.

But I have said enough, and it may be too much, on this Subject. Will your Lordship be pleased to prolong my Audience, only so far, till I tell you my own trivial Thoughts, how a Modern Satyr shou'd be made. I will not deviate in the least from the Precepts and Examples of the Antients, who were always our best Masters. I will only illustrate them, and discover some of the hidden Beauties in their Designs, that we thereby may form our own in Imitation of them. Will you please but to observe, that *Persius*, the least in Dignity of all the Three, has notwithstanding been the first, who has discover'd to us this important Secret, in the designing of a perfect Satyr; that it ought only to treat of one Subject; to be confin'd to one particular Theme; or, at least, to one principally. If other Vices occur in the Management of the Chief, they should only be transiently lash'd, and not be insisted on, so as to make the Design double. As in a Play of the *English* Fashion, which we call a *Tragedy*, there is to be but one main Design: And

tho' there be an Under-plot, or Second Walk of Comical Characters and Adventures, yet they are subservient to the Chief Fable, carry'd along under it, and helping to it; so that the *Drama* may not seem a Monster with two Heads. Thus the *Copernican* System of the Planets makes the Moon to be mov'd by the Motion of the Earth, and carry'd about her Orb, as a Dependent of hers. *Mascardi* in his Discourse of the *Doppia favola*, or double tale in Plays, gives an Instance of it, in the famous Pastoral of *Guarini*, call'd *Il Pastor Fido*; where *Corisca* and the Satyr are the Underparts: Yet we may observe, that *Corisca* is brought into the Body of the Plot, and made subservient to it. 'Tis certain, that the Divine Wit of *Horace* was not ignorant of this Rule, that a Play, though it consists of many Parts, must yet be one in the Action, and must drive on the Accomplishment of one design, for he gives this very Precept, *Sit quodvis simplex duntaxat & unum*; yet he seems not much to mind it in his Satyrs, many of them consisting of more Arguments than one; and the second without dependance on the first. *Casaubon* has observ'd this before me, in his Preference of *Persius* to *Horace*: and will have his own belov'd Author to be the first, who

found out and introduc'd this Method of confining himself to one Subject. I know it may be urg'd in defence of *Horace*, that this Unity is not necessary; because the very Word *Satura* signifies a Dish plentifully stored with all variety of Fruits and Grains. Yet *Juvenal* who calls his Poems a *Farrago*, which is a Word of the same Signification with *Satura*, has chosen to follow the same Method of *Persius*, and not of *Horace*. And *Boileau*, whose Example alone is a sufficient Authority, has wholly confin'd himself, in all his Satyr, to this Unity of Design. That Variety which is not to be found in any one Satyr, is, at least, in many, written on several Occasions. And if Variety be of absolute necessity in every one of them, according to the Etymology of the Word; yet it may arise naturally from one Subject, as it is diversly treated, in the several subordinate Branches of it; all relating to the Chief. It may be illustrated accordingly with variety of Examples in the Subdivisions of it; and with as many Precepts as there are Members of it; which all together may complete that *Olla*, or Hotch-potch; which is properly a Satyr.

Under this Unity of Theme, or Subject, is comprehended another Rule for perfecting the Design of true Satyr. The Poet is

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bound, and that *ex Officio*, to give his Reader some one Precept of moral Virtue; and to caution him against some one particular Vice, or Folly. Other Virtues, subordinate to the first, may be recommended, under that Chief Head; and other Vices or Follies may be scourged, besides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one Virtue, and insist on that. Thus *Juvenal* in every Satyr, excepting the first, ties himself to one Principal Instructive Point, or to the shunning of Moral Evil. Even in the sixth, which seems only an Arraignment of the whole Sex of Woman-kind; there is a latent Admonition to avoid Ill Women, by shewing how very few, who are Virtuous and Good, are to be found amongst them. But this, tho' the wittiest of all his Satyrs, has yet the least of Truth or Instruction in it. He has run himself into his old declamatory way, and almost forgotten that he was now setting up for a Moral Poet.

Perseus is never wanting to us in some profitable Doctrine, and in exposing the opposite Vices to it. His kind of Philosophy is one, which is the Stoic; and every Satyr is a Comment on one particular *Dogma* of that Sect; unless we will except the first, which is against bad Writers; and yet even

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even there he forgets not the Precepts of the *Porch*. In general, all Virtues are every where to be praised and recommended to Practice; and all Vices to be reprehended, and made either Odious or Ridiculous; or else there is a Fundamental Error in the whole Design.

I have already declar'd who are the only Persons that are the Adequate Objects of private Satyr, and who they are, that may properly be expos'd by Name for public Examples of Vices and Follies; and therefore I will trouble your Lordship no farther with them. Of the best and finest manner of Satyr, I have said enough in the Comparison betwixt *Juvenal* and *Horace*: 'Tis that sharp well-manner'd way of laughing a Folly out of Countenance, of which your Lordship is the best Master in this Age. I will proceed to the Versification, which is most proper for it, and add somewhat to what I have said already on that Subject. The sort of Verse which is call'd *Burlesque*, consisting of Eight Syllables, or Four Feet, is that which our excellent *Hudibras* has chosen. I ought to have mentioned him before, when I spake of *Donn*; but by a Slip of an Old Man's Memory he was forgotten. The Worth of his Poem is too well known to need any Commendation, and he is above my Censure: His Sa-
tyr

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tyr is of the *Varronian* kind, tho' unmix'd with Prose. The Choice of his Numbers is suitable enough to his Design, as he has manag'd it: But in any other Hand, the Shortness of his Verse, and the quick returns of Rhyme, had debas'd the Dignity of Style. And besides, the double Rhyme, (a necessary Companion of Burlesque Writing) is not so proper for Manly Satyr, for it turns Earnest too much to Jest, and gives us a Boyish kind of Pleasure. It tickles awkwardly with a kind of Pain, to the best sort of Readers; we are pleas'd ungratefully, and if I may say so, against our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unseasonable Delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more solid. He might have left that Task to others, who not being able to put in Thought, can only make us grin with the Excrescence of a Word of two or three Syllables in the Close. 'Tis, indeed, below so great a Master to make use of such a little Instrument. But his good Sense is perpetually shining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding Faults. We pass through the Levity of his Rhyme, and are immediately carry'd into some admirable useful Thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of Verse; and has written the best in it:

And

And had he taken another, he would always have excelled. As we say of a Court-Favourite, that whatsoever his Office be, he still makes it uppermost, and most beneficial to himself.

The Quickness of your Imagination, my Lord, has already prevented me; and you know before-hand, that I wou'd prefer the Verse of Ten Syllables, which we call the *English* Heroic, to that of Eight. This is truly my Opinion: For this sort of Number is more roomy: The Thought can turn it self with greater Ease in a larger Compass. When the Rhyme comes too thick upon us, it straitens the Expression; we are thinking of the Close, when we shou'd be employ'd in adorning the Thought. It makes a Poet giddy with turning in a Space too narrow for his Imagination; he loses many Beauties, without gaining one Advantage. For a Burlesque Rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, 'tis more easily purchas'd in Ten Syllables than in Eight: In both Occasions 'tis as in a Tennis-Court, when the Strokes of greater force are given, when we strike out and play at length. *Tassone* and *Boileau* have left us the best Examples of this way, in the *Secchia Rapita*, and the *Lutrin*. And next them *Merlin Coccajus* in his *Baldus*.
I will

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I will speak only of the two former, because the last is written in Latin Verse. The *Secchia Rapita* is an Italian Poem, a Satyr of the *Varronian* kind. 'Tis written in the Stanza of Eight, which is their Measure for Heroic Verse. The Words are stately, the Numbers smooth, the Turn both of Thoughts and Words is happy. The first six Lines of the Stanza seem Majestical and Severe; but the two last turn them all into a pleasant Ridicule. *Bollean*, if I am not much deceiv'd, has model'd from hence his famous *Lutrin*. He had read the Burlesque Poetry of *Scarron*, with some kind of Indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in *France* that was worthy of his Imitation. But he copy'd the *Italian* so well, that his own may pass for an Original. He writes it in the *French Heroic Verse*, and calls it an *Heroic Poem*: His Subject is Trivial, but his Verse is Noble. I doubt not but he had *Virgil* in his Eye, for we find many admirable Imitations of him, and some *Parodes*; as particularly this Passage in the Fourth of the *Aeneids*.

Neq tibi Diva Parans; generis nec Dardanus
Author,

Perfide; sed duris genuit in caulis horrens
Caucasus; Hyrcanæq; admorant ubera Tigres.

Which

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Which he thus translates keeping to the Words, but altering the Sense:

*Non, ton Pere a Paris, ne fut point Boulanger:
Et tu n'es point du sang de Gervais Horloger:
Tu Mere ne fut point la Maitresse d'un Coche;
Caucase dans ses flancs, te forma d'un Roché:
Une Tigresse affreuse, en quelque Antre écarté
Te fit, avec son lait, sucer sa Cruauté*

And, as *Virgil* in his Fourth *Georgic* of the Bees, perpetually raises the Lowness of his Subject, by the Loftiness of his Words; and ennobles it by Comparisons drawn from Empires, and from Monarchs.

*Admiranda tibi levulum spectacula rerum,
Magnanimosque Duces, totiusque ordine gentis
Mores & studia, & populos, & prælia dicam.*

And again:

*Sit genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
Stet fortuna domus, & avi numerantur avorum*

We see *Boileau* pursuing him in the same flights; and scarcely yielding to his Master. This, I think, my Lord, to be the most Beautiful, and most Noble Kind of Satyr. Here is the Majesty of the Heroic, finely mix'd

mix'd with the Venom of the other; and raising the Delight which otherwise wou'd be flat and vulgar, by the Sublimity of the Expression. I cou'd say somewhat more of the Delicacy of this and some other of his Satyrs; but it might turn to his Prejudice, if 'twere carry'd back to *France*.

I have given your Lordship but this bare Hint, in what manner this sort of Satyr may best be manag'd. Had I time, I cou'd enlarge on the beautiful Turns of Words and Thoughts; which are as requisite in this, as in Heroic Poetry it self; of which the Satyr is undoubtedly a Species. With these Beautiful Turns I confess my self to have been unacquainted, till about Twenty Years ago, in a Conversation which I had with that Noble Wit of *Scotland*, Sir *George Mackenzie*: He ask'd me why I did not imitate in my Verses the Turns of Mr. *Waller* and Sir *John Denham*; of which, he repeated many to me: I had often read with Pleasure, and with some Profit, those two Fathers of our *English* Poetry; but had not seriously enough consider'd those Beauties which give the last Perfection to their Works. Some sprinklings of this kind I had also formerly in my Plays; but they were casual, and not design'd. But this Hint, thus seasonably given me, first made

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me sensible of my own Wants, and brought me afterwards to seek for the supply of them in other *English* Authors. I look'd over the Darling of my Youth, the famous *Cowley*; there I found instead of them, the Points of Wit, and Quirks of Epigram, even in the *Davidels*, a Heroic Poem, which is of an opposite Nature to those *Puerilities*; but no elegant Turns, either on the Word or on the Thought. Then I consulted a greater Genius (without offence to the *Manes* of that Noble Author) I mean *Milton*; but as he endeavors every where to express *Homer*, whose Age had not arriv'd to that Fineness, I found in him a true Sublimity, lofty Thoughts, which were clothed with admirable *Grecisms*, and antient Words, which he had been digging from the Mines of *Chaucer* and *Spencer*, and which, with all their Rusticity, had somewhat of Venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I look'd. At last I had recourse to his Master, *Spencer*, the Author of that immortal Poem call'd the *Fairy Queen*; and there I met with that which I had been looking for so long in vain. *Spencer* had study'd *Virgil* to as much advantage as *Milton* had done *Homer*; and amongst the rest of his

N Excel

Excellencies had copy'd that. Looking farther into the *Italian*, I found *Tasso* had done the same; nay more, that all the Sonnets in that Language, are on the turn of the first Thought; which Mr. *Walsb*, in his late ingenious Preface to his Poems, has observ'd. In short, *Virgil* and *Ovid* are the two Principal Fountains of them in Latin Poem. And the *French* at this day are so fond of them, that they judge them to be the first Beauties. *Delicate* & *bien tourné*, are the highest Commendations, which they bestow on somewhat, which they think a Master-Piece.

An Example of the Turn on Words, amongst a thousand others, is that in the last Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*:

*Hæu quantum scelus est, in viscera, viscera
condi!*

*Congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus;
Alteriusque Animantem, Animantis vivere
leto.*

An Example on the Turn both of Thoughts and Words, is to be found in *Catallus*; in the Complaint of *Ariadne*, when she was left by *Theseus*:

*Tum jam nullo viro juranti femina credai;
Nulla*

*Nulla viri speret Sermones esse fideles : [pisci,
Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægestit a-
Nil metuunt jurare; nihil promittere parant.
Sed simul ac cupida mentis satiata libido est,
Dicta nihil metuere; nihil perjuria curant.*

An extraordinary Turn upon the Words,
is that in Ovid's *Epistolæ Heroidum*, of Sappho to Phaon:

*Si nisi quæ formâ poterit te dignâ videri,
Nulla futura tua est, nulla futura tua est.*

Lastly, a Turn which I cannot say is absolutely on Words, for the Thought turns with them, is in the Fourth *Georgic* of Virgil; where Orpheus is to receive his Wife from Hell, on express Condition not to look on her, till she was come on Earth:

*Cùm subita incidat dementia cepit Amantem
Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes.*

I will not burthen your Lordship with more of them; for I write to a Master, who understands them better than my self. But I may safely conclude them to be great Beauties; I might descend also to the Mechanic Beauties of Heroic Verse; but we

have yet no English *Profodia*, not so much as a tolerable Dictionary, or a Grammar; so that our Language is in a manner Barbarous; and what Government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not: But nothing under a Public Expense can go through with it. And I rather fear a Declination of the Language, than hope an Advancement of it in the present Age.

I am still speaking to you, my Lord: tho' in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing which my Meanness can produce, is worthy of this long Attention. But I come to the last Petition of *Abraham*; If there be Ten Righteous Lines in this vast Preface, spare it for their sake; and also spare the next City, because it is but a little one,

I wou'd excuse the Performance of this Translation, if it were all my own; but the better, tho' not the greater part being the Work of some Gentlemen, who have succeeded very happily in their Undertaking; let their Excellencies atone for my Imperfections, and those of my Sons. I have perus'd some of the Satyrs, which are done by other Hands; and they seem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have.

have seen in English Verse. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal Translation, but a kind of Paraphrase; or somewhat which is yet more loose, betwixt a Paraphrase and Imitation. It was not possible for us, or any Men, to have made it pleasant any other way. If rendering the exact Sense of these Authors, almost Line for Line, had been our Business, *Barten Holiday* had done it already to our hands: And, by the help of his Learned Notes and Illustrations, not only *Juvenal* and *Persius*, but what yet is more obscure, his own Verses, might be understood.

But he wrote for Fame, and wrote to Scholars: We write only for the Pleasure and Entertainment of those Gentlemen and Ladies, who tho' they are not Scholars, are not Ignorant: Persons of Understanding and good Sense; who not having been conversant in the Original, or at least not having made *Latin* Verse so much their Business, as to be Critics in it, wou'd be glad to find, if the Wit of our two great Authors be answerable to their Fame and Reputation in the World. We have therefore endeavor'd to give the Public all the Satisfaction we are able in this kind.

And, if we are not altogether so faith-

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ful to our Author, as our Predecessors *Holiday* and *Stapylton*; yet we may challenge to our selves this Praise, That we shall be far more pleasing to our Readers. We have follow'd our Authors at greater Distance, tho' not Step by Step, as they have done. For oftentimes they have gone so close, that they have trod on the Heels of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, and hurt them by their too near Approach. A noble Author wou'd not be pursu'd too close by a Translator. We lose his Spirit, when we think to take his Body. The grosser Part remains with us, but the Soul is flown away in some Noble Expression, or some Delicate Turn of Words, or Thought. Thus, *Holiday*, who made this way his Choice, seiz'd the Meaning of *Juvenal*; but the Poetry has always 'scap'd him.

They who will not grant me, that Pleasure is one of the Ends of Poetry, but that it is only a Means of compassing the only End, which is Instruction; must yet allow that without the Means of Pleasure, the Instruction is but a bare and dry Philosophy; a crude Preparation of Morals, which we may have from *Aristotle* and *Epictetus*, with more Profit than from any Poet. Neither *Holiday* nor *Stapylton* have imitated *Juvenal*, in the Poetical Part of him, his Diction and Elocution. Nor had they been
Poets.

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Poets, as neither of them were; yet in the way they took, it was impossible for them to have succeeded in the Poetic Part.

The *English* Verse, which we call Heroic, consists of no more than Ten Syllables; the *Latin* Hexameter sometimes rises to Seventeen; as for Example, this Verse in *Virgil*:

*Pulverulenta patrem sonitu quatit ungula
Campum.*

Here is the Difference of no less than Seven Syllables in a Line, betwixt the *English* and the *Latin*. Now the Medium of these, is about Fourteen Syllables; because the Dactyle is a more frequent Foot in Hexameters than the Spondee.

But *Holiday*, without considering that he writ with the Disadvantage of Four Syllables less in every Verse, endeavors to make one of his Lines to comprehend the Sense of one of *Juvenal's*. According to the Falsity of the Proposition, was the Success. He was forc'd to crowd his Verse with ill-sounding Monosyllables, of which our barbarous Language affords him a wild Plenty. And by that means he arriv'd at his pedantic End, which was to make

make a literal Translation: His Verses have nothing of Verse in them, but only the worst part of it the Rhime; and that into the Bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-chosen, and worse-sounding Monosyllables so close together; the very Sense which he endeavors to explain, is become more obscure than that of his Author. So that *Holiday* himself cannot be understood, without as large a Commentary, as that which he makes on his two Authors. For my own Part, I can make a shift to find the Meaning of *Juvenal* without his Notes: But his Translation is more difficult than his Author. And I find Beauties in the *Latin* to recompense my Pains; but in *Holiday* and *Stapylton*, my Ears, in the first Place, are mortally offended; and then their Sense is so perplex'd, that I return to the Original, as the more pleasing Task, as well as the more easie.

This must be said for our Translation, that if we give not the whole Sense of *Juvenal*, yet we give the most considerable Part of it: We give it, in General, so clearly, that few Notes are sufficient to make us Intelligible. We make our Author at least appear in a Poetic Dress. We have
actually.

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actually made him more Sounding, and Elegant, than he was before in *English*: And have endeavor'd to make him speak that kind of *English*, which he wou'd have spoken had he liv'd in *England*, and had written to this Age. If sometimes any of us (and 'tis but seldom) make him express the Customs and Manners of our Native Country, rather than of *Rome*; 'tis, either when there was some kind of Analogy, betwixt their Customs and ours; or when, to make him more easie to Vulgar Understandings, we give him those Manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this Innovation, 'tis enough, if I can excuse it. For to speak sincerely, the Manners of Nations and Ages are not to be confounded: We shou'd either make them *English*, or leave them *Roman*. If this can neither be defended, nor excus'd, let it be pardon'd, at least, because it is acknowledg'd; and so much the more easily, as being a Fault which is never committed without some Pleasure to the Reader.

Thus, my Lord, having troubled you with a tedious Visit, the best Manners will be shewn in the least Ceremony. I will slip away while your Back is turn'd, and while you are otherwise employ'd: With great
Confusion.

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Confusion, for having entertain'd you so long with this Discourse; and for having no other Recompenice to make you, than the Worthy Labors of my Fellow-Undertakers in this Work, and the Thankful Acknowledgments, Prayers, and perpetual good Wishes of,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's.

Most Obliged, Most Humble,

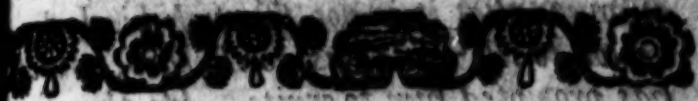
and Most Obedient Servant,

I beg, my Lord, having troubled you with a tedious Vindication of the best Manners will be shown in the last Century. I will stop away while your Back is turn'd, and while you are otherwise employ'd. With great

Compliments

John Dryden.

Aug. 18: 1691.



JUVENAL.

THE FIRST SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet gives us first a kind of humorous Reason for his Writing: That being provok'd by hearing so many ill Poets rehearse their Works, he dos himself Justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But since no Man will rank himself with ill Writers, 'tis easy to conclude, that if such Wretches cou'd draw an Audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater Esteem with the Public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addict's himself to Satyr, than any

any other kind of Poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his Indignation to ill Poets, as to ill Men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a summary and general View of Vices and Follies reigning in his Time. So that this first Satyr is the natural Ground-work of all the rest. Herein he confines himself to no one Subject, but strikes indifferently at all Men in his way: In every following Satyr he has chosen some particular Moral, which he wou'd inculcate; and lashes some particular Vice or Folly, (*An Art with which our Lampooners are not much acquainted.*) But our Poet being desirous to reform his own Age, but not daring to attempt it by an Overt-act of naming living Persons, inveighs only against those who were infamous in the Times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair Warning to Great Men, that their Memory lies at the Mercy of future Poets and Historians, but also with a finer Stroke of his Pen, brands even the living, and personates them under dead Men's Names.

I have avoided as much as I could possibly the borrow'd Learning of Marginal Notes and Illustrations, and for that Reason have
Transla-

translated this Satyr somewhat largely.
And freely own (if it be a Fault) that I
have likewise omitted most of the Proper
Names, because I thought they won'd not
much edify the Reader. To conclude, if in
two or three Places I have deserted all the
Commentators, 'tis because they first deser-
ted my Author, or at least have left him
in so much Obscurity, that too much Room
is left for Guessing.

STILL shall I hear, and never quit the Score,

Strunn'd with hoarse *Codrus* *Thersites*, o'er and o'er

Shall this Man's Elegies and Pother Play

Unpunish'd murder a long Summer's Day;

Huge *Telephus*, a formidable Page,

Cries Vengeance; and *Orestes* bulky Rage

Unsatisfy'd with Margins closely writ,

Foams o'er the Covers, and not finish'd yet.

No Man can take a more familiar Note

Of his own Home, than I of *Vulcan's* Grot,

Or *Mars* his Grove, or hollow Winds that blow

From *Aëna's* Top, or tortur'd Ghosts below,

I know by Rote the fam'd Exploits of Greece;

The Centaurs fury, and the Golden Fleece;

Through the thick Shades th' Eternal Scribler haunts,

And shakes the Statues on their Pedestals.

1 *Codrus*, or is may be *Cor-
dus*, a half Poet, who wrote the
Life and Actions of *Thersites*.

2 *Telephus* the Name of a
Tragedy.

3 *Orestes*, another Tragedy.

4 *Mars* his Grove. Some
Commentators take this Grove to

be a Place where Poets were us'd
to repeat their Works to the Peo-
ple; but more probably, both this
and *Vulcan's* Grot, & Cave, and
the rest of the Places and Names
here mention'd, are only meant for
the Common-Places of *Homer*, in
his *Iliad*, and *Odyssey*.

The best and worst on the same Theme employ
His Muse, and plagues us with an equal Noise.

Provok'd by these Incorrigible Fools,
I left declaiming in Pedantic Schools;
Where, with Men-Boys, I strove to get Renown,
Advising *Sylla* to a private Gown.
But, since the World with Writing is possess'd,
I'll versify in Spire; and do my best,
To make as much Waste-paper as the rest.

But why I list aloft the Satyr's Rod,
And tread the Path which fam'd *Lucillus* trod,
Attend the Causes which my Muse have led;
When Sapsless Eunuchs mount the Marriage-Bed,
When a Mannish *Mavia*, that two-handed Whore,
Astride on Horse-back hunts the *Tuscan* Boar,
When all our Lords are by his Wealth enviy'd,
Whose Razor on my callow Beard was try'd,
When I behold the Spawn of conquer'd *Nile*,
Crispinus, both in Birth and Manners vile,
Pacing in Pomp, with Cloak of *Tylos* Dye
Chang'd oft a day for needless Luxury;
And finding oft Occasion to be fan'd;
Ambitious to produce his Lady-Hand;
Charg'd with light Summer-Rings his Fingers sweat,
Unable to support a Gem of Weight:

3 The best and worst; that is, the best and the worst Poets.

4 Advising *Sylla* &c. This was one of the Themes given in the Schools of Rhetoricians, in the deliberative Kind: Whether *Sylla* should lay down the Supreme Power of Dictatorship, or still keep it.

5 *Lucillus*, the first Satyrist of the Romans, who wrote long before Horace.

6 *Mavia*, a Name put for any

Impudent or Mannish Woman.

7 Whose Razor, &c. *Juvonell's Barber* now grows Whisky.

8 *Crispinus*, an Egyptian Slave; now by his Rites transform'd into a God.

9 Charg'd with light Summer Rings, &c. The Romans were grown so effeminate in *Juvonell's* Time, that they wore light Rings in the Summer, and

Such

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Such fulsome Objects meeting every where,
 'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear,
 To view so lewd a Town, and so refrain,
 What Hoops of Iron could my Spleen contain?
 When ¹² pleading *Mattho*, born abroad for Air,
 With his fat Paunch fills his new-fashion'd Chair,
 And after him the Wretch in Pomp convey'd,
 Whose Evidence his Lord and Friend betray'd,
 And but the wish'd Occasion do's attend,
 From the poor Nobles the last Spoils to rend,
 Whom ev'n Spies dread as their Superior Fiend,
 And bribe with Presents; or, when Presents fail,
 They send their prostituted Wives for Bail:
 When Night-performance holds the Place of Merit,
 And Brawn and Back the next of Kin discover;
 For such good Parts are in Preferment's Way,
 The Rich Old Madam never fails to pay
 Her Legacies, by Nature's Standard giv'n,
 One gains an Ounce, another gains Eleven;
 A dear-bought Bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
 For which their thrice concocted Blood is paid,
 With looks as wan, as he who in the Brake
 At unawares has trod upon a Snake,
 Or play'd ¹³ at Lyons, a declaiming Filice,
 For which the vanquish'd *Acetian* dies,
 What Indignation boils within my Veins,
 When perjur'd Guardians, proud with impious Gains,
 Choak up the Streets, too narrow for their Trains;
 Whose Wards by Want betray'd, to Crimes are led
 Too foul to name, too fulsome to be read;
 When he who pill'd his Province escapes the Laws,
 And keeps his Money, though he lost his Cause;

¹² *Mattho*, a famous Lawyer, mentioned in other Places by Juvenal and Martial.

¹³ At Lyons; a City in France,

where annual Sacrifices and Games were made in Honor of Augustus Caesar.

His Fine begg'd off, contemns his Infamy,
Can rise at twelve, and get him Drunk ere three:
Enjoys his Exile, and Condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, ¹⁴ prevailing Province, to complain?

Such Villanies rous'd ¹⁵ Horace into Wrath:

And 'tis more noble to pursue his Path,
Than an old Tale of *Diomedé* repeat,

Or lab'ring after *Hercules* to sweat,

Or wandering in the winding Maze of *Cretes*,

Or with the winged Smith aloft to fly,

Or flut'ring perish with his foolish Boy.

With what Impatience must the Muse behold
The Wife, by her procuring Husband sold?

For tho' the Law makes null th' Adulterer's Deed:

Of Lands to her, the Cuckold may succeed;

Who his taught Eyes up to the Ceiling throws,

And sleeps all over but his wakeful Nose.

When he dares hope a Colonel's Command,

Whose Coursers kept, ran out his Father's Land;

Who yet a Stripling *Nero's* Chariot drove,

Whirl'd o'er the Streets, while his vain Master strove

With boasted Art to please his ¹⁶ Eunuch-Love.

Wou'd it not make a modest Author dare

To draw his Table-Book within the Square,

And fill with Notes, when lolling at his Ease,

Mæcenas-like ¹⁷, the happy Rogue he sees,

¹⁴ Prevailing Province, &c. Here the Poet complains, that the Governors of Provinces being accus'd for their unjust Exactions, though they were condemned at their Trials, yet got off by Bribery.

¹⁵ Horace, who wrote Satyrs: 'Tis more Noble, says our Author, to imitate him in that way, than to write the Labors of *Hercules*, the Sufferings of *Diomedes* and

his Followers, or the Flight of *Dardanus* who made the Labyrinth, and the Death of his Son *Icarus*.

¹⁶ His Eunuch-Love. *Nero* marry'd *Sporus* an Eunuch; though it may be the Poet meant *Nero's* Mistress in Man's Apparel.

¹⁷ *Mæcenas*-like. *Mæcenas* is often tax'd by *Seneca* and others, for his Effeminacy.

Rage, Passions, Pleasures, Impotence of Will,
Shall this Satyrical Collection fill.

What Age so large a Crop of Vices bore,
Or when was Avarice extended more?
When were the Dice with more Profusion thrown?
The well-fill'd Fob not empty'd now alone,
But Gamesters for whole Patrimonies play
The Stewards brings the Deeds which must convey
The lost Estate: What more than Madness reigns,
When one short Sitting many Hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to supply
Board-Wages, or a Footman's Livery?

What Age so many Summer-Seasons did see?
Or which of our forefathers star'd so well,
As on seven Dishes at a private Meal?
Clients of old were Feasted; now a poor
Divided Dole is dealt at sh'outward Doors;
Which by the hungry Rout is soon dispatch'd;
The Paltry Largest, too, severely watch'd,
Ere given; and ev'ry Face observ'd with Care,
That no intruding Guests usurp a Share,
Known, you Receive: The Cryer calls aloud,
Our Old Nobility of Trojan Blood,
Who gape among the Crowd for their precarious Food,
The Praetor's and the Tribune's Voice is heard;
The Freedman justles, and will be prefer'd;
First come, first serv'd, he cries; and I, in spite
Of your Great Lordships, will maintain my Right,
Tho' born a Slave, tho' my torn Ears are bor'd;
'Tis not the Birth, 'tis Money makes the Lord.
The Rent of Five fair Houses I receive;
What greater Honours can the Purple give?

So Though my torn Ears are bor'd: The Ears of all Slaves
were bor'd as a Mark of their Servitude; which Custom is still usual
in the East-Indies, and in other Parts; even for whole Nations
who bore prodigious Hoies in their Ears, and wear in strength of them.

The

The 21 poor *Patrician* is reduc'd to keep
 In Melancholy Walks, a *Grazier's* Sheep:
 Not 22 *Pallus* nor *Licinius* had any Treasures:
 Then let the sacred *Tribunes* wait my Leisure:
 Once a poor *Rogue*, 'tis true, I rovd the Street,
 And trudg'd to *Rome* upon my naked Feet:
 Gold is the greatest God; though yet we see
 No Temple rais'd to *Money's* Majesty,
 No Altars fuming to her Pow'r or Divine,
 Such as to *Valor*, *Peace* and *Virtue* shine,
 And *Faith*, and *Concord*: 23 where the *Stork* on high
 Seems to salute her *Infant* Progeny:
 Presaging pious Love with her auspicious Cry:
 But since our *Knights* and *Senators* accord
 To what their sordid begging Vails amound,
 Judge what a wretched share the *Poor* amound,
 Whose whole Subsistence on those *Alms* depends!
 Their Household-Fire, their Raiment, and their Food,
 Prevented 24 by those *Harpies*; when a Wood
 Of Litters thick besiege the *Donor's* Gate,
 And begging *Lords* and *teeming Ladies* wait:
 The promis'd Dole: Nay, some have learn'd the Trick
 To beg for absent Persons; feign them sick
 Close mew'd in their *Sedans*, for fear of Air:
 And for their *Wives* produce an empty Chair.
 This is my *Spouse*: Dispatch her with her Share.

21. The poor *Patrician*; the poor *Noblemen*.

22. *Pallus*, or *Licinius*. *Pallus*, a *Slave* freed by *Claudius* *Cæsar*, and rais'd by his Favour to great Riches. *Licinius* was another wealthy *Freed-man*, belonging to *Augustus*.

23. Where the *Stork* on high, &c. Perhaps the *Storks* were us'd to build on the top of the Temple dedicated to *Concord*.

24. Prevented by those *Harpies*: He calls the *Roman Knights*, &c. *Harpies*, or *Devourers*: In these Days the *Rick* made *Dole* intended for the *Poor*: But the *Great* were either so Covetous, or so Needy, that they came to their Litters to demand their share of the *Largess*; and thereby prevented, and consequently starv'd the *Poor*.

'Tis ²⁵ Galla: Let her Ladyship but peep:
No, Sir, 'tis pity to disturb her Sleep.

Such fine Employments our whole Days divide:
The Salutations of the Morning tide
Call up the Sun; those ended, to the Hall
We wait the Patron, hear the Lawyers bawl;
Then ²⁶ to the Statues; where amidst the Race
Of Conqu'ring Rome, some Arab shews his Face,
Inscrib'd the Titles, and profanes the Place:
Fit to be piss'd against, and somewhat more.
The Great Man, home conducted, shuts his Door;
Old Clients, weary'd out with fruitless Care,
Dismiss their hopes of eating, and despair.
Though much against the Grain, forc'd to retire,
Buy Roots for Supper, and provide a Fire.

Mean time his Lordship lolls within at Ease,
Pamp'ring his Paunch with Foreign Rarities;
Both Sea and Land are ransack'd for the Feasts;
And his own Gut the sole invited Guest.
Such Plate, such Tables, Dishes dress'd so well,
That whole Estates are swallow'd at a Meal.
Ev'n Parasites are banish'd from his Board:
(At once a sordid and luxurious Lord:)

²⁵ 'Tis Galla, &c. The meaning is, that Noblemen would cause empty Litters to be carried to the Glor's Door, pretending their Wives were within them: 'Tis Galla, that is, my Wife: the next Words, Let her Ladyship but peep, are of the Servant who distributes the Dole; Let me see her, that I may be sure she is within the Litter. The Husband answers, she is asleep, and to open the Litter would disturb her Rest.

²⁶ Then to the Statues, &c. The Poet here tells you how the

Idle pass'd their time; in going first to the Levees of the Great; then to the Hall, that is, the Temple of Apollo, to hear the Lawyers Plead, then to the Market-place of Augustus, where the Statues of the famous Romans were set in Rank on Pedestals: Amongst which Statues were seen those of Foreigners, such as Arabs, &c. who, for no Desert, but only on the account of their Wealth, or Favor, were placed amongst the Noblest.

Prodigious

Prodigious Throat, for which whole Boars are dress'd;
 (A Creature form'd to furnish out a Feast)
 But present Punishment pursues his Maw,
 When surfeited and swell'd, the Peacock raw,
 He bears into the Bath; whence want of Breath,
 Repletions, Apoplex, interestate Death.

His Fate makes Table-Talk, divulg'd with Scorn:
 And he, a Jest, into his Grave is born.

No Age can go beyond us: future Times
 Can add no farther to the present Crimes.

Our Sons but the same things can wish and do;
 Vice is at Stand, and at the highest flow.

Then Satyr spread thy Sails; take all the Winds can blow:
 Some may, perhaps, demand what Muse can yield

Sufficient Strength for such a spacious Field?
 From whence can be deriv'd so large a Vein,

Bold Truths to speak, and spoken to maintain?
 When God-like Freedom is so far bereft

The Noble Mind, that scarce the Name is left:
 Ere *Scandalum Magnatum* was begot,

No matter if the Great forgave or not:
 But if that honest License now you take,

If into Rogues Omnipotent you rake,
 Death is your Doom, impail'd upon a Stake;

Smear'd o'er with Wax, and set on fire, to light
 The Streets, and make a dreadful Blaze by Night.

Shall they who drench'd three Uncles in a Draught
 Of poy's'nous Juice be then in Triumph brought,

Make Lanes among the People where they go,
 And, mounted high on downy Chariots, throw

Disdainful Glances on the Crowd below?
 Be silent, and beware, if such you see;

'Tis Defamation but to say, That's Het.

Against

Against 27 Bold Turnus the Great Trojan Arm;
 Amidst their strokes the Poet gets no Harm;
 Achilles may in Epique Verse be slain,
 And none of all his Myrmidons complain:
 Hylas may drop his Pitcher, none will cry:
 Not if he drown himself for Company;
 But when Lucillus brandishes his Pen,
 And flashes in the Face of guilty Men,
 A cold Sweat stands in drops on ev'ry part:
 And Rage succeeds to Tears, Revenge to Smart:
 Mute, be advis'd: 'tis past confiding time,
 When enter'd once the dang'rous Lists of Rhime:
 Since none the Living Villains dare impeach,
 Arraign them in the Persons of the Dead.

27 Against bold Turnus, &c. or the Death of Hylas the Cam-
 A Poet may safely write an He- mite of Hercules; who sleeping
 roic Poem, such as that of Virgil, for Water, dropt his Pitcher, and
 who describes the Duel of Turnus fell into the Well after it. But
 and Aeneas; or of Homer who is dangerous so write again the
 writes of Achilles and Hector; Lucillus.

JUVENAL.

THE SECOND SATYR.

By Mr. TATE.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet, in this Satyr, inveighs against the Hypocrisie of the Philosophers, and Priests of his Time; the Effeminacy of Military Officers, and Magistrates. Which Corruption of Manners in general, and more particularly of natural Vices, he imputes to the Atheistical Principles that then prevail'd.

I'M sick of Rome, and with my self convey'd
Where freezing Seas obstruct the Merchant's Trade;
When Hypocrites read Lectures, and a Lot,
Because into a Gown and Pulpit got,
Tho' surfeit-gorg'd, and reeking from the Stew,
Nothing but Abstinence for's Theme will chuse.
The Rakehells too pretend to Learning—Why?
Christians, Statues decks their Library.

Who

Who makes his Closet finest is most read;
 The Dolt that with an *Aristotle's* Head,
 Carv'd to the Life, has once adorn'd his Shelf,
 Straight sets up for a *Stagyris* himself.
 Precise their look, but to the Brothel come,
 You'll know the Price of Philosophic Bum.
 You'd swear, if you their bristled Hides survey'd,
 That for a Bear's Caresses they are made;
 Yet of their Obscene Part they take such care,
 That (like Baboons) they still keep *Peden* bare;
 To see't so sleek and trimm'd the Surgeon smiles,
 And scarcely can for Laughing launce the Piles.
 Since Silence seems to carry Wisdom's Pow'r,
 Th' affected Rogues, like Clocks, speak once an Hour.
 Those grialed Locks which Nature did provide,
 In plenteous growth, their Asses Ears to hide,
 The formal Slaves reduce to a degree
 Short of their Eye-brows—Now I honor Thee,
 Thee *Peribonius*, thou profest He-Whore,
 And all thy Crimes impute to Nature's Score:
 Thou, as in Harlot's dress thou art attird,
 For ought I know, with Harlot's Itch art fir'd;
 Thy Form seems for the *Pathic* Trade design'd,
 And generously thou dost own thy kind.
 But what of those lewd Miscreants must become,
 Who preach Morality, and shake the Bum?
Varillus cries, shall I fear *Servus*' Doom,
 Whose Haunches are the common Sink of Rome?
 Let him cry Blackmore-Devil, whose skin is white;
 *And Bandy-Legs, who treads himself upright;
 Let him reprove that's Innocent—In vain
 The *Gracchi* of Sedition must complain,
 *Twou'd make you swear the Planets from their Spheres,
 Should *Varro* teach Thieves, *Adia* Murderers,

Cliding

Clodius tax Bawds, *Cestegus* *Carilius*,
 Or *Scylla's* Pupils, *Scylla's* Sales decline.
 Yet we have seen a Modern Magistrate
 Restore those rigid Laws that did create
 In *Mars* and *Venus* dread; himself the while,
 With impious Drugs and Potions, did beguile
 The teeming *Julia's* Womb, and thence did wreck
 Crude Births, that yet th' Incestuous Sire confess.
 How shall such Hypocrites reform the State,
 On whom the Brothels can recriminate?

Of this we have an Instance great and new
 In a Cock-Zealot of this preaching Crew,
 Whose late Harangue the gaping Rabble drew.
 His Theme, as Fate wou'd have't, was Fornication,
 And as i'th fury of his Declamation,
 He cry'd, Why sleeps the *Julian* Law, that aw'd
 This Vice? ---- *Larentia*, an industrious Bawd,
 (As Bawds will run to Lectures) nettled much
 To have her Copy-hold so nearly touch'd,
 With a disdainful Smile, reply'd, Blest Times,
 That made thee Censor of the Age's Crimes?
Rome now must needs reform, and Vice be stop'd,
 Since a Third *Cato* from the Clouds is dropt.
 But tell me, Sir, what Perfume strikes the Air
 From your most Rev'rend Neck o'ergrown with Hair?
 For modestly we may presume, I trow,
 'Tis not your Nat'ral Grain ---- The Price I'd know,
 And where 'tis sold; direct me to the Street,
 And Shop, for I with no such Essence meet,
 Let me entreat you, Sir, for your own sake,
 Use Caution, and permit the Laws to take
 A harmless Nap, lest the *Scantilian* wake.

1 Suppos'd by some, to be *Cicero*,
Pompey, and *Crassus*; but by o-
 thers (more probably) *Augustus*,
Anthony, and *Lepidus*.
 2 The *Lex Julia* against Adul-

1 *Viz. Deform'd, and so reform-*
ing Domitian.
 2 The Law so called, from *Scanti-*
lius, against whom it was put
 in Execution.

ONE

Our wise Forefarherstook their Measures right,
 Nor wreak'd on Fornicators all their spight,
 But left a *Limbo* for the *Sodomite*.
 If you Commission-Courts must needs erect
 For Manners, put the Test to your own Sect.
 But you by Number think your self secure,
 While our thin Squadron must the Brunt endure.
 With Grief I must confess our Muster's few,
 And much with civil Broils impair'd, while you
 Are to the Dev'l and to each other true.
 Your penal Laws against Us are enlarg'd,
 On whom no Crimes, like what you act, are charg'd.
Flavia may now and then turn up for Bread,
 But chastly with *Catulla* lies a-bed.
 Your *Hippo* acts both Sexes parts, before
 A Fornicator, and behind a Whore :
 We ne'er invade your Walks ; the Client's Cause
 We leave to your confounding, and the Laws.
 If now and then an *Amazonian* Dame
 Dares fight a public prize, 'tis sure less shame,
 Than to behold your unnerv'd Sex set in
 To Needle-work, and like a Damsel spin.
 How *Hister's* Bondman his sole Heir became,
 And his conniving Spouse so rich a Dame,
 Is known ; that Wife with Wealth must needs be sped,
 Who is content to make a third in Bed.
 You Nymphs that would to Coath and Sin arrive,
 Marry, keep Counsel, and y'are sure to thrive !
 Yet these Obnoxious Men, without Remorse,
 Against our Tribe will put the Laws in force,
 Clip the Dove's Wing, and give the Vultur course.
 Thus spoke the Matron----The convicted Crew
 From so direct a Charge like Lightning flew.
 It must be so----Nor, vain *Metellus*, shall
 From *Rome's* Tribunal, thy Harangues prevail

Gainst Harlotry, while thou art clad so thin,
 That through thy Cobweb-Robe we see thy Skin
 As thou declaim'st---*Fabulla* is, you say,
 A Whore---I own it; so's *Carfinia*;
 Rank Prostitutes, therefore without remorse
 Punish the Strumpets, give the Law it's course:
 But when y'ave sentenc'd them, *Metellus*, know
 They'd blush t'appear so loosely dress'd as you.
 You say the Dog-star reigns, whose sultry Fire
 Melts you to Death ev'n in that light Attire;
 Go naked then, 'twere better to be mad,
 (Which has a priv'ledge) than so lewdly clad!
 How wou'd our Mountain Sires, return'd from Flow
 Or Battel, such a Silken Judge allow!
 Canst thou restore old Manners, or retrench
 Rome's Pride, who com'st transparent to the Bench!
 This Mode in which thou singly do'st appear,
 By thy Example shall get Footing here,
 Till it has quite deprav'd the Roman Stock,
 As one infected Sheep confounds the Flock.
 Nor will this Crime, *Metellus*, be thy worst,
 No Man e'er reach'd the heights of Vice at first!
 For Vice like Virtue by Degrees must grow;
 Thus from this wanton Drest, *Metellus*, thou
 With those polluted Priests at last shalt join,
 Who female Chaplets round their Temples twine,
 And with a perverted Rites profane the Goddess' Shrine;
 Where such vile Practices 'twixt Males are pass,
 As makes our Matrons lewd Nocturnals chaste.

5. Suppos'd to be the Collage of
 Priests, appointed by Domitian to
 celebrate the Quinquatria to Mi-
 nerva.

6. Perverted Rites. Because
 here Women are excluded from the
 Mysteries, as Men were elsewhere
 from Ceres's Worship.

Cotyarus⁷ Orgies⁸ Quæ are more obscene,
 For thus th' Effeminate Priests themselves demean.
 With Jet-black Pencils one his Eye-brows dies,
 And adds new Fire to his lascivious Eyes:
 Another in a Glass-*Perhaps* swills,
 While twisted Gold his platted Tresses fills;
 A Female Robe, and to complete the Paræ,
 His⁹ Servant not by Jove but Jans swears:
 One holds a Mirror, pathic Orho's Shield,
 In which he view'd before he march'd to Field,
 Nor *Ajan* with more Pride his seven-fold Targe did wield:
 Oh Noble Subject for new Annals fit,
 In musty Fame's Records unmention'd yet!
 A Looking-glass must load th' Imperial Car,
 The most important Carriage of the War!
Galba to kill he thought a Gen'ral's Part,
 But, as a Courtier, us'd the nicest Art
 To keep his Skin from Tan: before the Fight
 Wou'd paint, and set his soil'd Complexion right.
 A Softness which *Semiramis* ne'er knew,
 When once she had the Field and Foe in View,
 Nor *Egypt's* Queen, when she from *Attium* flew,
 No chaste Discourse their Festivals afford,
 Obsceneness is the Language of their Board:
 Soft lipping Tones, taught by some bald-pate Priest,
 For skilful Palate, Master of the Feast.
 A Pack of Prostitutes; unnerv'd, and rise,
 For th' Operation of a ⁹ Phrygian Knife.

7 Cotyarus' Orgies: The Goddesses of Impudence worshipp'd at Athens: A Strumpet in her Lifetime, that us'd to dance naked with most obscene Gestures.

8 An Instance of Extraordinary Effeminacy, it being the Cu-

stum for only Women to solar by Goddesses; the Men by Jove; Hercules &c.

9 Alluding to the Priests of the Phrygian Goddesses, who were castrated.

or from such Pathies 'twere but just to take
those Manly Parts, of which no use they make.

Crassus, 'tis said, gave to his Trumpeter
four Hundred Sesterces: For what? In Dew'r.

The Motion's lik'd, the Parties are agreed;

And for Performance seal a formal Deed:

Guests are bespoke, a Wedding-Supper made,

The wanted Joy is wish'd, that done

The He-Bride in his Bridegroom's Arms is laid!

O Peers of Rome! need these stupendious Times

A 10 Conser or Aruspex for such Crimes!

The Prodigy less Monstrous wou'd appear,

If Women Calves, or Heifers Lambs shou'd bear!

In Bridal Robe and Veil the Pathic's dress'd,

Who 11 bore the pondrous Shield at Mars his Feast.

12 Father of Rome, say what detested Clime

Taught Latian Shepherds so abhorr'd a Crime?

Say, ahunding Mars, from whence the Nettle sprung

Whose Venom first thy noble Offspring stung!

Behold! a Man by Birth and Fortune great

Weds with a Man; yet from th' Echerial Seat

No rattling of thy Brazen Wheels we hear,

Nor is Earth pierc'd with thy avenging Spear.

Oh! if thy Jurisdiction (Mars) falls short

To punish Mischief of so vast Import,

Complain to Jove, and move the higher Court.

For shame redress this Scandal; or resign

Thy Province to some Pow'r that's more Divine.

10-Viz. The One to punish, the
Other to expiate such unnatural
Crimes.

11 He means one of the Salii,
or Priests of Mars, who carry'd
his Shield and Implements; and

was brawny enough to dance
der them at his Festival: Calu-
stia Martis Arma ferunt Salii.

Ou. Fast. 2.

12 Mars Father of Romulus.

who found'd Rome.

3

3-2-1

T-2-0

To-morrow early in *Quirinus'* Vale
 I must attend ----- Why? ----- Thereby hangs a Tale;
 A Male Friend's to be marry'd to a Mate.
 'Tis true, the Wedding's carry'd privately,
 The Parties being at present somewhat shy;
 But that they own the Match, e'er-long you'll hear;
 And see it in the public Register.

But one sore Grief does these *He-Brides* perplex;
 Though they debate, they cannot change their Sex;
 Nor yet, by help of all their wicked Art,
 Bring Offsprings to secure their Husband's Heart.
 Nature too much i'th dire Embrace is forc'd,
 But ne'er joins Influence with Desires to cur'd:
 Incestuous Births, and Monsters may appear,
 But reeming Males not Earth nor Hell can bear.

Yet *Gracchus*, thou degenerate Son of Fame,
 Thy Pranks are stigmatiz'd with greater Blame:
 Theirs was a private, thine an open Shame.
 Who like a Fencer on a Public Stage,
 Hast made thy self the Scandal of the Age.
 Nor can *Rome's* noblest Blood with thine compare,
 While thou mak'st Pastime for the Theatre.

To what dire Cause can we assign these Crimes?
 But to that reigning Atheism of the Times?
 Ghosts, Strygian Lakes, and Frogs with creaking Nois,
 And *Charon* wafting Souls in leaky Boat,
 Are now thought Fables, to fright Fools conceiv'd,
 Or Children, and by Children scarce believ'd.
 Yet give thou Credit. What can we suppose
 The Temperate *Curii*, and the *Scipio's*,
 What will *Fabritius* or *Camillus* think,
 When they behold, from their *Estim's* Whisk,
 An Atheist Soul to last Perdition sink?
 How will they from th' assailing Banks rebound?
 And with *Sacred Rites* to purge th' unhallow'd Ground?

In vain, O Rome! thou dost thy Conquest boast
 Beyond the *Oreades* short-nighted Coast,
 Since free the conquer'd Provinces remain
 From Crimes that thy Imperial City stain:
 Yet Rumor speaks, if we may credit Fame,
 Of one *Armenian* Youth, who since he came
 Has learn'd the impious Trade; and does exceed
 The lewdest Follies of our *Roman* Breed.
 Blessings of Commerce! he was sent, 'tis said,
 For Breeding hither: And he's fairly bred.
 Ely Foreign Youths from our polluted Streets,
 And, ere unman'd, regain your native Seats,
 Left, while for Traffic, here too long you stay,
 You learn at last to staidly Walk the Way;
 And, with curs'd Merchandize returning home,
 stock all your Country with the 12 Pigs of Rome.

12. Emrode, call'd in Latin, Ficus.

[22]

JUVENAL.

THE THIRD SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Story of this Satyr speaks it self. Umbricitius, the suppos'd Friend of Juvenal, and himself a Poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our Author accompanies him out of Town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbricitius tells his Friend the Reasons which oblige him to lead a private Life, in an obscure Place. He complains that an honest Man cannot get his Bread at Rome. That none but Flatterers make their Fortunes there: That Grecians and other Foreigners raise themselves by those sordid Arts which he describes, and against which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the several Inconveniences which arise from a City life: and the many Dangers which attend it.

Up—

Upbraids the Noblemen with Covetousness,
for not Rewarding good Poets; and ar-
raigns the Government for starving them.
The great Art of their Satyr is particular-
ly shown, in common Places; and drawing
in as many Vices, as could naturally fall
into the Compass of it.

GRIEV'D tho' I am an antient Friend to *liberty*;

I like the solitary Seat he chose:

In quiet ¹ *Cuma* fixing his Repose:

Where, far from noise *Rome* secure he lives,

And one more Citizen to *Sybil* gives.

The Road to ² *Baja*, and that soft Retreat

Which all the Gods with all their Bounty bless.

Tho' I in ³ *Prochyta* with greater Ease

Could live, than in a Street of Palaces.

What Scene so desert, or so full of Fright,

As tow'ring Houses tumbling in the Night,

And *Rome* on fire beheld by it's own blazing Light,

But worse than all the clattering Tiles; and worse

Than thousand Padders, is the Poet's Curse.

Rogues that ⁴ in Dog-days cannot Rhime forbear:

But without Mercy read, and make you hear.

Now while my Friend, just ready to depart,

Was packing all his Goods in one poor Cart;

He stopp'd a little at the Conduit-Gate,

Where ⁵ *Numa* modell'd once the Roman State,

¹ *Cuma*, a small City in Cam-
pania, near *Puteoli*, or *Puzzuolo*,
as it is call'd. The Habitation of
the Cumian *Sybil*.

² *Baja*; another little Town in
Campania, near the Sea: A plea-
sant Place.

³ *Prochyta*: A small Barren

Island belonging to the Kingdom of
Naples.

⁴ In Dog-days, The Poets in Ju-
venal's time, us'd to relax so their
Poetry in August.

Numa. The second King of
Rome; who made their Laws, and
instituted their Religion.

In mighty Councils with his 6 Nymph retir'd:
 Tho' now the sacred Shades and Founts are hir'd
 By banish'd *Jews*, who their whole Wealth can lay
 In a small Basket, on a Wisp of Hay;
 Yet such our Av'rice is, that ev'ry Tree
 Pays for his Head; not Sleep it self is free:
 Nor Place, nor Persons, now are Sacred held,
 From their own Grove the Muses are expell'd.
 Into this lonely Vale our Steps we bend;
 I and my sullen discontented Friend:
 The marble Caves, and Aqueducts we view;
 But how adul'trate now, and different from the true!
 How much more beauteous had the Fountain been
 Embellish'd with her first created Green,
 Where crystal Streams thro' living Turf had run,
 Contented with an Urn of native Stone!

Then thus *Umbricius* (with an angry Frown,
 And looking back on this degen'rate Town),
 Since noble Arts in *Rome* have no Support,
 And ragged Virtue not a Friend at Court,
 No Profit rises from th' ungrateful Stage,
 My Poverty increasing with my Age,
 'Tis time to give my just Disdain a Vent;
 And cursing, leave so base a Government.
 Where 7 *Dedalus* his borrow'd Wings laid by,
 To that obscure Retreat I chuse to fly:
 While yet few Furrows on my Face are seen,
 While I walk upright, and old Age is green,
 And 8 *Lachesis* has somewhat left to spin.

6 Nymph. *Ageria*, a Nymph;
 or Goddess, with whom *Numa*
 join'd to converse by Night; and
 so be instructed by her in modeling
 his Superstitions.

7 Where *Dedalus*, &c. Meaning
 at *Cuma*.

8 *Lachesis*; one of the three
 Destinies, whose Office was to spin
 the Life of every Man; as it was
 of *Clotho* to hold the Distaff, and
Atropos to cut the Thread.

Now, now 'tis time to quit this cursed Place;
 And hide from Villains my too honest Face:
 Here let *Arturins* live, and such as he;
 Such Manners will, with such a Town agree.
 Knaves who in full Assemblies have the Knack
 Of turning Truth to Lies, and White to Black;
 Can hire large Houses, and oppress the Poor
 By farm'd Excise; can cleanse the common shore;
 And rent the Fishery; can bear the Dead;
 And teach their Eyes dissembled Tears to shed,
 All this for Gain; for Gain they sell their very Head.
 These Fellows (see what Fortune's Pow'r can do)
 Were once the Minstrels of a country Show;
 Follow'd the Prizes thro' each paltry Town.
 By Trumpet-cheeks and bloated Faces known.
 But now, grown Rich, on drunken Holy-days,
 At their own Costs exhibit public Plays:
 Where influenc'd by the Rabble's bloody Will,
 With 10 Thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
 From thence return'd, their sordid Avarice rakes
 In Excrements again, and hires the Jakes.
 Why hire they not the Town, not ev'ry thing,
 Since such as they have Fortune in a String?
 Who, for her Pleasure, can her Fools advance;
 And to's 'em, topmost on the Wheel of Chance.
 What's *Rome* to me, what Bus'ness have I there,
 I who can neither Lie nor falsely Swear?
 Nor praise my Patron's undeserving Rhimes,
 Nor yet comply with him, nor with his Times;

9 *Arturius. Any debauch'd*
wicked Fellow who gains by the
times.

10 With Thumbs bent back,
 In a Prize of Sword-players, when
 one of the Fencers had the other at

his Mercy, 'the Vanquish'd Par-
 ty implor'd the Clemency of the
 Spectators. If they thought he de-
 serv'd it not, they held up their
 Thumbs and bent them backwards,
 in sign of Death.

Unskill'd in Schemes by Planets to foreshow,
 Like canting Rascals, how the Wars will go:
 I neither will, nor can prognosticate
 To the young gaping Heir, his Father's Fate:
 Nor in the Intrails of a Toad have pry'd,
 Nor carry'd Bawdy Presents to a Bride:
 For want of these Town-Virtues, thus, alone,
 I go conducted on my Way by none:
 Like a dead Member from the Body rent;
 Maim'd, and unuseful to the Government.
 Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the Times,
 Conscious of close Intrigues, and dipt in Crimes:
 Lab'ring with Secrets which his Bosom burn,
 Yet never must to public Light return!
 They get Reward alone who can betray:
 For keeping honest Counsels none will pay.
 He who can *Verres* when he will, accuse,
 The Purse of *Verres* may at Pleasure use:
 But let not all the Gold which *Tagus* hides,
 And pays the Sea in tributary Tides,
 Be Bribe sufficient to corrupt thy Breast;
 Or violate with Dreams thy peaceful Rest.
 Great Men with jealous Eyes the Friend behold,
 Whose Secresie they purchase with their Gold.
 I haste to tell thee, nor shall Shame oppose
 What Confidents our wealthy Romans chose:
 And whom I most abhor: To speak my mind,
 I hate, in Rome, a *Grecian* Town to find:
 To see the Scum of *Greece* transplanted here,
 Receiv'd like God's, is what I cannot bear.

11 Verres, Prator in Sicily, Contemporary with Cicero; by whom accus'd by oppressing the Province, he was condemn'd: His Name is us'd here for any Rich vicious Man.

12 Tagus, a famous River in Spain, which discharges it self into the Ocean near Lisbon in Portugal. It was held of old, to be full of Golden Sands.

SAT. III. JUVENAL

Nor *Greeks* alone, but *Syrians* here about,
 Obscene 13 *Orontes* diving under ground,
 Conveys his Wealth to 14 *Tyber's* hungry Shores,
 And fattens *Italy* with foreign Whores;
 Hither their crooked Harps and Customs come;
 All find receipt in hospitable *Rome*.
 The barbarous Harlots crowd the public Places;
 Go, Fools, and purchase an unclean Embrace;
 The painted Mitre, court, and the more painted Face,
 Old 15 *Romulus*, and Father *Mars* look down,
 Your Herdsmen primitive, your homely Clowns
 As turn'd a *Beast* in a loose, sawdry Gown,
 His once unkem'd, and horrid Locks behold
 Stilling sweet Oil: his Neck inchain'd with Gold;
 Aping the Foreigners in ev'ry Dress;
 Which, bought at greater Cost, becomes him less.
 Mean time they wisely leave their native Land,
 From *Syria*, *Samos*, and from *Alabam*,
 And *Amydon*, to *Rome* they swarm in Shoals;
 So sweet and easie is the Gain from Fools.
 Poor Refugees at first, they purchase here:
 And, soon as Denizen'd, they domineer,
 Grow to the Great, a Barr'ring servile Rout:
 Work themselves inward, and their Patrons out.
 Quick-witted, brassen-fac'd, with fluent Tongues,
 Patient of Labors, and dissembling Wrongs,
 Riddle me this, and guess him if you can,
 Who bears a Nation in a single Man:
 A Cook, a Conjurer, a Rhetorician,
 A Painter, Pedant, a Geometrician,
 A Dancer on the Ropes, and a Physician.

13 *Orontes*, the greatest River runs by *Rome*.
 of *Syria*: The Poet here puts the River for the Inhabitants of *Syria*:
 14 *Tyber*; the River which runs by *Rome*:
 15 *Romulus* the First King of *Rome*:
 Son of *Mars*, as the Poets fign. The first *Romans* were originally Herdsmen.

All things the hungry *Greek* exactly knows:
 And bid him go to Heav'n, to Heav'n he goes.
 In short, no *Syrtian*, *Aster*, or *Thracian* born,
 But '6 in that Town which Arms and Arts adorn,
 Shall he be plac'd above me at the Board,
 In Purple cloth'd, and lolling like a Lord?
 Shall he before me sign, whom *rother Day*
 A small-craft Vessel hither did convey;
 Where stow'd with Prunes, and rotten Figs, he lay?
 How little is the Privilege become
 Of being born a Citizen of *Rome*!
 The *Greeks* get all by fulsome Flatteries;
 A most peculiar Stroke they have at Lies.
 They make a Wit of their insipid Friend;
 His Blubber-lips and Beetle-brows commend:
 His long Crane-neck, and narrow Shoulders praise;
 You'd think they were describing *Hercules*,
 A creaking Voice for a clear Treble goes;
 Tho' harsher than a Cock that treads and crows.
 We can as grossly praise; but, to our Grief,
 No Flattery but from *Grecians* gains Belief.
 Besides these Qualities, we must agree
 They mimic better on the Stage than we:
 The Wife, the Whore, the Shepherdess they play,
 In such a free, and such a graceful Way,
 That we believe a very Woman shown,
 And fancy something underneath the Gown.
 But not '17 *Antiochus*, nor *Stratocles*,
 Our Ears and ravish'd Eyes can only please;
 The Nation is compos'd of such as these.
 All *Greece* is one Comedian: Laugh, and they,
 Return it louder than an Ass can bray:

16 But in that Town, &c.
 He means Athens; of which Pal-
 las the Goddess of Arms and Arts
 was Patroness.

17 *Antiochus* and *Stratocles*,
 two famous Grecian Minors, or
 Actors, in the Poet's time.

Grieva

Grieve, and they grieve: if you weep silently,
 There seems a silent Eccho in their Eye:
 They cannot *mourn* like you, but they can cry.
 Call for a Fire; their winter Cloths they take:
 Begin but you to shiver, and they shake:
 In Frost and Snow, if you complain of Heat,
 They rub th' unsweating Brow, and swear they Sweat.
 We live not on the Square with such as these,
 Such are our Betters, who can better please:
 Who Day and Night are like a Looking-glass;
 Still ready to reflect their Patron's Face,
 The Panegyric Hand, and lifted Eye,
 Prepar'd for some new Piece of Flattery.
 Ev'n Nastiness, Occasions will afford;
 They praise a belching, or well-pissing Lord.
 Besides, there's nothing sacred, nothing free
 From bold Attempts of their rank Leachery,
 Thro' the whole Family their Labors run;
 The Daughter is debauch'd, the Wife is won;
 Nor 'scapes the Bridegroom, or the blooming Son:
 If none they find for their lewd Purpose fit,
 They with the Walls and very Floors commit.
 They search the Secrets of the House, and so
 Are worshipp'd these, and fear'd for what they know.
 And, now we talk of *Grecians*, cast a View
 On what, in Schools, their Men of Morals do;
 A rigid ¹⁸ Stoic his own Pupil slew:
 A Friend, against a Friend of his own Cloth,
 Turn'd Evidence, and murder'd on his Oath.
 What Room is left for *Romans* in a Town
 Where *Grecians* rule, and Cloaks controul the Gown?
 Some ¹⁹ *Diphilus*, or some *Protagoras*,
 Look sharply out, our Senators to seize:

¹⁸ A Rigid Stoic, &c. Publius
 Ignatius, a Stoic, falsely accus'd Ba-
 reas Sorenius, as Tacitus tells us.

¹⁹ Diphilus, and Protagoras,
 &c. were *Grecians* living in
 Rome.

Engross'd 'em wholly, by their native Art,
 And fear'd no Rivals in their Bubbles Heart.
 One drop of Poison in my Patron's Ear,
 One light Suggestion of a senseless Fear,
 Infus'd with Cunning, serves to ruin me;
 Disgrac'd, and banish'd from the Family.
 In vain forgotten Services I boast;
 My long Dependance in an Hour is lost:
 Look round the World, what Country will appear,
 Where Friends are left with greater Ease than here?
 At Rome (nor think me partial to the Poor),
 All Offices of ours are out of Door:
 In vain we rise, and to the Levees run;
 My Lord himself is up, before, and gone:
 The Praetor bids his Lictors mend their pace,
 Lest his Colleague our strip him in the Race:
 The childish Matrons are, long since, awake;
 And, for Affronts, the tardy Visits take.
 'Tis frequent here, to see a free-born Son,
 On the left-hand of a rich Hireling, run:
 Because the wealthy Rogue can throw away,
 For half a Brace of Bouts, a Tribune's Pay:
 But you, poor Sinner, tho' you love the Vice,
 And like the Whore, demur upon the Price:
 And, frighted with the wicked Sum, forbear-
 To lend a Hand, and help her from the Chair.
 Produce a Witness of unblemish'd Life,
 Holy as Numa, or as Numa's Wife,
 Or him who bid th' unhallow'd Flames retire,
 And snatch'd the trembling Goddess from the Fire:
 The Question is not put how far extends
 His Piety, but what he yearly spends:

Or him who bid, & Lu-
 cius Metellus the High-Priest;
 who when the Temple of Vesta
 was on Fire, sold the Palladi-
 um.

Quick,

Quick, to the Bus'ness; how he lives and eats;
 How largely gives; how splendidly he treats;
 How many thousand Acres feed his Sheep,
 What are his Rents, what Servants does he keep?
 Th' Account is soon cast up; the Judges rate
 Our Credit in the Court by our Estate.
 Swear by our Gods, or those the *Greeks* adore,
 Thou art as sure forsworn, as thou art poor:
 The Poor must gain their Bread by Perjury;
 And e'en the Gods, that other means deny,
 In Conscience must absolve 'em, when they lye.

Add, that the Rich have still a Gibe in store;
 And will be monstrous witty on the Poor:
 For the torn Surtout and the tatter'd Vest,
 The Wretch and all his Wardrobe are a Jest.
 The greasie Gown, sully'd with often turning,
 Gives a good hint, to say, the Man's in Mourning:
 Or if the Shoe be ript, or patches put,
 He's wounded! see the Plaster on his Foot.
 Want is the Scorn of every wealthy Fool;
 And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule.
 Pack hence, and from the cover'd Benches rise:
 (The Master of the Ceremonies cries)
 This is no place for you, whose small Estate
 Is not the Value of the settled Rate:
 The Sons of happy Punks, the Pander's Heir,
 Are privileg'd to sit in Triumph there.
 To clap the first and rule the Theatre:
 Up to the Galleries, for shame retreat;
 For, by the ¹ *Roscius* Law, the Poor can claim no Seat.
 Who ever brought to his rich Daughter's Bed,
 The Man that poll'd but Twelve-pence for his Head?

¹ For by the *Roscius* Law, *Public Shows, being the Right*
 of *Roscius a Tribune, who was* *man of Rome and the Plebeians*
 in the Distinction of Places in

Who ever nam'd a poor Man for his Heir,
 Or call'd him to assist the judging Chair?
 The Poor were wise, who by the Rich oppress'd,
 Withdrew, and sought a sacred Place of Rest.
 Once they did well, to free themselves from Scorn;
 But had done better never to return.
 Rarely they rise by Virtue's Aid, who lie
 Plung'd in the depth of helpless Poverty.
 At Rome 'tis worse, where House-rent by the Year,
 And Servants Bellies cost so devilish dear;
 And Tavern-Bills run high for hungry Chear.
 To drink or eat in Earthen-ware we scorn,
 Which cheaply Country-Cupboards dos adorn:
 And coarse blue Hoods on Holy-days are worn.
 Some distant Parts of Italy are known,
 Where none but only dead Men wear a Gown;
 On Theaters of Turf, in homely State,
 Old Plays they act, old Feasts they celebrate:
 The same rude Song returns upon the Crowd;
 And, by Tradition, is for Wit allow'd.
 The Mimic yearly gives the same Delights;
 And in the Mother's Arms the clownish Infant fights.
 Their Habits (undistinguish'd by Degree)
 Are plain, alike; the same Simplicity,
 Both on the Stage, and in the Pit; you see
 By his white Cloak the Magistrate appears;
 The country-Bumkin the same Liv'ry wears.
 But here, attir'd beyond our Purse we go,
 For useless Ornament and flaunting Show:
 We take on trust, in purple Robes to shine;
 And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.

22 Where none but only dead | wore a Gown (the usual Habit of
 the Romans). The meaning is, that the Romans all they were bury'd
 in, and few of Italy never, in one.

This is a common Vice; tho' all things here
Are sold, and sold unconscionably dear.
What will you give that ²³ *Coffus* may but view
Your Face, and in the Crowd distinguish you?
May take your Incense like a gracious God,
And answer only with a civil Nod?
To please you Patrons, in this vicious Age,
We make our Entrance by the Fav'rite Page:
Shave his first Down, and when he polls his Hair,
The consecrated Locks to Temples bear:
Pay tributary Cracknels, which he sells,
And, with our Offerings, help to raise his Vails.

Who fears in Country-Towns a House's Fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven Wall?
But we inhabit a weak City here;
Which Buttresses and Props, but scarcely bear:
And 'tis the Village-Mason's daily Calling,
To keep the World's Metropolis from falling,
To cleanse the Gutters, and the Chinks to close;
And, for one Night secure his Lord's Repose.
At *Cuma* we can sleep quite round the Year,
Nor Fall's, nor Fires, nor nightly Dangers fear;
While rolling Flames from *Roman* Turrets fly,
And the pale Citizens for Buckets cry,
Thy Neighbor has remov'd his wretched Store:
(Few hands will rid the Lumber of the Poor)
Thy own third Story smokes, while thou supine,
Art drench'd in Fumes of undigested Wine.
For if the lowest Floors already burn,
Cock-lofts and Garrets soon will take the Turn.
Where ²⁴ thy tame Pidgeons near the Tiles were bred,
Which, in their Nests unsafe, are timely fled.

²³ *Coffus* is here taken for any great Man. ²⁴ The Romans us'd to breed their tame Pidgeons in their Gar-

²⁴ Where thy tame Pidgeons, &c.

25 *Codrus* had but one *Beck*, so short to boot;
 That his short Wife's short Legs hung dangling out;
 His Cupboard's Head six earthen Pitchers grac'd,
 Beneath 'em was his trusty Tankard plac'd;
 And, to support his noble Plate, there lay
 A bending *Chiron* cast from honest Clay;
 His few *Greek* Books a rotten Chest contain'd;
 Whose Covers much of Mouldiness complain'd:
 Where Mice and Rats devour'd Poetic Bread;
 And with Heroic Verse luxuriously were fed.
 'Tis true; poor *Codrus* nothing had to boast,
 And yet poor *Codrus* all that nothing lost.
 Begg'd naked through the Streets of wealthy *Rome*;
 And found not one to feed, or take him home.

But if the Palace of *Arturinus* burn,
 The Nobles change their Cloths, the Matrons mourn;
 The City-Prætor will no Pleadings hear;
 The very Name of Fire we hate and fear:
 And look aghast, as if the *Gauls* were here:
 While yet it burns, th' officious Nation flies,
 Some to condole, and some to bring Supplies;
 One sends him Marble to rebuild, and one
 With naked Statues of the *Parian* Stone,
 The Work of *Polycletus*, that seem to live;
 While others Images for Altars give:
 One Books and Skreens, and *Pallas* to the Breast;
 Another Bags of Gold, and he gives best.
 Childless *Arturinus*, vastly rich before,
 Thus by his Losses multiplies his Store:
 Suspected for Accomplice to the Fire,
 That burnt his Palace, but to build it higher.

26 *Codrus*, a Learned Man, & illiberal, the *Herod* Verses here were
 very poor: by his Books suppos'd, that he was a Poet, & so he
 was a Poet, for, in all places, were his were *Homer's* Works.

But, cou'd you be content to bid adieu
To the dear Play-house, and the Players too:
Sweet Country Seats are purchas'd ev'ry where,
With Lands and Gardens, at less Price than here.
You hire a darksome Dog-hole by the Year.

A small Convenience decently prepar'd,
A shallow Well that rises in your Yard
That spreads his easie Chrystal Streams around;
And waters all the pretty Spot of Ground.
There, love the Fork, thy Garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal Friends, ¹⁶ a Pythagorean Treat;
'Tis somewhat to be Lord of some small Ground,
In which a Lizard may, at least, turn round.

'Tis frequent, here, for want of sleep to die;
Which Fumes of undigested Beasts deny;
And, with imperfect Heat, in languid Stomachs fly.
What House secure from Noise the Poet can keep,
When ev'ne the Rich can scarce afford to sleep;
So dear it costs to purchase Rest in Rome;

And hence the Sources of Diseases come,
The Drover who his Fellow-Drover meets,
In narrow Passages of winding Streets;
The Waggoners that curse their standing Teams,
Wou'd wake ev'n drowsie *Dryas* from his Dreams.

And yet the Wealthy will not brook delay,
But sweep above our Heads, and make their way;
In lofty Litters born, and coach, and wheel;
Or sleep at Ease: The Showerer makes it Night.

Yet still he reaches, first, the public Place:
The Prease before him stops the Client's Face.
The Crowd that follows crush his panting Sides,
And trip his Heels: he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one jostles in the Shole:
A Rafter breaks his Head, or Chairman's Pole:

¹⁶ A Pythagorean Treat: He means Herbs, Roots, Fruits, and
Sallads.

Stockin'd with loads of fat Town-dirt he goes;
 And some Rogue-Soldier, with his Hob-nail'd Shoes,
 Indents his Legs behind in bloody rows.
 See with what Smoke our Doles we celebrate;
 A hundred Guests, invited, walk in State:
 A hundred hungry Slaves, with their Dutch Kitchens wait.
 Huge Pans the wretches on their Head must bear,
 Which scarce a Gygantic *Corbulo* cou'd rear:
 Yet they must walk upright beneath the Load;
 Nay, run, and running blow the sparkling Flames abroad:
 Their Coats, from botching newly-brought, are torn.
 Unwieldy Timber-trees in Waggon's born,
 Stretch'd at their length, beyond their Carriage-les;
 That nod, and threaten Ruin from on high:
 For, shou'd their Axle break, in Overthrow
 Would crush, and pound to dust, the Crowd below:
 Nor Friends their Friends, nor Sires their Sons could know.
 Nor Limbs nor Bones, nor Gasps would remain:
 But a mash'd heap, a Hotchpotch of the Slain:
 One vast Destruction; not the Soul alone;
 But Bodies, like the Soul, invisibly are flown.
 Meantime, unknowing of their Fellows Fate,
 The Servants wash the Platter, scour the Plate.
 Then blow the Fire, with puffing Checks, and lay
 The Rubbers, and the Bathing sheets display:
 And oyl them first; and each is handy in his Way.
 But he, for whom this busie Care they take,
 Poor Ghost, is wandering by the Stygian Lake:

27 Gygantic *Corbulo*, was in reward of his great Service,
 a famous General in Nero's time, His Stature was not only tall, &
 who conquer'd Armenia, and was above the ordinary Size: but he was
 afterwards put to Death by that also proportionably strong.
Tyrranus, when he was in Greece,

Affrighted with 28 the Ferryman's grim Face
New to the Horrors of that uncouth Place;
His Passage begs with unregarded Pray'r;
And wants two Harthings to discharge his Fare.

Return we to the Dangers of the Night;
And, first, behold our Houses dreadful Height;
From whence come broken Potsherds tumbling down;
And leaky Ware, from Garret-Windows thrown:
Well may they break our Heads, that mark the stony Stone-
'Tis want of Sense to sup abroad too late;
Unless thou first hast settled thy Estate.

As many Fates attend thy Steps to meet,
As there are waking Windows in the Street.
Bless thy good Gods, and think thy Chance is rare
To have a Piss-pot only for thy share.

The scouring Drunkard, if he does not fight
Before his Bed-time, takes no rest that Night.
Passing the tedious Hours in greater pain
Than 29 stern Achilles, when his Friend was slain:

'Tis so ridic'ulous, but so true withal,
A Bully cannot sleep without a Brawl:
Yet tho' his youthful Blood be fir'd with Wine,
He wants not Wit as the Danger to decline:
Is cautious to avoid the Coach and Six;
And on the Laquies will no Quarrel fix.

His Train of Flambeaus, and embroider'd Coat,
May privilege my Lord to walk secure on Foot.
But me, who must by Moon-light homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a Candle's End,
Poor me he fights, if that be Fighting, where
He only Cudgels, and I only bear.

He stands, and bids me stand; I must abide;
For he's the stronger, and is Drunk beside.

28 The Ferry-man's &c. Cha- | 29 Stern Achilles. The Friend
ton the Ferry-man of Hell, whose of Achilles, was Patroclus, who
Fare was a Half-penny for every Soul, was slain by Hector.

where

Where did you whet your Knife to night? he cries,
 And shred the Leeks that in your Stomac rise?
 Whose windy Beans have fill'd your Guts, and where
 Have your black Thumbs been dip'd in Vinegar?
 With what Companion-cobler have you fed,
 On old Ox-cheeks, or He-Goats tougher Head?
 What, are you dumb? Quick, with your Answer, quick,
 Before my Foot salutes you with a Kick.
 Say, in what nasty Cellar under Ground,
 Or what Church-Porch, your Roguery may be found?
 Answer, or answer not, 'tis all the same,
 He lays on me, and makes me bear the Blame;
 Before the Bar, for bearing him, you come;
 This is a poor Man's Liberty in Rome.
 You beg his Pardon; happy to retreat
 With some remaining-Teeth, to chew your Meat.

Nor is this all; for, when retir'd you think
 To sleep securely, when the Candles wink,
 When ev'ry Door with Iron Chains is barr'd,
 And roaring Taverns are no longer heard;
 The Russian Robbers by no Justice aw'd,
 And unpaid Cut-throat Soldiers, are abroad.
 Those venal Souls, who hardned in each Ill,
 To save Complaints and Prosecution, kill,
 Chas'd from their Woods and Bogs, the Padders come
 To this vast City, as their native Home;
 To live at Ease, and safely Kulk in Rome.

The Forge in Fetters only is employ'd;
 Our Iron Mines exhausted and destroy'd
 In Shackles; for these Villains scarce allow
 Goats for the Teams, and Plough-shares for the Plough.
 Oh happy Ages of our Ancestors,
 Beneath the Kings and Tribunitial Pow'r!

So Beneath the Kings, &c. cretia, Tarquin the proud was
 Rome was originally rul'd by expell'd. After which it was go-
 Kings; till for the Rape of Lu- uern'd by two Consuls, yearly the
 sen

One Jayl did all their Criminals restrain;
Which now the Walls of Rome can scarce contain.

More I cou'd say, more Causes I cou'd show
For my Departure; but the Sun is low:
The Waggoner grows weary of my Stay;
And whips his Horses forward on their Way.
Farewel; and when like me o'erwhelm'd with Care
You to your own *Agonium* shall repair,
To take a mouthful of sweet Country-Air,
Be mindful of your Friend; and send me word,
What Joys your Fountains and cool Shades afford:
Then, to assist your Satyrs, I will come;
And add new Venom, when you write of Rome.

sen; but they oppressing the People, often oppos'd the Consular Authority, the Commons mutiny'd, and procured Tribunes to be created, who defended their Privileges, and pleas of Juvenal.

JUVENAL.

THE FOURTH SATYR.

By the Rev. Dr. RICHARD DUKE.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet in this Satyr first brings in Crispinus, whom he had a Last at in his first Satyr, and whom he promises here not to be forgetful of for the future. He exposes his monstrous Prodigality and Luxury in giving the Price of an Estate for a Barbel; and from thence takes Occasion to introduce the principal Subject, and true Design of this Satyr, which is grounded upon a ridiculous Story of a Turbut presented to Domitian, of so vast a Bigness, that all the Emperor's Scullery had not a Dish large enough to hold it: Upon which the Senate in all Haste is summon'd; to consult in this Exigency, what is fittest to be done. The Poet gives us a Particular

cular List of the Senators Names, their distinct Characters, and Speeches, and Advice, and after much and wise Consultation, an Expedient being found out and agreed upon, he dismisses the Senate, and concludes the Satyr.

ONCE more *Crispinus*, call'd upon the Stage,
(Nor shall once more suffice) provokes my Rage,
A Monster, to whom ev'ry Vice lays claim,
Without one Virtue to redeem his Fame.
Feeble and sick, yet strong in Lust alone.
The rank Adult'rer preys on all the Town.
All but the Widow's nauseous Charms go down.
What Matter then how stately is the Arch
Where his tir'd Mules slow with their Burden march?
What Matter then how thick and long the Shade
Through which, by sweating Slaves, he is convey'd?
How many Acres near the City-Walls,
Or new-built Palaces, his own he calls?
No ill Man's happy; least of all is he
Whose study 'tis, to corrupt Chastity.
Th' incestuous Brute, who the veil'd Vestal Maid
But lately to his impious Bed betray'd,
Who for her Crime, if Laws their Course might have,
Ought to descend alive into the Grave.
But now of slighter Faults; and yet the same
By others done, the Censor's Justice claim.

• If Laws their Course, &c. was to be buried alive by Numa's Law; as may be seen in Livy, l. 1. and is more particularly describ'd in Plutarch's Life of Numa.
Ought to descend, &c. *Crispinus* had deflower'd a Vestal Virgin, but by his Favor with Domitian, she escap'd the Punishment due to her Offence, which

For what good Men ignoble count and base,
 Is Virtue here, and dost *Crispinus* grace:
 In this he's safe, whate'er we write of him,
 The Person is more odious than the Crime,
 And so all Sary's lost. The lavish Slave
 Six : thousand Pieces for a Barbel gave:
 A Sesterce for each Pound it weigh'd, as they
 Give out, that hear great things, but greater say.
 If by this Bribe well plac'd, he wou'd ensnare
 Some sapless Usurer that wants an Heir;
 Or if this Present the sly Courtier meant,
 Should to some Punk of Quality be sent,
 That in her easy Chair in State dost ride,
 The Glasses all drawn up on ev'ry side,
 I'd praise his Cunning; but expect not this,
 For his own Gut he bought the stately Fish.
 Now ev'n *Apicius* Frugal seems, and Poor,
 Outvy'd in Luxury unknown before.

Gave you, *Crispinus*, you this mighty Sum?
 You, that for want of other Rags, did come
 In our own Country Paper wrapp'd, to Rome.
 Do Scales and Fins bear Price to this Excess?
 You might have bought the Fisherman for less.
 For less some Provinces whole Acres sell,
 Nay, & in *Apulia*, if you bargain well,
 A Manor wou'd cost less than such a Meal.

2 Six thousand Pieces. *Six thousand of the Roman Sestertii, which make six Sestertia, according to our Account, 46 l. 17 s. 6 d.*
 3 Now even *Apicius*. *A Man for Gluttony and Prodigality famous even to a Proverb, who having spent most of his vast Estate upon his Gut, for fear of Want poison'd himself.* Senec.

4 Nay, in *Apulia*. Part of

Italy, near the Adriatic Gulf, where Land is scarce was very cheap, either for the Barrenness and craggy Height of the Mountains, or for the unwholesomeness of the Air, and the Wind Atabulus. Horat. Lib. 1. Sat. 3. Montes *Apulia* notos... quos torret Atabulus & quos nunquam crepimus, &c.

What

What think we then of his ⁵ luxurious Lord?
 What Banquets loaded that Imperial Board?
 When in one Dish, that taken from the rest
 His constant Table wou'd have hardly miss'd;
 So many Sesterces were swallow'd down,
 To stuff one Scarlet-coated Court-Buffoon,
 Whom *Rome* of all her Knights now chiefest greets,
 From crying stinking Fish about the Streets.

Begin, *Calliope*, but not to sing:
 Plain honest Truth we for our Subject bring.
 Help then, ye young *Flavian* Maids, to tell
 A downright Narrative of what befel.
 Afford me willingly your sacred Aids,
 Me that have call'd you young, me that have stil'd you, Maids.

When he, with whom ⁶ the *Flavian* Race decay'd,
 The groaning World with Iron Sceptre sway'd,
 When ⁷ a bald *Nero* reign'd, and servile *Rome* obey'd
 Where *Venus*' Shrine dos fair *Ancona* grace,
 A Turbul taken of prodigious Space,
 Fill'd the extended Net, not less than those
 That dull *Maois* dos with Ice enclose,
 Till conquer'd by the Sun's prevailing Ray,
 It opens to the *Pontic* Sea their Way;
 And throws them out unwieldy with their Growth,
 Fat with long Ease, and a whole Winter's Sloth:
 The wise Commander of the Boat and Lines
 For ⁸ our High-Priest the stately Prey designs.

⁵ His luxurious Lord. *The*
Emperor Domitian.

⁶ The *Flavian* Race decay'd.
Domitian was the last and worst
of the Flavian Family, which tho'
at first obscure, yet had produc'd
great and good Men. Respublicæ
nequaquam peritenda, says Sue-
ton. 9. For of this Family were
Vespasian and Titus.

⁷ A bald *Nero*. *Domitian,*
who would not so much as bear with
Patience the mention of Baldness, tho'
in Jest only, and objected to ano-
thers, as Suetonius in his Life tells
us. And who, for his Cruelty, is
here call'd a second Nero.

⁸ Our High-Priest. *The Em-*
peror Domitian call'd so, either
from his instituting the College of
the

For who that Lordly Fish durst sell or buy,
 So many Spies and Court-Informers nigh!
 No Shore but of this Vermin Swarms does bear,
 Searchers of Mud and Sea-weed! that would swear,
 The Fish had long in *Caesar's* Ponds been fed,
 And from its Lord undutifully fled;
 So, justly ought to be again restor'd.
 Nay, if you credit Sage *Palphurius'* Word,
 Or dare rely on *Armillatus'* Skill,
 Whatever Fish the vulgar Fry excel
 Belong to *Caesar*, wheresoe'er they swim.
 By their own Worth confiscated to him.

The Boas-man then shall a wise Present make:
 And give the Fish, before the Seizers take.
 Now sickly Autumn to dry Frosts gave Way,
 Cold Winter rag'd, and fresh preserv'd the Prey;
 Yet with such Haste the busie Fishes flew,
 As if a hot South-wind Corruption blew:
 And now he reach'd the Lake, ¹⁰ where what remains,
 Of *Alba*, still her ancient Rites retains,
 Still worships *Vesta*, ¹¹ tho' an humbler Way,
 Nor lets the hallow'd *Trojan* Fire decay.

the Alban Priests, of whom he was
 as it were Chief; or for taking up-
 on him the Office of Pontifex Maxi-
 mus, in the Condemnation of the
 Vestal Virgin Cornelia; or, more
 generally, because often the Empe-
 ror assum'd both the Title and Of-
 fice of High-Priest.

9 *Palphurius* and *Armillatus*.
 Both Men of Consular Degree:
 Lawyers, and Spies, and Inform-
 ers, and so Favourites of Domiti-
 an.

What remains of *Alba*, &c.
Alba Longa built by *Ascanius*,
 about fifteen Miles from Rome,
 was destroy'd after by *Tullus Ho-*

Stilius, the Temples only excepted.
 (Liv. l. 1.) The Alban upon this
 their Misfortunes neglecting their
 Worship, were by sundry Prodiges
 commanded to restore their ancient
 Rites, the chief of which was the
 keeping perpetually burning the *Ve-*
stal Fire, which was brought thi-
 ther by *Eneas* and his Trojans,
 as a fatal Pledge of the Perpetuity
 of the Roman Empire.

11 Tho' an humbler Way.
 There was a more stately Temple
 erected to *Vesta* at Rome by *No-*
ma, then this at *Alba*, where
 the same Ceremonies were us'd.

The

The wondring Crowd that to strange Sights resort,
 And choak'd a while his Passage to the Court;
 At length gives Way; ope lies the Palace-Gate,
 The Turbut enters in, without the Fathers wait.
 The Boat-man strait does to *Affides* press,
 And thus presents his Fish, and his Address:

Accept, Dread Sir, this Tribute from the Main,
 Too great for private Kitchens to contain.
 To your glad *Gonius* sacrifice this Day,
 Let common Meats respectfully give Way,
 Haste to unload your Stomachs to receive
 This Turbut, that for you did only live.
 So long prefer'd to be Imperial Food,
 Glad of the Net, and to be taken proud.

How fulsom this! how gross! yet this takes well,
 And the vain Prince with empty Pride does swell:
 Nothing so monstrous can be said or feign'd,
 But with Belief and Joy is entertain'd,
 When to his Face the worthless Wretch is prais'd,
 Whom vile Court-Flattery to a God has rais'd.

But Oh hard Fate! the Palace-Stores no Dish
 Afford, capacious of the mighty Fish.
 To sage Debate are summon'd all the Peers,
 His trusty and much-hated Counsellors.
 In whose pale Looks that ghastly Terror sits,
 That haunts the dangerous Friendship of the Great.

¹² The loud *Liburnian* that the Senate call'd,
 Run, run; he's set, he's set, no sooner haul'd.

¹² The Fathers. The Senate the Romans made their Cry,
 always so call'd. *Patres Conscripti*.
 ti. because of their loud Voices. Others
 take *Liburnus* for the proper Name

¹³ The loud *Liburnian*. Some
 say that of the People of this Com-
 try, which is part of *Illyricum*,
 of one *Adau*. *Liburnus* that the
 Senate call'd.

But with his Robe snatch'd up in Haste, does come
 Pegasus, ¹⁴ Bailiff of affrighted Rome,
 What more were Praefects then? The Best he was,
 And faithfulest Expounder of the Law.

Yet in ill times thought all things manag'd best,
 When Justice exercis'd her Sword the least.

Old Crispus next Pleasant, tho' Old, appears;

His Wit nor Humor yielding to his Years:

Mis Temper mild, good nature join'd with Sense,

And Manners charming, as his Eloquence.

Who fitter for a useful Friend than he,

To the great Ruler of the Earth and Sea,

If as his Thoughts were just, his Tongue were free?

If it were safe to vent his Gen'rous Mind

To Rome's dist' Mague, and Terror of Mankind,

If cruel Pow'r could softning Counsel hear,

But what's so tender as a Tyrant's Ear?

With whom whoever, tho' a Fav'rite spake,

At ev'ry Sentence set his Life at stake,

Tho' the Discourse were of no weightier Things,

Than sultry Summers, or unhealthful Springs.

This well he knew, and therefore never try'd

With his weak Arms to stem the stronger Tide.

Nor did all Rome, grown Spiritless, supply

A Man that for bold Truth durst bravely die.

¹⁴ Pegasus, Bailiff. A Citizen
 of Alba, a very learned Lawyer,
 and Praefect or Chief Magistrate of
 Rome. He calls him here Bailiff:
 As if Rome by Domitian's Cruel-
 ty, had so far lost its Liberty and
 Privileges, that it now was no bet-
 ter than a Country Village, and fit
 to be govern'd by no better than a
 Bailiff.

¹⁵ Old Crispus, (Vibius Cris-
 pus.) This was he that made the

known Jest upon Domitian's kil-
 ling Flies. When one Day Domi-
 tian being alone in his Closet, and
 being ask'd, Whether there was any
 one left within with the Emperor?
 He answer'd, No, not so much as
 a Fly. The Names and Charac-
 ters of most of these Senators here
 mention'd may be found in Sueton-
 ius's Life of Domitian, and in
 Tacitus.

So safe by wise complying Silence, he
Ev'n in that Court did fourscore Summers see.

Next him *Acilius*, tho' his Age the same,
With eager Haste to the Grand Council came:

With him a Youth, unworthy of the Fate
That did too near his growing Virtues wait,

Urg'd by the Tyrant's Envy, Fear, or Hate.
(But 'tis long since old Age began to be

In noble Blood no less than Prodigy,

Whence 'tis, I'd rather be of 16 Giants Birth,

A Pigmy-Brother to those Sons of Earth.)

Unhappy Youth! whom from his destin'd End,

No well-dissembled Madness could defend;

When naked in the *Alban* Theatre,

In *Libyan* Bears he fixt his hunting Spear.

Who sees not now thro' the Lord's thin Disguise,

That long seem'd Fools do prove at last more wise:

That State-Court-Trick is now too open laid:

Who now admires the Part old *Brutus* play'd?

Those honest Times might swallow this Pretence,

When 18 the King's Beard was deeper than his Sense.

Next *Rabirius* came, 19 tho' not of noble Race,

With equal Marks of Terror in his Face.

16 Of Giants Birth. Of an obscure and unknown Family.

17 The part old *Brutus* play'd 'Tis a known Story, how *Brutus* finding that his own Brother, and some of the most considerable Men of Rome had been put to Death by *Tarquinius Superbus* counterfeited himself a Madman or Fool, and so avoided the Tyrant's Cruelty, till he had gain'd a fit time to destroy him, revenge his Brother's and Countrymen's Deaths; and free Rome.

18 When the King's Beard. In those antient and more simple times, when it was the Custom never to shave their Beards: For 400 Years there was no such thing as a Barber heard of in Rome.

19 Tho' not of noble Race, with equal Marks of Terror. For *Domitian's* Cruelty reach'd even to the Common People, and those of lower Birth, which (in the End of this Satyr) the Poet tells us, caus'd his Destruction.

Taste with the gnawing Guilt and inward Shame
Of an old Crime that is not fit to name.
Worse, yet in Scandal taking more Delight,
Than ²⁰ the vile *Pathic* that durst Saryr write.

Montanus Belly next, advancing slow,
Before the sweating Senator did go.

Crispinus after, but much sweeter comes,
Scented with costly Oils and Eastern Gums,
More than would serve two Fun'rals for Perfumes.

Then *Pompey*, none more skill'd in the Court-Game
Of cutting Throats with a soft Whisper came.

Next *Fuscus*, he who many a peaceful Day
For ²¹ *Dacian* Vulturs was reserv'd a Prey,
Till having study'd War enough at Home,
He led abroad th' unhappy Arms of Rome.

Cunning *Vesente* next, and by his Side
Bloody *Catalus* leaning on his Guide,
Decrépit, yet a furious Lover he,
And deeply smit with Charms he could not see:
A Monster that even this worst Age out-veils,
Conspicuous and above the common Size.
A blind base Flatterer, from some Bridge or Gate,
Rais'd to a murdering Minister of State:
Deserving still to beg upon the Road,
And bless each passing Waggon and its Load.
None more admir'd the Fish; he in its Praise
With Zeal his Voice, with Zeal his Hands did raise.

²⁰ The vile *Pathic* *Mero*,
who wrote a Satyr upon *Quintia-*
nus, whom he charges with his own
profligate Lewdness and Debauch-
ery. Tac. Ann. 12.

²¹ For *Dacian* Vulturs. *Cos-*
nellus *Fuscus*, a Nobleman of no
Manner of Experience, or more
Knowledge in War-Affairs, than

what he had studied in his own
Country-Retirement, was yet by
Domitian twice sent with an Ar-
my against the *Dacians*, in the last
of which his Army was defeated,
and himself slain.

²² From Bridge or Gate. The
common-stands for Beggars.

Out to the left all his fine things did lay,
 Whilst on his right the unseen Turbut lay.
 So he the fam'd *Civilian* Fencer prais'd,
 And at each Hit with Wonder seem'd amaz'd.
 So did the Scenes and Stage Machines admire,
 And Boys that flew thro' Canvas-Clouds in Wyre.

Nor came *Vejento* short; but as inspir'd
 By thee, *Bellona*, by thy Fury fir'd,
 Turns Prophet: See, the mighty Omen, see,
 He cries, of some illustrious Victory!

Some captive King, thee his new Lord shall own:
 Or from his *British* Chariot headlong thrown,
 The ²³ proud *Arviragus* come tumbling down!
 The Monster's foreign. ²⁴ Mark the pointed Spears
 That from thy Hand on his pierc'd Back he wears!
 Who Nobler could, or plainer things presage?
 Yet one thing 'scap'd him, the Prophetic Rage
 Shew'd not the Turbut's Country, nor its Age.

At length by *Cesar* the grand Question's put:
 My Lords, your Judgment; Shall the Fish be cut?
 Far be it, far from us! *Montanus* cries;
 Let's not dishonour thus the Noble Prize?
 A Pot of finest Earth, thin, deep, and wide,
 Some ²⁵ skilful quick *Prometheus* must provide.
 Clay and the forming Wheel prepare with speed.
 But, *Cesar*, be it from henceforth decreed,
 That Potters on the Royal Progress wait,
 To assist in these Emergencies of State.

This Counsel pleas'd; not could it fail to take,
 So fit, so worthy of the Man that spake.

²³ The proud <i>Arviragus</i>. One of the ancient British Kings. ²⁴ Mark the pointed Spears. He makes the Flatterer call the sharp Fins rising on the Fish's Back, Spears; and so signify and pretend that Domitian shall slash Clay.	the like in some Foreign Beauty. ²⁵ Some skilful quick <i>Prometheus</i>. Some skilful Potter. Alluding to the old Fable of <i>Prometheus</i>, whose skill in this <i>Arviragus</i> was such that he made a Man of Clay.
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The old Court-Riots he remember'd well,
 Could Tales of *Nere's* Midnight-Suppers tell,
 When *Faleru* Wines the lab'ring Lungs did fire,
 And to new Dainties kindled false Desire.
 In Arts of Eating none more early train'd,
 None in my time had equal Skill attain'd.
 He whether ²⁶ *Circe's* Rock his Oysters bore,
 Or ²⁷ *Lucrine* Lake, or ²⁸ the *Rutupian* Shore,
 Knew at first Taste; nay, at first Sight could tell
 A Crab or Lobster's Country by its Shell.

They rise, and straight all with respectful Awe,
 At the Word giv'n, obsequiously withdraw,
 Whom full of eager Haste, Surprise, and Fear,
 Our mighty Prince had summon'd to appear.
 As if some News he'd of the *Casti* tell,
 Or that the fierce *Stambrians* did rebel:
 As if Expresses from all Parts had come
 With fresh Alarms threatening the Fate of Rome.

What Folly this! but oh! that all the rest
 Of his dire Reign had thus been spent in Jest!
 And all that time such Trifles had employ'd
 In which so many Nobles he destroy'd!
 He safe, they unreveng'd, to the Disgrace
 Of the surviving, tame, *Patrician* Race.
 But when he dreadful to the Rabble grew,
 Him, whom so many Lords had slain, they flew.

²⁶ *Circe's* Rock. The *Cir-*
cean Promontory, nam'd from *Circe*
 that liv'd there, on the Shore of
Campania.

²⁷ The *Lucrine* Lake. Be-
 tween *Baja* and *Patcoli*.

²⁸ The *Rutupian* Shore. *Ru-*
tupæ, or *Rutupi*, an ancient
 Town's Name on the *Kentish* Shore,
 suppos'd to be our *Richborough*.
 These were all famous in those Times
 for Oysters.

J U V E

JUVENAL

THE FIFTH SATYR.

By the Revd. Mr. **WILLIAM BOWLES.**

The ARGUMENT.

*The Poet dissuades a Parasite from frequent-
ing the Tables of great Men, where he is
certain to be treated with the highest
Scorn and Contempt: And, at the same
time inveighs against the Luxury and
Insolence of the Roman Nobility.*

[F harden'd by Affliction, and still the same,
Lost to all Sense of Honor, and of Shame,
Thou yet canst love to haunt the Great Man's Board,
And think no Supper good but with a Lord:
If yet thou canst hold out, and suffer more
Than lewd *Sarmentus*, or vile *Galla* bore,
Thy solemn Oath ought to be set aside:
But sure the Belly's easily supply'd.

Sarmentus. A Buffoon and Parasite of Augustus Caesar. The same perhaps with that Sarmentus in Horace, Sat. 3. l. 1.

Suppose, what frugal Nature won'd suffice,
 Suppose that wanting, Hunger is not nice.
 Is no a Bridge vacant, no convenient Seat,
 Where thou may'st cringe, and gnaw thy broken Meat,
 And with a Matt, and Crutch, and ty'd-up Leg,
 More Honestly and honourably Beg?

First, if he please to say, Sit down, and smile,
 Behold the full Reward of all thy Toil!
 All thy old Services are largely paid,
 And thou a proud and happy Man art made.
 See; of thy boasted Friendship see the Fruits!
 And these too he upbraids, and these imputes.
 If after two cold Months thy Lord think fit
 His poor, neglected Clients to admit,
 And say, Sup with me, thou hast thy Desire,
 Be thankful, Mortal, and no more require.
 Thus Blest, must ² *Typhus* to his *Leaves* run,
 When the Stars languish near the rising Sun;
 Break off sweet Slumbers, drowse, and undress,
 To shew his Zeal, and to prevent the rest;
 Run to prevent the fawning humble Train,
 While slow ⁴ *Bootes* drives his frozen Wain.
 Perhaps the gen'rous Entertainment may
 For all the State and dear Attendance pay.
 For him is kept a Liquor more Divine,
 You Spunges must be drunk with Lees of Wine,
 Drunk for your Patron's Pleasure and his Jest;
 Then raving like a ⁵ *Corybas* possesst.

2 Where common Beggars us'd
 to place themselves.

3 It was the Custom in Rome
 for the Clients to attend their Pa-
 trons, to salute them in the Morn-
 ing. Virgil, Martial, &c.

4 That Constellation, otherwise
 call'd the Bear, which appearing

always above the Horizon, is said
 by the Poets never to descend into
 the Sea. The meaning is that Tre-
 bnius was forc'd to run early in the
 Morning, by the Light of that
 Stars. ⁵ Priest of Cybele.

Thou and the Freed-men first begin to ban
 From mutual Jeers, the Prelude to the War,
 Thou and thy Fellow Parasites engage,
 And Battel with a Troop of Servants wage;
 Then Glasses and Sagacious Pitchers fly,
 And broken Pates discolor'd Naphkins dye.
 While happy he, stretch'd on his Couch, supine
 Looks on with Scorn, and drinks old generous Wine,
 Rest from the Grape, when Warlike *Rome* was free,
 But kindly, never sends one Glass to thee;
 Perhaps to-morrow he may change his Wine,
 And drink old sparkling *Alban*, or *Ætnean*,
 Whose Title, and whose Age, with Mould o'ergrown,
 The good old Cask for ever keeps unknown;
 Such ' bold *Helvidius* drank, and *Thrasea* crown'd
 With Garlands, when the flowing Bowl went round
 On *Brutus*' Birth-day: And to raise Delight,
 To please at once the Taste, and charm the Sight,
 He in bright Amber drinks, or brighter Gold,
 And Cups with shining Berills set do bold.
 Thou art not suffer'd or to touch or taste;
 And if thou dar'st, a Guard on thee is plac'd
 To watch the Gems. This may perhaps surprize,
 But, Sir, you'll pardon, they are Stones of Price,
 For *Virro* dos, as many do of late,
 Gems from his Fingers to his Cups translate,

6 From *Setia* a Town of *Campania*, renown'd for the best Wine.

7 *Thrasea* and *Helvidius* his Son-in-Law, Men of great Virtue, Constancy, and Zeal for the Liberty of their Country; they were both oppress'd by *Nero*, *Thrasea* put to Death, and *Helvidius* banished: Tacitus has related at large the Charge and Accusation of *Thrasea*, with what Bravery he re-

ceiv'd the Order by which he was commanded to die, and being allow'd his Choice, open'd his Veins with these words; *Libemus Jovi Liberatori*, *Annal. Lib. 16.* They are said here to have solemnly observed the Birth-days of *Brutus* and *Cassius*, the Deliverers of their Country; which may perhaps be true, tho' it be not objected among many things of this kind in Tacitus.

Which the bold Youth to Dian's Love prefer'd,
 Were on the Scabbard of his shining Sword,
 Thou may'st at distance gaze, and sigh in vain,
 A crack'd black Fox's reserv'd for thee to drain.

If his Blood boil, and th' adventitious Fire
 Rais'd by high Meats, and higher Wines require
 To temper and allay the burning Heat,
 Waters are brought, which by Decoction get
 New coolness, such plain Nature does not know,
 Not Ice so cool, nor *Hyperborean* Snow.
 Did I complain but now, and justly too,
 That the same Wine is not allow'd to you;
 Another Water's reach'd you, when you call,
 From Hands of *Moorish* Footmen lean and tall;
 The grim Attendance he assigns I affright
 Rather than wait; Rogues who wou'd scare by Night,
 If met among the Tombs; the ghastly Slaves
 Look as if newly started from their Graves.
 Before himself the Flower of *Asia* stands,
 To watch his Looks, and to receive Commands.
 A Boy of such a Price as had undone
 Old *Roman* Kings, and drain'd the Treasure of the Crown,
 If thou or any of thy Tribe want Wine,
 Look back, and give thy *Ganymede* the Sign.
 The lovely Boy, and bought at such a Rate,
 Is much too handsom, and too proud to wait.
 On the despis'd and poor, Will he descend,
 To give a Glass to a declining Friend?
 No: his good Mien, his Youth, and blooming Face
 Tempt him to think, that with a better Grace
 Himself might sit, and thou supply his Place.
 Behold there yet remains, which must be born,
 Proud Servants more insufferable Scorn.

8 An Allusion to that of Virgil
 describing *Aeneas Stellatus*, *Jaspide*
fulvâ Ensis erat.

to be serv'd by beautiful Boys,
 whom they bought at vast rates.
 Martial, &c.

9 The Romans mightily affected

With

With what Disdain another gave thee Bread?
 The meanest Wretches are with better fed:
 Th' impenetrable Crust thy Teeth defies,
 And petrify'd with Age securely lies,
 Hard, mouldy, black: If thou presume invade
 With sacrilegious Hands, thy Patron's Bread,
 There stands a Servant ready to chastise
 Your Insolence, and teach you to be wise,
 Will you, a bold Intruder, never learn
 To know your Basker, and your Bread discern?
 'Tis just, ye Gods! and what I well deserve:
 Why did not I more Honourably starve?
 Did I for this abandon Wife and Bed?
 For this, alas! by vain Ambition led,
 Thro' cold ¹⁰ *Esqmilla* run so oft, and bear
 The Storms and Fury of the vernal Air,
 And then with Cloke wet thro' attend, and dropping Hair
 See! by the tallest Servant born on high
 A Sturgeon fills the largest Dish and Eye,
 With how much Pomp he's plac'd upon the Board,
 With what a Tail and Breast salutes his Lord?
 With what Expense and Art how richly dress'd,
 Garnish'd with ¹¹ *Sparagus*, himself a Feast:
 Thou art to ¹² *one* small dismal Dish confin'd,
 A Crab ill dress'd, and of the vilest Kind.
 He on his own Fish pours the noblest Oil,
 The Product of ¹³ *Vulturnus* happy Soil,
 That to your marcid dying Herbs as gold
 By the rank Smell and Taste betrays its Kind,
 By *Moors* imported, and for Lamps alone design'd.

10 One of the seven Hills on which Rome was built.

11 The Authors whom I have the Opportunity to consult, are not agreed what Fish is meant by

Scuttia; I have translated it *Scuttia*; I confess at Random, but

may serve as well. 12 A Tunny in Campania, for meat for the best Oil.

Well rubb'd with this, when *Better comes to Town*,

He makes the Theatres and Baths his own,

All round from him, as from th' Infested run;

The pois'nous Stink even their own Serpents shun.

Behold a Mullet e'en from *Corfu* brought;

Or near the Rocks of *4 Taurominum* caught,

Since our own Seas no longer can supply,

Exhausted by our boundless Luxury,

The secret Deep can no Protection give;

No *Tyrrhene* Fish is suffer'd now to live

To his just Growth: The Provinces from far

Furnish our Kitchens, and revenge our War.

Baits for the Rich, and Childless they supply;

Aurilla thence must sell, and *Lena* buy.

The largest Lamprey which their Seas afford

Is made a Sacrifice to *Virro's* Board.

When *Auster* to th' *Æolian* Caves retires

With dropping Wings, and murr'ring there resides,

Rash daring Nets, in hope of such a Prize,

Charibdis, and the treacherous Deep despise.

An Eel for you remains, in *16 Tyber* bred,

With foulest Mud, and the rank Ordure fed,

Discharg'd by Common Shores from all the Town;

No secret Passage was to him unknown;

In every noisom Sink the serpent slept,

And thro' dark Vaults oft to *Subura* crept.

One Word to *Virro* now, if he can bear,

And 'tis a Truth, which he's not us'd to hear:

33. The Name of a King of Mauritania; but here must be an allusion to the Name of any noble Moor.

34. Of Tyber, Sicily.

35. One of these whom the Romans call Hæredinetæ.

36. The Fish of Tyber were for this Reason thought the worst in Italy.

No Man expects (for who so much a Son,
 Who has the Times he lives in so forgot?)
 What *Seneca*, what *Piso* us'd to send,
 To raise, or to support a sinking Friend:
 Those Godlike Men, to wanting Virtue kind,
 Bounty well plac'd, prefer'd, and well design'd,
 To all their Titles, all that Height of Pow'r,
 Which turns the Brains of Fools, and Fools alone adore:
 When your poor Client is condemn'd to attend,
 'Tis all we ask, receive him like a Friend;
 At least, let him be easie if you can,
 Let him be treated like a Free-born Man.
 Descend to this, and then we ask no more,
 Rich to your self, to all beside be poor.

Near him is plac'd the Liver of a Goose,
 That part alone which Luxury wou'd chose;
 A Boar entire, and worthy of the Sword
 Of 17 *Meleager*, smoaks upon the Board.
 Next Mushrooms, larger when the Clouds descend
 In fruitful Show'rs, and desir'd 18 Thunders rend
 The Vernal Air. No more plough up the Ground
 Of 19 *Lybia*, where such Mushrooms can be found,
Aledius 20 cries, but furnish us with store
 Of Mushrooms, and import thy Corn no more.

Mean while thy Indignation yet to raise,
 The Caryer dancing sound each Dish surveys
 With flying Knife; and as his Art directs,
 With proper Gestures ev'ry Fowl displays.
 A thing of so great Moment to their Taste,
 That one false slip had surely marr'd the Feast.

- 17 The Story of the Caledonian Boar, slain by *Meleager*, is great Quantities of Corn from
 to be found, *Metamorph. Lib. 9.* Africa, and of Mushrooms see 18 &
 18 Rainy and Thundering Springs form
 produce Abundance of Mushrooms, 20 The Name of a Ghastly or
 and here therefore desir'd. *Pliny. Parasitic.*
 Lib. 39.

If thou dare murmur, if thou dare complain.
 With Freedom, like a *Roman Gentleman*,
 Thou'rt seiz'd immediately by his Commands,
 And dragg'd like ²¹ *Cacus* by *Hercean* Hands
 Out from his Presence. When dost haughty he
 Descend to take a Glass once touch'd by thee?
 That Wretch were lost, who shou'd presume to think
 He might be free, who durst say, Come, Sir, drink:
 Will any Freedom here from you be born
 Whose Cloths are thredbare, and whose Clokes are torn?
 Wou'd any God, or Godlike Man below,
 Four Hundred Thousand ²² *Sesterces* bestow!
 How mightily wou'd *Trebius* be improv'd,
 How much a Friend to *Virro*, how belov'd!
 Will *Trebius* eat of this? What Sot attends
 My Brother? Who carves to my Best of Friends?
 O *Sesterces*, this Honor is done to you!
 You are his Friends, and you his Brethren too.
 Wouldst thou become his Patron and his Lord;
 Wouldst thou be in thy turn by him ador'd?
 No young ²³ *Æneas* in thy Hall must play,
 Nor sweeter Daughter lead thy Heart astray.
 O how a barren Wife dos recommend!
 How dear, how pleasant is a Childless Friend!
 But if thy *Mycalæ*, thy teeming Wife
 Pour out three Boys, the Comfort of thy Life;

²¹ The Name of a famous Thief, who stole the Oxen of *Hercules* and drew them into his Den backwards; but was slain by *Hercules*, and dragg'd out by the Heels. *Æneid* 8.

²² The *Census Equestris*, above 3000 *l.* English. *Roscius Orho* made a Law, that whereas before *Roman Gentlemen and Commons*

sat promiscuously in the Theaters, there should be fourteen Seats or Benches apart, for those who were worth that Sum.

²³ An Allusion to that of *Dido*. Si quis mihi parvulus aula luderet *Æneas*. The Meaning is, thou must have no Child to defeat his Hopes of becoming thy Heir.

He ²⁴ too will in the prattling Nest rejoyce,
Farthings and Nuts provide, and various Toys;
For the young smiling Parasites, the wanton Boys.

He viler Friends with doubtful Mushrooms treats,
secure for you, himself Champignons eats;
Such *Claudius* lov'd, of the same Sort and Taste,
Till ²⁵ *Agrippina* kindly gave the last.

To him are order'd, and those happy few
Whom Fate has rais'd above Contempt and you,
Most fragrant Fruits, such in ²⁶ *Phœasian* Gardens grow;
Where a perpetual Autumn ever smil'd,

And Golden Apples loaded Branches fill'd.
By such, swift *Atalanta* was betray'd,

The vegetable Gold soon stopp'd the flying Maid.

To you such scabb'd harsh Fruit is giv'n, as raw

Young Soldiers at their Exercisings gnaw,

Who trembling learn to throw the fatal Dart,

And under Rods of rough Centurions smart.

Thou tak'st all this as done to save Expense;

No! 'tis on purpose done to give Offence:

What Comedy, what Farce can more delight

Than grinning Hunger, and the pleasing Sight

Of your bilk'd Hopes? No! He's resolv'd to sport

Tears from your Eyes: 'Tis barbarous Jest and Sport;

Thou think'st thy self Companion of the Great,

Art free and happy in thy own Conceit.

He thinks thou'rt tempt'd by th' attractive Smell

Of his warm Kitchen, and he judges well.

For ²⁷ who so naked, in whose empty Veins

One single Drop of Noble Blood remains;

What

²⁴ Ironically.

²⁵ His Wife *Agrippina* gave him a poison'd one of which he died. See that ingenious Satyr of Seneca, *Claudii Apocolocyntosis*.

²⁶ The Gardens of Alcinous,

King of the Phæaciens, are renown'd in Homer and all Antiquity.

²⁷ In the following Lines, there is in the Original Reference to the Custom of Roman Children, wear-

ing

What Free-born Man, who, tho' of mungrel Strain,
 Wou'd twice support the Scorn, and proud Disdain;
 With which those Idols you adore, the Great,
 Their wretched Vassals and Dependants treat?
 O Slaves most abject! you still gaping sit,
 Devouring with your Eyes each pleasing Bit;
 Now sure we Parasites at last shall share
 That Boar, and now that Wild-fowl, or that Hare;
 Thus you expecting gaze, with your Teeth set;
 With your Bread ready, and your Knives well whet;
 Demure and silent; but, alas! in vain;
 He mocks your Hunger, and derides your Pain.
 If you can bear all this, and think him kind,
 You well deserve the Treatment which you find.
 At last thou wilt beneath the Burthen bow;
 And, glad, receive the maiming Blow,
 On thy shav'd slavish Head; mean while attending
 Worthy of such a Treat, and such a Friend.

*ing for Distinction of their Quality,
 the Bulla aurea or Corsacca.*
 have translated them according to
 the Intent and Sense of the Poet,
 without Allusion to these Customs;
 which being unknown to most En-
 glish Readers, would have only made
 the Translation as obscure as the Or-
 ginal.

as Of so many Indignities.

as I know the Commentators give

*another Sense of these last Lines,
 but I take them to allude to the man-
 ner of the Maiming of Slaves,
 which was done by giving them a
 Thrust or Blow in the Head, betwixt
 the Ear, or the Fore-ear, with the Point
 of a Vindicta, and thus the Maim-
 ing with the Tibulus, which
 at last, will be glad to be discharg'd
 from the Slavery of attending, when
 he finds such Days.*

JUVE

JUVENAL.
THE
SIXTH SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Satyr, of almost double Length to any of the rest, is a bitter Invective against the fair Sex. 'Tis, indeed, a Common-place, from whence all the Moderns have notoriously stoln their sharpest Raileries. In his other Satyrs, the Poet has only glanc'd on some particular Women, and generally scourg'd the Men. But this he reserv'd wholly for the Ladies. How they had offended him I know not: But upon the whole Matter he is not to be excus'd for imputing to all, the Vices of some few amongst them, Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of the Creation: Neither do I know what Moral he could reasonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole Sex, if all had been true which he alledges against them: for

for that had been to put an End to human Kind. And to bid us beware of their Artifices, is a kind of silent Acknowledgment, that they have more Wit than Men, which turns the Satyr upon us, and particularly upon the Poet; who thereby makes a Compliment, where he meant a Libel. If he intended only to exercise his Wit, he has forfeited his Judgment, by making the one half of his Readers his mortal Enemies; And amongst the Men, all the happy Lovers, by their own Experience, will disprove his Accusations. The whole World must allow this to be the Wittiest of his Satyrs; and truly he had Need of all his parts, to maintain with so much Violence, so unjust a Charge. I am satisfied he will bring but few over to his Opinion: And on that Consideration chiefly I ventur'd to translate him. Tho' there wanted not another Reason, which was, that no one else would undertake it. At least, Sir C. S. who could have done more Right to the Author, after a long Delay, at length absolutely refus'd so ungrateful an Employment: And every one will grant, that the Work must have been imperfect and lame, if it had appear'd without one of the Principal Members belonging to it. Let the Poet therefore bear the Blame of his own Invention; and let us satisfy the World,

World, that I am not of his Opinion. Whatever his Roman Ladies were, the English are free from all his Imputations. They will read with Wonder and Abhorrence, the Vices of an Age, which was the most Infamous of any on Record. They will bless themselves when they behold those Examples related of Domitian's Time: They will give back to Antiquity those Monsters it produc'd: And believe with Reason, that the Species of those Women is extinguisb'd; or at least, that they were never here propagated, I may safely therefore proceed to the Argument of a Satyr, which is no way related to them: And first observe, that my Author makes their Lust the most Heroic of their Vices: The rest are in a manner but Digression. He skims them over; but he dwells on this: when he seems to have taken his last Leave of it, on the sudden he returns to it. 'Tis one Branch of it in Hippia, another in Messalina, but Lust is the main Body of the Tree. He begins with this Text in the first Line, and takes it up with Intermissions to the End of the Chapter. Every Vice is a Loader, but that's a Ten. The Fillers, or intermediate Parts, are their Revenge; their Contrivances of secret Crimes; their Arts to hide them; their Wit to excuse them; and their Impudence to own them, when
T they

they can no longer be kept secret. Then
 the Persons to whom they are most addi-
 ed; and on whom they commonly bestow
 the last Favors: As Stage-Players, Fiddlers,
 Singing-Boys, and Fencers. Those who pass
 for Chast amongst them, are not really so;
 but only for their vast Dowries, are rather
 suffer'd, than lov'd by their own Husbands.
 That they are Imperious, Domineering,
 Scolding Wives: Set up for Learning and
 Criticism in Poetry; but are false Judges.
 Love to speak Greek (which was then the
 Fashionable Tongue, as French is now with
 us) That they plead Causes at the Bar, and
 play Prizes at the Bear-Garden. That
 they are Gossips and News-Mongers: Wan-
 gle with their Neighbors abroad, and beat
 their Servants at Home. That they Lie-in
 for new Faces once a Month, are stuttish
 with their Husbands in private; and
 Paint and Dress in Public for their Lo-
 vers. That they deal with Jews, Divi-
 ners, and Fortune-tellers: Learn the Arts
 of Miscarrying, and Barrenness. Buy Chil-
 dren, and produce them for their own.
 Murder their Husbands Sons, if they
 stand in their Way to his Estate; and make
 their Adulterers his Heirs. From hence
 the Poet proceeds to shew the Occasions of
 all these Vices, their Original, and how
 they

they were introduc'd in Rome, by Peace,
Wealth, and Luxury. In Conclusion, if we
will take the Word of our malicious Au-
thor; Bad Women are the general standing-
Rule; and the Good, but some few Excep-
tions to it.

IN Saturn's Reign, at Nature's early Birth,

There was that Thing call'd Chastity on Earth;
When in a narrow Cave, their common Shade,
The Sheep, the Shepherds, and their Gods were laid;
When Reeds and Leaves, and Hides of Beasts were spread;
By Mountain-Huswives, for their homely Bed,
And mossy Pillows rais'd, for the rude Husband's Head,
Unlike the Niceness of our modern Dames,
(Affected Nymphs with new-affect'd Names;
The Cythra's and the Lesbians of our Years;
Who for a Sparrow's Death dissolve in Tears,
Those first unpolish'd Matrons, big and bold,
Gave suck to Infants of Gigantic Mold;
Rough as their savage Lords who tang'd the Wood,
And ¹ fat with Acorns belch'd their windy Food,
For when the World was buxom, fresh and young,
Her Sons were undebauch'd, and therefore strong;
And whether born in kindly Beds of Earth,
Or struggling from the teeming Oaks to Birth,
Or from what other Atoms they begun,
No Sires they had, or if a Sire the Sun,
Some thin Remains of Chastity appear'd
Ev'n ² under Jove, but Jove without a Beard;

¹ In the Golden Age; when Sa-
turn reign'd.

² Acorns were the Bread of Man-
kind, before Corn was found.

³ When Jove had driven his Fa-
ther into Banishment, the Silver-
Age began, according to the Fable,

Before the servile *Greeks* had learn'd to swear
 By Heads of Kings; while yet the bounteous Year
 Her common Fruits in open Plains expos'd,
 Ere Thieves were fear'd, or Gardens were enclos'd.
 At length & uneasy Justice upwards flew,
 And both the Sisters to the Stars withdrew;
 From that old *Era* Whoring did begin,
 So venerably Ancient is the Sin.
 Adult'ers next invade the Nuptial State,
 And Marriage-Beds creak'd with a Foreign Weight;
 All other Ills did Iron-Times adorn;
 But Whores and Silver in one Age were born.
 Yet thou, they say, for Marriage dost provide:
 Is this an Age to buckle with a Bride?
 They say thy Hair the Curling Art is taught,
 The Wedding-Ring perhaps already bought:
 A sober Man like thee to change his Life?
 What Fury wou'd possess thee with a Wife?
 Art thou of every other Death bereft,
 No Knife, no Ratsbane, no kind Halter left?
 (For ev'ry Noose compar'd to her's is cheap)
 Is there no City-Bridge from whence to leap?
 Would'st thou become her Drudge, who dost enjoy
 A better sort of Bedfellow, thy Boy?
 He keeps thee not awake with nightly Brawls,
 Nor with a begg'd Reward thy Pleasure palls;
 Nor with insatiate Heavings calls for more,
 When all thy Spirits were drain'd out before.
 But still *Ursidius* courts the Marriage-Bait,
 Longs for a Son to settle his Estate,
 And takes no Gifts, tho' ev'ry gaping Heir
 Would gladly grease the rich old Batchelor.

* The Poet makes Justice and fled to Heaven together, and left
 Chastity Sisters; and says, that they the Earth for ever.

What.

What Revolution can appear so strange,
 As such a Leecher, such a Life to change?
 A rank, notorious Whoremaster, to choose
 To thrust his Neck into the Marriage-Noose!
 He who so often in a dreadful Fright
 Had in a Coffin 'scap'd the jealous Cuckold's Sight,
 That he to Wedlock dosingly betray'd,
 Should hope in this lewd Town, to find a Maid!
 The Man's grown mad: To ease his frantic Pain,
 Run for the Surgeon; breath the middle Vein:
 But let a Heifer with gilt Horns be led
 To Juno, Regent of the Marriage-Bed,
 And let him ev'ry Deity adore,
 If his new Bride prove not an arrant Whore
 In Head and Tail, and ev'ry other Pore.
 On ³ Ceres Feast, restrain'd from their Delight.
 Few Matrons there, but curse the tedious Night:
 Few whom their Fathers dare salute, such Lust
 Their Kisses have, and come with such a Gust.
 With Ivy now adorn thy Doors, and Wed;
 Such is thy Bride, and such thy genial Bed.
 Think'st thou one Man is for one Woman meant?
 She, sooner with one Eye wou'd be content.

And yet, 'tis nois'd, a Maid did once appear
 In some small Village, tho' Fame says not where:
 'Tis possible; but sure no Man she found;
 'Twas desert, all, about her Father's Ground:
 And yet some lustful God might there make bold;
 Are ⁴ Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?
 Many a fair Nymph has in a Cave been spread,
 And much good Love, without a Feather-Bed.

3 Ceres Feast. When the Ro-
 man Women were forbidden to bed
 with their Husbands.

4 Jove and Mars. Of whom
 were fornicating Stories are told them
 of any of The other Gods.

Whither woud'st thou to chuse a Wife resort,
The Park, the Mall, the Play-house, or the Court?
Which Way soever thy Adventures fall,
Secure alike of Chastity in all.

One sees a Dancing-Master cap'ring high,
And raves, and pisses, with pure Ecstasie:
Another dos, with all his Motions, move,
And gapes, and grins, as in the Feat of Love:
A third is charm'd with the new Opera-Notes,¹
Admires the Song, but on the Singer dotes:
The Country-Lady in the Box appears,
Softly she warbles over all she hears;
And sucks in Passion, both at Eyes and Ears.

The rest, (when now the long Vacation's come,
The noisy Hall and Theatres grown dumb)
Their Mem'ries to refresh, and cheer their Hearts,
In borrow'd Breeches act the Players Parts.
The poor, that scarce have wherewithal to eat,
Will pinch, to make the Singing-Boy a Treat.
The Rich, to buy him, will refuse no Price;
And stretch his Quail-pipe till they crack his Voice:
'Tragedians, acting Love, for Lust are sought:
(Tho' but the Parrots of a Poets Thought.)
The Pleading Lawyer, tho' for Counsel us'd,
In Chamber-Practice often is refus'd.
Still thou wilt have a Wife, and father Heirs;
(The product of concurring Theatres.)
Perhaps a Fencer did thy Brows adorn,
And a young Sword-man to thy Lands is born.

Thus Hippia loath'd her old Patrician Lord,
And left him for a Brother of the Sword:
To wondring ⁷ Pharos with her Love she fled,
To shew one Monster more than *Afric* bred:

⁷ She fled to Egypt: which wonder'd at the enormity of her Crime.

Forgetting

Forgetting House and Husband, left behind,
 Ev'n Children too; she sails before the Wind;
 False to 'em all, but constant to her Kind.
 But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,
 She cou'd the Play-house and the Players leave.
 Born of rich Parentage, and nicely bred,
 She lodg'd on Down, and in a Damask-Bed;
 Yet daring now the Dangers of the Deep,
 On a hard Matress is content to sleep.
 Ere this, 'tis true, she did her Fame expose:
 But that, great Ladies with great Ease can lose.
 The tender Nymph cou'd the rude Ocean bear:
 So much her Lust was stronger than her Fear.
 But had some honest Cause her Passage prest,
 The smallest Hardship had disturb'd her Breast:
 Each Inconvenience makes their Virtue cold:
 But Woman-kind, in Ills, is ever bold.
 Were she to follow her own Lord to Sea,
 What Doubts and Scruples wou'd she raise to stay?
 Her Stomach sick, and her Head giddy grows;
 The Tar and Pitch are nauseous to her Nose.
 But in Love's Voyage nothing can offend;
 Women are never Sea-sick with a Friend.
 Amidst the Crew, she walks upon the Boards;
 She eats, she drinks, she handles every Cord:
 And, if she spews, 'tis thinking of her Lord.
 Now ask, for whom her Friends and Fame she lost;
 What Youth, what Beauty cou'd th' Adulteress boast?
 What was the Face, for which she cou'd sustain
 To be call'd Mistress to so base a Man?
 The Gallant, of his Days had known she best:
 Deep Scars were seen indented on his Breast;
 And all his batter'd Limbs requir'd their needful Rest.
 A Promontory Wen, with grievous Grace,
 Stood high, upon the Handle of his Face:

His blear Eyes ran in Gutters to his Chin:
 His Beard was Stubble, and his Cheeks were thin:
 But 'twas his Fencing did her Fancy move:
 Tis Arms and Blood and Cruelty they Love.
 But shou'd he quit his Trade, and sheath his Sword;
 Her Lover wou'd begin to be her Lord.

This was a private Crime; but you shall hear
 What Fruits the Sacred Brows of Monarchs bear:
 The good old Sluggard but began to shone,
 When from his side up rose th' Imperial Whores:
 She who preferr'd the Pleasures of the Night
 To Poms, that are but impotent Delight:
 Strode from the Palace, with an eager Face,
 To cope with a more masculine Embrace:
 Muffled she march'd, like *Juno* in a Cloud,
 Of all her Train but one poor Wench allow'd,
 One whom in secret Service she cou'd trust;
 The Rival and Companion of her Lust.
 To the known Brothel-House she takes her Way,
 And for a nasty Room gives double Pay;
 That Room in which the rankest Harlot lay.
 Prepar'd for Fight, expectingly she lies,
 With heaving Breasts and with desiring Eyes:
 Still as one drops, another takes his place,
 And baffled still succeeds to like Disgrace.
 At length when friendly Darkness is expir'd,
 And ev'ry Strumpet from her Cell retir'd,
 She lags behind, and lingering at the Gate,
 With a repining Sigh submits to Fate:
 All Filth without, and all a Fire within,
 Th'd with the Toll, unsated with the Sin,
 Old *Caesar's* Bed the modest Matron seeks;
 The Steam of Lamps still hanging on her Cheeks

*He tells the famous Story of Messalina, Wife to the Emperor
 Claudius.*

In ropy Smut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the Product of the Night.

Now should I sing what Poisons they provide;
With all their Trumpery of Charms beside;
And all their Arts of Death: it would be known
Lust is the smallest Sin the Sex can own.

Cassius still, they say, is guiltless found
Of ev'ry Vice, by her own Lord renown'd:

And well she may, she brought ten thousand Pound:
She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaste;

His Tongue is ty'd in golden Fetters fast:
He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry Hour;

Who wou'd not do as much for such a Dower?
She writes Love-Letters to the Youth in Grace;

Nay, tips the Wink before the Cuckold's Face;
And might do more: Her Portion makes it good;

Wealth ⁹ has the Privilege of Widowhood.

These Truths with his Example you disprove,
Who with his Wife is monstrously in Love;

But know him better, for I heard him swear,
'Tis not that she's his Wife, but that she's fair.

Let her but have three Wrinkles in her Face,
Let her Eyes lessen, and her Skin unbrace,

Soon you will hear the sawcy Steward say,
Pack up with all your Trinkets, and away;

You grow offensive both at Bed and Board:
Your Betters must be had to please my Lord.

Mean time she's absolute upon the Throne:

And knowing Time is precious, loses none:

She must have Flocks of Sheep, with Wool more fine
Than Silk, and Vineyards of the noblest Wine:

⁹ Wealth has the Privilege, | who brings a large Dowry may do
Or. His Meaning is, that a Wife | what she pleases, and has all the
Privileges of a Widow.

Whole

Whole Drove of Pages for her Train she craves;
 And sweeps the Prisons for attending Slaves.
 In short, whatever in her Eyes can come,
 Or others have abroad, she wants at Home.
 When Winter shuts the Seas, and fleecy Snows
 Make Houses white, she to the Merchant goes;
 Rich Chrystals of the Rock she takes up there,
 Huge *Agat* Vases, and old *China-Ware*:
 Then *io* *Berenice's* Ring her Finger proves,
 More pretious made by her incestuous Loves:
 And infamously dear: A Brother's Bribe,
 Ev'n Gods Anointed, and of *Judah's* Tribe:
 Where barefoot they approach the sacred Shrine,
 And think it only Sin to feed on Swine.

But is none worthy to be made a Wife
 In all this Town? Suppose her free from Strife,
 Rich, Fair, and Fruitful, of unblemish'd Life;
 Chast as the *Sabines*, whose prevalling Charms
 Dismiss'd their Husbands, and their Brothers Arms;
 Grant her, besides, of Noble Blood that ran
 In ancient Veins, ere Heraldry began:
 Suppose all these, and take a Poet's Word,
 A black Swan is not half so rare a Bird.
 A Wife, so hung with Virtues, such a Freight,
 What mortal Shoulders cou'd support the Weight?
 Some Country-Girl, scarce to a Court'sey bred,
 Wou'd I much rather than *ii* *Cornelia* wed:
 If Supercilious, Haughty, Proud, and Vain,
 She brought her Father's Triumphs, in her Train.

io A Ring of great Price which
 Herod Agrippa gave to his Sister
 Berenice. He was the King of the
 Jews, but Tributary to the Ro-
 mans.

ii *Cornelia*, Mother to the
 Gracchi, of the Family of the
 Cornellii; from whence Scipio the
 African was descended, who tri-
 umph'd over Hannibal.

Away

away with all your *Carthaginian* State,
 let vanquish'd *Hannibal* without-doors wait,
 too burly and too big to pass my narrow Gate:
 O 12 *Pæan*, cries *Amphion*, bend thy Bow
 Against my Wife, and let my Children go:
 But sullen *Pæan* shoots at Sons and Mothers too.
 His *Niobe* and all his Boys he lost;
 Ev'n her, who did her num'rous Offspring boast,
 As fair and fruitful as the Sow that carry'd,
 The 13 thirty-Pigs at one large Litter farrow'd
 What Beauty or what Chastity can bear
 So great a Price, is stately and severe
 She still insults, and you must still adore;
 Grant that the Money's much, the Gail is more.
 Upbraided with the Virtues she displays,
 Seven Hours in twelve, you loath the Wife you praise:
 Some Faults, tho' small, intolerable grow;
 For what so nauseous and affected too,
 As those that think they due Perfection want,
 Who have not learnt to lisp the *Grecian* Cant:
 In *Greece* their whole Accomplishments they seek;
 Their Fashion, Breeding, Language, must be *Greek*;
 But raw, in all that does to *Rome* belong,
 They scorn to cultivate their Mother-Tongue.
 In *Greek* they flatter, all their Fears they speak,
 Tell all their Secrets; nay, they Scold in *Greek*:
 Ev'n in the Feat of Love, they use that Tongue,
 Such Affectations may become the Young;
 But thou, old Hag, of Threescore Years and Three,
 Is shewing of thy Parts in *Greek* for thee?

12 He alludes to the known Fa-
 mles of *Niobe* in *Ovid*. *Amphi-*
 on was her Husband: *Pæan* is
 Apollo, who with his Arrows
 kill'd her Children, because she boast-
 ed that she was more fruitful than

Latona, Apollo's Mother.

13 He alludes to the white Sow
 in *Virgil*, who farrow'd thirty
 Pigs.

14 Women then learnt *Greek*,
 as pors speak *French*.

(See Sat. p. 146) All those tender Words
 The momentary trembling Bliss affords,
 The kind soft Murmurs of the private Sheets
 Are Bawdy, while thou speak'st in public Streets.
 Those Words have Fingers; and their Force is such,
 They raise the Dead, and mount him with a Touch.
 But all Provocatives from thee are vain:
 No Blandishment the slacken'd Nerve can strain.

If then thy Lawful Spouse thou canst not Love,
 What Reason shou'd thy Mind to Marriage move?
 Why all the Charges of the Nuptial-Feast,
 Wine and Dainties, and Sweet-meats to digest;
 Th' endowing Gold that buys the dear Delight,
 Giv'n for their first and only happy Night;
 If thou art thus uxoriously inclin'd,
 To bear thy Bondage with a willing Mind,
 Prepare thy Neck, and put it in the Yoke:
 But for no Mercy from thy Woman look.
 For tho', perhaps, she loves with equal Fires,
 To absolute Dominion she aspires:
 Joys in the Spoils, and triumphs o'er thy Purse;
 The better Husband makes the Wife the worse.
 Nothing is thine to give, or sell, or buy,
 All Offices of antient Friendship die;
 Nor hast thou Leave to make a Legacy.
 By 13 thy imperious Wife thou art bereft
 A Privilege, to Pimps and Panders left;
 Thy Testament's her Will; where she prefers
 Her Ruffians, Drudges, and Adulterers,
 Adopting all thy Rivals for thy Heirs.

Go 16 drag that Slave to Death: 17 Your Reason, why
 Shou'd the poor Innocent be doom'd to die?

13 All the Romans, even the
 most inferior, and most infamous
 sort of them, had the Power of
 making Wills.

16 Go drag that Slave, &c.
 These are the Words of the Wife.
 17 Your Reason why, &c.
 The Answer of the Husband.

When

What Proofs? For, when Man's Life is in Debats,
The Judge can ne'er too long deliberate.

Call'st thou that Slave a Man? the Wife replies;
Prov'd, or unprov'd the Crime, the Villain dies.

I have the Sovereign Pow'r to save or kill;
And give no other Reason, but my Will.

Thus the She-Tyrant reigns, till pleas'd with Change,

Her wild Affections to new Empires range;

Another Subject-Husband she desires.

Divorc'd from him, she to the first retires,

While the last Wedding-Feast is scarcely o'er,

And Garlands hang yet green upon the Door.

So still the Reck'ning rises; and appears

In total Sum, eight Husbands in five Years.

The Title for a Tomb-stone might be fit;

But that it wou'd too commonly be writ.

Her Mother living, hope no quiet Day;

She sharpens her, instructs her how to Flea

Her Husband bare, and then divides the Prey,

She takes Love-Letters, with a crafty Smile,

And, in her Daughter's Answer, mends the Sill.

In vain the Husband sets his watchful Spies;

She cheats their Cunning, or she bribes their Eyes.

The Doctor's call'd; the Daughter taught the Trick,

Pretends to faint; and in full Health is sick.

The panting Stallion, at the Closter-Door,

Hears the Consult, and wishes it were o'er.

Can'st thou, in Reason, hope, a Bawd so known,

Shou'd teach her other Manners than her own?

Her Int'rest is in all th' Advice she gives:

'Tis on the Daughter's Rents the Mother lives.

No Cause is try'd at the litigious Bar,

But Women Plaintiffs or Defendants are.

Call'st thou that Slave a Man? The Wife again

They

They form the Process, all the Briefs they write;
The Topics furnish, and the Pleas indite;
And teach the toothless Lawyer how to bite.

They turn Virago's too; the Wrestler's Toil
They try, and smear their naked Limbs with Oil;
Against the Post their wicker Shields they crush,
Flourish the Sword, and at the Plastron push.

Of ev'ry Exercise the mannish Crew,
Fulfil the Parts, and oft excels us too;
Prepar'd not only in feign'd Fights r' engage,
But rout the Gladiators on the Stage.

What Sense of shame in such a Breast can lie,
Inur'd to Arms, and her own Sex to fly?

Yet to be wholly Man she wou'd disclaim;
To quit her tenfold Pleasure at the Game,
For frothy Praises and an empty Name.

Oh what a decent Sight 'tis to behold
All thy Wife's Magazine by Auction sold!

The Belt, the crested Plume, the several Suits
Of Armor, and the Spanish-Leather Boots:

Yet these are they, that cannot bear the Heat
Of figur'd Silks, and under Sarcenet sweat.

Behold the strutting *Amazonian* Whore,

She stands in Guard with her right Foot before:

Her Coats tuck'd up; and all her Motions just,

She stamps, and then cries Ha! at ev'ry Thrust;

But laugh to see her tir'd with many a Bout,

Call for the Pot, and like a Man piss out.

The Ghosts of antient Romans, should they rise,

Wou'd grin to see their Daughters play a Prize.

Besides, what endless Brawls by Wives are bred:

The Curtain-Lecture makes a mournful Bed.

Then, when she has thee sure within the Sheets,

Her Cry begins, and the whole Day repeats:

Conscious of Crimes her self, she teizes first;

Thy Servants are accus'd; thy Whore is curs'd;

She acts the Jealous, and at Will she cries:
 For Women's Tears are but the Sweat of Eyes:
 Poor Cuckold-Fool, thou think'st that Love sincere,
 And suck'st between her Lips the falling Tear:
 But search her Cabinet, and thou shalt find
 Each Tiller there with Love-Epistles lin'd.
 Suppose her taken in a close Embrace,
 This you wou'd think so manifest a Case,
 No Rhetoric cou'd defend, no Impudence out-face:
 And yet ev'n then she cries, the Marriage-Vow
 A mental Reservation must allow;
 And there's a silent Bargain still imply'd,
 The Parties shou'd be pleas'd on either side:
 And both may for their private Needs provide.
 Tho' Men your selves, and Women as you call,
 Yet *Homo* is a common Name for all.
 There's nothing bolder than a Woman caught;
 Guilt gives 'em Courage to maintain their Fault.

You ask from whence proceed these monstrous Crimes?
 Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former times,
 Our Matrons were: No Luxury found Room
 In low-roof'd Houses, and bare Walls of Lome;
 Their Hands with Labor harden'd while 'twas Light,
 And frugal Sleep supply'd the quiet Night,
 While pinch'd with Want, their Hunger held 'em straight:
 When ¹⁹ *Hannibal* was hovering at the Gate:
 But wanton now, and lolling at our Ease,
 We suffer all th' invertebrate Ills of Peace,
 And wastful Riot: whose destructive Charms
 Revenge the vanquish'd World of our victorious Arms.
 No Crime, no lustful Postures are unknown;
 Since Poverty our Guardian-God, is gone:

¹⁹ A famous Carthaginian Captain, who was upon the point of conquering the Romans.

Trade, Laziness, and all luxurious Arts,
 Pour like a Deluge in, from foreign Parts:
 Since Gold obscene, and Silver found the Way,
 Strange Fashions with strange Bullion to convey,
 And our plain simple Manners to betray.

What care our drunken Dames to whom they spread?
 While no Distinction makes of Tail or Head,
 Who lewdly dancing at a Midnight-Ball,
 For hot Eringoes and fat Oysters call:
 Full Brimmers to their fuddled Noses thrust;
 Brimmers, the last Provocatives of Lust.
 When Vapors to their swimming Brains advance,
 And double Tapers on the Tables dance.

Now think what bawdy Dialogues they have,
 What *Tullia* talks to her confiding Slave,
 At Modesty's old Statue; when by Night
 They make a stand, and from their Litters light:
 The good-Man early to the Levee goes,
 And treads the nasty Paddle of his Spouse.

The Secrets of the 20 Goddess nam'd the Good,
 Are ev'n by Boys and Barbers understood:

Where the rank Matrons, dancing to the Pipe,
 Jig with their Bums, and are for Action ripe;
 With Music rais'd, they spread abroad their Hair;
 And toss their Heads like an enamor'd Mare;
Lausilla lays her Garland by, and proves

The mimic Lechery of manly Loves.
 Rank'd with the Lady, the cheap Sinner lies;
 For here not Blood, but Virtue, gives the Prize.
 Nothing is feign'd in this venereal Strife;
 'Tis downright Lust, and acted to the Life.
 So full, so fierce, so vigorous, and so strong,
 That, looking on, wou'd make old 21 Nestor young.

20 The good Goddess *At* 21 Nestor. Who lived three
 whose Feast no Men were to be pre- hundred Years.
 sent,

Impatient

Impatient of Delay, a general Sound,
An universal Groan of Lust goes round;
For then, and only then, the Sex sincere is found.
Now is the Time of Action; Now begin,

They cry, and let the lusty Lovers in.
The Whoresons are asleep; then bring the Slaves,
And Watermen, a Race of strong-back'd Knaves.

I wish, at least, our sacred Rites were free
From those Pollutions of Obscenity;
But 'tis well known: what Singer, how disguis'd,
A lewd audacious Action enterpris'd;

Into the Fair, with Women mixt, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed Instrument;

A grateful Present to those holy Choirs,
Where the Mouses guilty of his Sex, retire;
And ev'n Male-Pictures modestly are veil'd;
Yet no Profaneness on that Age prevail'd;
No Scoffers at Religious Rites are found;
Tho' now, at ev'ry Altar they abound.

I hear your cautious Counsel, you wou'd say,
Keep close your Women under Lock and Key;
But, who shall keep those Keepers? Women must
In Craft; begin with those, and bribe them first.
The Sex is all turn'd Whore; and love the Game;
And Mistresses and Maids are both the same,

The poor *Ogubala*, on the Poet's Day,
Will borrow Clothes, and Chair, to see the Play;
She, who before had mortgag'd her Estate;
And pawn'd the last remaining Piece of Plate,
Some are reduc'd their utmost shifts to try;
But Women have no shame of Poverty,

22 He alludes to the Story of
P. Claudius, who, disguis'd in the
Habit of a Singing-Woman, went
into the House of Caesar, where

the Feast of the good Goddess was
celebrated, to find an Opportunity
with Caesar's Wife Pompeia.

They live beyond their Stint; as if their store
 The more exhausted, would encrease the more;
 Some Men, instructed by the Lab'ring Art,
 Provide against th' Extremities of Want;
 But Womankind, that never know a mean,
 Down to the Dregs their sinking Fortune drain:
 Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and weary;
 And think no Pleasure can be bought too dear.

There are who in soft Eunuchs place their Bliss;
 To shun the Scrubbing of a bearded Kiss;
 And 'scape Abortion; but their solid Joy,
 Is ²³ when the Page, already past a Boy,
 Is capon'd late; and to the Gelder shewn,
 With his two Pounders to Perfection grown.
 When all the Navel-string cou'd give, appears:
 All but the Beard, and that's the Barber's Loss, not theirs.
 Seen from a far, and famous for his Ware,
 He struts into the Bath, among the Fair:
 Th' admiring Crew to their Devotions fall:
 And, kneeling, on their New ²⁴ Priapus call:
 Kerv'd for his Lady's Use, and with her lies;
 And let him drudge for her, if thou art wise,
 Rather than trust him with thy fav'rite Boy;
 He proffers Death, in proffering to enjoy.

If Songs they love, the Singer's Voice they force:
 Beyond his Compass, 'till his Quail-Pipe's hoarse;
 His Lute and Lyre, with their Embrace is worn;
 With Knots they trim it, and with Gems adorn:
 Run over all the Strings, and Kiss the Case;
 And make Love to it, in the Master's Place.
 A certain Lady once of high Degree,
 To *Jane* vow'd, and *Vesta's* Deity.

²³ He takes Women with their when they are already at the Age
 leaving Eunuchs, who can get no use of Manhood.
 Children; but adds, that they only ²⁴ The God of Lust.
 love such Eunuchs as are Gelded.

That

That ²⁵ *Pollio* might, in Singing, win the Prize;
Pollio the Dear, the Darling of her Eyes;
 She pray'd, and brib'd; what cou'd she more have done;
 For a sick Husband, or an only Son;
 With her Face vail'd, and heaving up her Hands,
 The shameless Suppliant at the Altar stands;
 The Forms of Pray'r she solemnly pursues;
 And pale with Fear, the offer'd Incense views.
 Answer, ye Pow'rs: For, if you heard her Vow,
 Your Godships, sure, had little else to do.
 This is not all; for ²⁶ *Actors*, they implore
 An Impudence not known to Heav'n before.
 Th' ²⁷ *Aruspex*, tir'd with this religious Rout,
 Is forc'd to stand so long, he gets the Gout;
 But suffer not thy Wife abroad to roam,
 If she loves Singing, let her sing at Home;
 Nor strut in Streets, with *American* Pace;
 For that's to cuckold thee before thy Face.

Their endless Itch of News comes next in Play;
 They vent their own; and hear what others say.
 Know what in *Thrace*, or what in *France* is done;
 Th' Intrigues betwixt the Stepdam, and the Son.
 Tell who loves who, what Favours some partakes,
 And who is jilted for another's sake.
 What pregnant Widow, in what Month was made;
 How oft she did, and doing, what she said.
 She, first, beholds the raging Comet rise;
 Knows whom it threatens, and what Lands destroy.
 Still for the newest News she lies in wait;
 And takes Reports, just entering at the Gate.
 Wrecks, Floods, and Fires; whatever she can meet,
 She spreads; and is the Fame of every Street.

²⁵ A famous Singing-Boy.

²⁶ That such an Actor whom
²⁷ He who instructs the Animals
 of the Sacrifice, and from whose
 foretells the Successor.

This

This is a Grievance; but the next is worse;
 A very Judgment, and her Neighbors Curse:
 For, if their Barking Dog disturb her Ease,
 No Pray'r can bind her, no Excuse appease.
 Th' unmanner'd Malefactor is arraign'd;
 But first the Master, who she Gaur maintain'd,
 Must feel the Scourge: By Night she leaves her Bed,
 By Night her bathing Equipage is led,
 That marching Armies a less Noise creates;
 She moves in Tumult, and she sweats in States:
 Mean-while, her Guests their Appetites must keep;
 Some gape for Hunger, and some gasp for Sleep.
 At length she comes, all flush'd, but ere she sup,
 Swallows a swimming Preparation-Cup;
 And then to clear her Stomach, spews it up.
 The Deluge-Vomit all the Floor o'erflows,
 And the sour Savor nauseates ev'ry Nose.
 She drinks again; again she spews a Lake;
 Her wretched Husband sees, and dares not speak;
 But mutters many a Curse against his Wife;
 And damns himself for chusing such a Life.

But of all Plagues, the greatest is untold;
 The Book-learn'd Wife in *Greek* and *Latin* bold,
 The Critic-Dame, who at her Table sits:
Homer and *Virgil* quotes, and weighs their Wits;
 And pities *Dido's* agonizing Fits;
 She has so far th' Ascendant of the Board;
 The prating-Pedant puts not in one Word:
 The Man of Law is Non-plust in his Sute;
 Nay, ev'ry other Female Tongue is mute.
 Hammers, and beating Anvils, you wou'd swear,
 And *Vulcan* with his whole Militia there.

As The God of Smiths.

Tabon

Tabors ²⁹ and Trumpets cease ; for she alone
 Is able to redeem the lab'ring Moon.
 Ev'n Wit's a Burthen, when it talks too long :
 But she who has no Continnence of Tongue,
 Should walk in Breeches, and shou'd wear a Beard ;
 And mix among the Philosophic Herd.
 O what a midnight Curse has he, whose Side
 Is pester'd with a ³⁰ Mood and Figure-Bridel !
 Let mine, ye Gods ! (if such must be my Fate)
 No Logic learn, nor History translate ;
 But rather be a quiet, humble Fool :
 I hate a Wife to whom I go to School,
 Who climbs the Grammar-Tree, distinctly knows
 Where Noun, and Verb, and Participle grows ;
 Corrects her Country-Neighbor, and a-bed,
 For breaking ³¹ Priscian's, breaks her Husband's Head,

The gawdy Gossip, when she's set agog,
 In Jewels dress'd, and at each Ear a Bob,
 Goes flaunting out, and in her trim of Pride,
 Thinks all she says or dos, is justify'd.
 When poor, she's scarce a tolerable Evil ;
 But rich and fine, a Wife's a very Devil !

She duly, once a Month, renews her Face ;
 Mean time, it lies in Dawb, and hid in Grease ;
 Those are the Husband's Nights ; she craves her due,
 He takes fat Kisses, and is stuck in Glue.
 But to the lov'd Adult'rer when she steers,
 Fresh from the-Bath, in Brightrness she appears :

²⁹ The Antients thought that with such Sounds they could bring the Moon out of her Eclipse.
³⁰ A Woman who has learn'd Logic.
³¹ A Woman-Grammarian ; who corrects her Husband for speaking false Latin, which is call'd breaking Priscian's Head.

For him the rich *Arabia* sweats her Gum;
 And precious Oils from distant *Indies* come;
 How haggardly so'er she looks at Home,
 Th' Eclipse then vanishes; and all her Face
 Is open'd, and restor'd to ev'ry Grace,
 The Crust remov'd, her Cheeks as smooth as Silk;
 Are polish'd with a Wash of Asses Milk;
 And shou'd she to the farthest North be sent,
 A Train ³² of these attend her Banishment,
 But hadst thou seen her plaister'd up before,
 'Twas so unlike a Face, it seem'd a Sore.

'Tis worth our while, to know what all the Day
 They do, and how they pass their Time away.
 For, if o'er-night the Husband has been slack,
 Or counterfeited Sleep, and turn'd his Back,
 Next day, be sure, the Servants go to wrack.
 The Chamber-maid and Dresser, are call'd Whores;
 The Page is stript, and beaten out of Doors.
 The whole House suffers for the Master's Crime:
 And he himself is warn'd, to wake another time.

She hires Tormentors by the Year; she treats
 Her Visitors, and talks; but still she beats.
 Beats while she paints her Face, surveys her Gown;
 Casts up the Day's Account, and still beats on:
 Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous Tone,
 She bids 'em, in the Devil's Name, be gone.
 Compar'd with such a proud, insulting Dame,
Sicilian ³³ Tyrants may renounce their Name.
 For, if she hastes abroad, to take the Air,
 Or goes to *Isis*' Church (the Bawdy-house of Pray'r)
 She hurries all her Handmaids to the Task;
 Her Head, alone, will twenty Dressers ask.

³² A Train of these. That to a Proverb in Latin for their Cruelty.

³³ Sicilian Tyrants, are grown

Phas, the Chief, with Breast and Shoulders bare,
Trembling, considers ev'ry sacred Hair;
If any Stragler from his Rank be found,
A Pinch must, for the Mortal Sin, compound
Pleas is not in Fault; But in the Glass,
The Dame's offended at her own ill Face.
The Maid is banish'd; and another Girl
More dextrous, manages the Comb and Curl;
The next are summon'd on a Point so nice;
And first, the grave old Woman gives Advice.
The next is call'd, and so the turn goes round,
As each for Age, or Wisdom, is renown'd:
Such Counsel, such deliberate Care they take,
As if her Life and Honor lay at stake,
With 3 + Curls on Curls, they build her Head before,
And mount it with a formidable Tow'r.
A Giantess she seems; but look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pigmy-Kind.
Duck-legg'd, short-waisted, such a Dwarf she is,
That she must rise on Tip-toes for a Kiss.
Mean-while, her Husband's whole Estate is spent:
He may go bare, while she receives his Rent.
She minds him not; She lives not as a Wife,
But like a bawling Neighbor full of Strife:
Near him, in this alone, that she extends
Her Hate to all his Servants, and his Friends.
Bellona's Priests, an Eunuch at their Head,
About the Streets a mad Procession led;
The 35 Venerable Gelding, large, and high,
O'erlooks the Herd of his inferior Fry.
His awkward Clergy-men about him prance;
And beat the Timbrels to their Mystic Dance.

34 This dressing up the Head so High, which we call a Tow'r, was an
35 Bellona's Priests were a sort of Fortune-tellers, and the High-
priest an Eunuch.

Gull.

Guiltless of Teficles, they tear their Throats,
 And squeak, in Treble, their unmanly Notes.
 Mean-while, his Cheeks the mitted Prophet swells,
 And dire Presages of the Year foretells.
 Unless with Eggs (his Priestly Hire) they haste
 To expiate, and avert th' Autumnal Blast.
 And ³⁶ add beside a murry-color'd Vest,
 Which, in their Places, may receive the Pest:
 And, thrown into the Flood, their Crimes may bear,
 To purge th' unlucky Omens of the Year.
 Th' astonisht Matrons pay, before the rest:
 That Sex is still obnoxious to the Priest.

Thro' ye they beat, and plunge into the Stream,
 If so the God has warn'd 'em in a Dream.
 Weak in their Limbs, but in Devotion strong,
 On their bare Hands and Feet they crawl along
 A whole Field's length, the Laughter of the Throng,
 Shou'd so (th' Priest's sweet) command
 A Pilgrimage of *Morie's* burning Sand,
 Thro' Deserts they wou'd seek the secret Springs,
 A Holy Water for Lustration bring.
 How can they pay their Priests too much Respect,
 Who trade with Heav'n, and earthly Gains neglect,
 With him, domestic Gods discourse by Night,
 By Day, attended by his Choir in White,
 The Bald-pate Tribe runs madding thro' the Street,
 And smile to see with how much Ease they Cheat.
 The ghostly Sire forgives the Wife's Delights,
 Who sins, thro' Frailty, on forbidden Nights,
 And tempts her Husband in the Holy Time,
 When Carnal Pleasure is a Mortal Crime.

36 And add besides, &c. *and that, they thought, bore all the*
Garment was given to the Priest, Sins of the People, which were
which he threw into the River; drown'd with it.

The Sweating Image shakes his Head, but he
 With mumbled Pray'rs atones the Deity.
 The pious Priesthood the fat Goose receive,
 And they once brib'd, the Godhead must forgive.
 No sooner these remove, but full of Fear,
 A Gypſie-Jewels whispers in your Ear,
 And begs an Alms: an High-Priest's Daughter ſhe,
 Vers'd in their *Talmud*, and Divinity.
 And prophecies beneath a ſhady Tree.
 Her Goods a Basket, and old Hay her Bed,
 She ſtrouls, and Telling Fortunes gains her Bread:
 Farthings, and ſome ſmall Monies are her Fees;
 Yet ſhe interprets all your Dreams for theſe.
 Foretels th' Eſtate, when the rich Uncle dies,
 And ſees a Sweet-heart, in the Sacrifice.
 Such Toys, a Pidgeon's Intrals can diſcloſe:
 Which yet th' *Armenian* Augur far outgoes:
 In Dogs, a Victim more obſcene, he rakes;
 And murder'd Infants for Inſpection takes:
 For Gain, his impious Practice he purſues;
 For Gain will his Accomplishe accuſe.
 More Credit, yet, is to *Chaldeans* giv'n;
 What they foretel, is deem'd the Voice from Heav'n.
 Their Answers, as from *Hammon's* Altar, come;
 Since now the *Daphnian* Oracles are dumb,
 And Mankind, ignorant of future Fate,
 Believes what fond *Aſtrogers* relate.
 Of theſe, the moſt in Vogue is he, who ſent
 Beyond Seas, is return'd from Banishment;
 His Art who to *Otho* aſpiring *Oſes* ſold;
 And ſure Succeſſion to the Crown foretold.
 For his Eſteem is in his Exile plac'd;
 The more believ'd, the more he was diſgrac'd.

17 *Chaldeans* are thought to be the *Empire*; which was foretold
 have been the firſt *Aſtrogers*. him by an *Aſtrogger*.

18 *Otho* ſucceeded *Galba* in

No Astrologic Wizard Honor gains,
Who has not oft been banish'd, or in Chains.
He gets Renown, who, to the Halter near,
But narrowly escapes, and buys it dear.

From him your Wife enquires the Planets Will,
When the black *Jannides* shall her Mother kill:
Her Sister's and her Uncle's End, you'd know:
But, first, consults his Art, when you shall go.
And, what's the greatest Gift that Heav'n can give,
If, after her, th' Adulterer shall live.

She neither knows nor cares to know the rest;
If *Mars* and *Saturn* shall the World infest;
Or *Jove* and *Venus* with their Friendly Rays,
Will interpose, and bring us better Days.

Beware the Woman too, and shun her Sight,
Who in these Studies does her self delight,
By whom a greasie Almanack is born,
With often handling, like chaf'd Amber worn:
Not now consulting, but consulted, she
Of the Twelve Houses, and their Lords, is free.
She, if the Scheme a fatal Journey show,
Stays safe at home, but lets her Husband go.
If but a Mile she travel out of Town,
The Planetary Hour must first be known,
And lucky Moment; if her Eye but akes
Or itches, its Decumbiture she takes.
No Nourishment receives in her Disease,
But what the Stars and *Ptolomy* shall please.
The middle Sort, who have not much to spare,
To Chiro-mancer's cheaper Art repaire,
Who clap the pretty Palm, to make the Lines more fair.

*39 Mars and Saturn are the
two unfortunate Planets; Jupiter
and Venus, the two Fortunate,*

*40 Ptolomy, a Famous Astro-
loger, an Egyptian.*

But the rich Matron, who has more to give,
Her Answers from the ⁴¹ Brachman will receive:
Skill'd in the Globe and Sphere, he gravely stands,
And, with his Compass, measures Seas and Lands:

The Poorest of the Sex, have still an Trick
To know their Fortunes, equal to the Rich.
The Dairy-maid enquires, if she shall take
The trusty Taylor; and the Cook forsake.

Yet these, tho' poor, the Pain of Child-bed bear;
And without Nurses, their own Infants rear:

You seldom hear of the rich Mantle spread
For the Babe born in the great Lady's Bed:

Such is the Pow'r of Herbs; such Arts they use
To make them barren, or their Fruit to loose.

But thou, whatever Slops she will have bought,
Be thankful, and supply the deadly Draught:
Help her to make Man-slaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for Savin at her Need.

For if she holds 'till her nine Months be run,
Thou may'st be Father to ⁴² an *Aethiop's* Son:

A Boy, who ready gotten to thy Hands,
By Law is to inherit all thy Lands:

One of that Hue, that shou'd he cross the Way,
His ⁴³ Omen wou'd discolor all the Day.

I pass the Foundling by; a Race unknown,
At Doors expos'd, whom Matrons make their own:

⁴¹ The Brachmans are Indian Philosophers, who remain to this Day; and hold, after Pythagoras, the Translation of Souls from one Body to another.

⁴² His meaning is, help her to any kind of Slops, which may cause her to miscarry; for fear she may be brought to Bed of a

Blackmoor, which then, being her Husband, are bound to father; and that Bastard may by Law inherit thy Estate.

⁴³ The Romans thought it ominous to see a Blackmoor in the Morning, if he were the first Man they met.

And into noble Families advance
 A nameless Issue, the blind Work of Chance.
 Indulgent Fortune does her Care employ,
 And, smiling, broods upon the naked Boy :
 Her Garment spreads, and laps him in the Fold,
 And covers with her Wings, from nightly Cold :
 Gives him her Blessing, puts him in a Way ;
 Sets up the Farce, and laughs at her own Play.
 Him she promotes ; she favors him alone,
 And makes Provision for him, as her own.

The craving Wife, the Force of Magic tries,
 And Philtres for th' unable Husband buys :
 The Potion works not on the Part design'd ;
 But turns his Brains, and stupifies his Mind.
 The sotted Moon-Calf gapes, and staring on,
 Sees his own Bus'ness by another done :
 A long Oblivion, a benumbing Frost,
 Constrains his Head ; and Yesterday is lost :
 Some nimbler Juice wou'd make him foam and rave,
 Like that 44 *Cassius* to her *Caius* gave :
 Who, plucking from the Forehead of the Vole
 His Mother's Love, infus'd it in the Bowl :
 The boiling Blood ran hissing in his Veins,
 Till the mad Vapor mounted to his Brains.
 The 45 Thund'r'er was not half so much on Fire,
 When *Juno's* Girdle kindled his Desire.
 What Woman will not use the pois'ning Trade,
 When *Cesar's* Wife the Precedent has made ?

44 *Cassius, Wife to Caius*
Caligula, the great Tyrant : 'Tis
said she gave him a Love-Potion,
which flying up into his Head, di-
fracted him ; and was the Occasion
of his committing so many Acts of
Cruelty.

45 *The Story is in Homer ;*
where Juno borrow'd the Girdle of
Venus, call'd Cestus ; to make
Jupiter in love with her, while
the Grecians and Trojans were
fighting, that he might not help the
latter.

Let 46 *Agrippina's* Mushroom be forgot;
Giv'n to a slav'ring, old, unuseful Sot;
That only clos'd the driv'ling Dotard's Eyes,
And sent his Godhead downward to the Skies.
But this fierce Potion calls for Fire and Sword:
Nor spares the Commons, when it strikes the Lord
So many Mischiefs were in one combin'd;
So much one single Pois'ner cost Mankind.

If Stepdams seek their Sons-in-law to kill,
'Tis venial Trespas; let them have their Will:
But let the Child, entrusted to the Care
Of his own Mother, of her Bread beware:
Beware the Food she reaches with her Hand;
The Morfel is intended for thy Land.
Thy Tutor be thy Taster, ere thou eat;
There's Poison in thy Drink, and in thy Meat.

You think this feign'd; the Satyr in a Rage
Struts in the Buskins of the Tragic Stage,
Forgets his Bus'nese is to laugh and bite;
And will of Deaths and dire Revenges write.
Wou'd it were all a Fable, that you read;
But 47 *Drymon's* Wife pleads guilty to the Deed.
I (she confesses) in the Fact was caught,
Two Sons dispatching, at one deadly Draught.
What, Two! Two Sons, thou Viper, in one Day,
Yes, Sev'n, she cries, if Sev'n were in my Way.

Medea's 48 Legend is no more a Lye;
One Age adds Credit to Antiquity.

46 *Agrippina* was the Mother
of the Tyrant *Nero*, who poison'd
her Husband *Claudius*, that *Nero*
might succeed, who was her
Son, and not *Britannicus*, who
was the Son of *Claudius*, by a
former Wife.

47 The Widow of *Drymon* poi-

son'd her Sons, that she might
succeed to their Estate: This was
done either in the Poet's Time; or
just before it.

48 *Medea*, out of Revenge; to
Jason who had forsaken her, kill'd
the Children which she had by him.

Great Ills, we grant, in former Times did reign,
 And Murthers then were done; but not for Gain.
 Less Admiration to great Crimes is due,
 Which they thro' Wrath, or thro' Revenge, pursue,
 For, weak of Reason, impotent of Will,
 The Sex is hurry'd headlong into Ill:
 And, like a Cliff from its Foundation torn,
 By raging Earthquakes, into Seas is born.
 But those are Friends, who Crimes from Thought begin:
 And cool, in Mischief, meditate the Sin.
 They read th' Example of a pious Wife,
 Redeeming, with her own, her Husband's Life.
 Yet, if the Laws did that Exchange afford,
 Would save their Lap-Dog sooner than their Lord.

Where e'er you walk, the 49 *Belides* you meet;
 And 50 *Clytemnestra's* grow in ev'ry Street:
 But here's the Difference; *Agamemnon's* Wife
 Was a gross Butcher, with a bloody Knife;
 But Murther, now, is to Perfection grown:
 And subtle Poisons are employ'd alone:
 Unless some Antidote prevents their Arts,
 And lines with Balsam all the noble Parts:
 In such a Case, reserv'd for such a Need,
 Rather than fail, the Dagger does the Deed.

49 *The Belides, were fifty Sisters, marry'd to fifty young Men, their Cousin-Germans; and kill'd them all on their Wedding-Night, excepting Hypermnestra, who sav'd* her Husband *Lirus.*
 50 *Clytemnestra, the Wife of Agamemnon, who in favor to her Adulterer Egystheus, was consenting to his Murther.*

J U V E N A L

JUVENAL.

THE

SEVENTH SATYR.

By Mr. CHARLES DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Hope and Encouragement of all the Learned is only repos'd in Cæsar; whether in Domitian, Nerva, or Trajan, is left doubtful by the Poet. The Nobility, which in Reason ought to patronize Poetry, and reward it, are now grown sordidly Covetous, and think it enough for them barely to praise Writers, or to write ill Verses themselves. This gives Occasion to our Author, to lament likewise the hard Fortune and Necessities of other Arts, and their Professors; particularly Historians, Lawyers, Rhetoricians, and Grammarians.

On

ON *Cæsar* all our Studies must depend:

For *Cæsar* is alone the Muses Friend:

When now the celebrated Wits, for Need,
Hire Bagnio's, to the Cryer's Trade succeed,
Or get their own, by Baking others Bread;
Or by the Porter's Lodge, with Beggars, wait
For greasie Fragments at the great Man's Gate.
'Tis better, so; if thy Poetic Fob
Refuse to pay an Ordinary's Club;
And much more Honest, to be hir'd, and stand
With Auctionary Hammer in thy Hand,
Provoking to give more, and knocking thrice
For the sold Household-Stuff, or Picture's Price;
Exposing Play-Books, full of Eustian Lines,
Or the dull Libraries of dead Divines.

Ev'n this is better, tho' 'tis hardly got,
Than be a perjur'd Witness of a Plot,
To swear he saw three Inches thro' a Door,
As Asiatic Evidences swore;
Who hither coming, out at Heels and Knees,
For this had Pensions, Titles, and Degrees.

Henceforward, let no Poet fear to starve;
Cæsar will give, if we can but deserve.
Tune all your Lyres, the Monarch's Praise invites
The lab'ring Muse, and vast Rewards excites:
But if from other Hands than his, you think
To find Supply, 'tis Loss of Pen and Ink:
Let Flames on your unlucky Papers prey,
Or Moths thro' written Pages eat their Way;
Your Wars, your Loves, your Praises be forgot,
And make of all an universal Blot.

The Muses Ground is barren Desert all,
If no Support from *Cæsar's* Bounty fall;
The rest is empty Praise, an Ivy Crown,
Or the lean Statue of a starv'd Renown.

A Statue erected in Honor of a Poet.

FOR

For now the cunning Patron never pays,
 But thinks he gives enough in giving Praises;
 Extols the Poem, and the Poet's Vein,
 As Boys admire the Peacock's gaudy Train:
 Mean-while thy Manhood, fit for Toils and Wars,
 Patient of Seas, and Storms, and Household-Cares,
 Ebbs out apace, and all thy Strength impairs.
 Old-Age, with silent pace, comes creeping on,
 Nauseates the Praise, which in her Youth she won;
 And hates the Muse, by which she was undone.

The Tricks of thy base Patron now behold,
 To spare his Purse, and save his darling Gold;
 In his own Coin the starving Wit he treats;
 Himself makes Verses, which himself repeats;
 And yields to *Homer* on no other Score,
 Than that he liv'd a thousand Years before.
 But if to Fame alone thou dost pretend;
 The Miser will his empty Palace lend;
 Set wide his Doors, adorn'd with plated Rafts,
 Where Doves, as at a City-Gate, may pass;
 A spacious Hall afford thee, to rehearse,
 And send his Clients to applaud thy Verse;
 But not one Farthing to defray the Costs
 Of Carpenters, the ² Pulpit, and the Posts.

House-room that costs him nothing, he bestows;
 Yet still we scribble on, tho' still we lose.
 We drudge, and cultivate with Care a Ground,
 Where no Return of Gain was ever found:
 The Charms of Poetry our Souls bewitch;
 The Curse of Writing is an endless Itch.

But he whose noble Genius is allow'd,
 Who with stretch'd Pinions soars above the Croud;
 Who mighty Thought can cloath with manly Dress,
 He, whom I fancy, but can ne'er express:

a Pulpit, in which the Poet rehears'd.

Such

Such, such a Wit, tho' rarely to be found,
Must be secure from Want, if not abound.
Nice is his Make; impatient of the War,
Avoiding Bus'ness, and abhorring Care;
He must have Groves, and lonely Fountains chuse,
And easie Solitides to bait his Muse;
Unvex'd with Thought of Wants, which may betide;
Or for to-morrow's Dinner to provide.

Horace ⁵ ne'er wrote but with a rossi Cheek,
His Belly pamp'erd, and his Sides were sleek.

A Wit should have no Care, or this alone,
To make his rising Numbers justly run.

Phæbus and Bacchus, those two jolly Gods,
Bear not starv'd Poets to their blest Abodes.

'Tis not for hungry Wit, with Wants controul'd,
The Face of Jove in Council to behold:

Or fierce ⁴ Aleto, when her Brand she tosd,
Betwixt the Trojan and Rutillan Host.

If Virgil's Suit ⁵ Mecenas had not sped,

And sent ⁶ Alexis to the Poet's Bed;

The crested Snakes had dropt upon the Ground,

And the loud Trumpet languish'd in the Sound.

Yet we expect that ⁷ Lappa's Muse should praise,

As much as did immortal ⁸ Sophocles;

When he his Dishes and his Cloths had sent

To pawn, for Payment of a Quarrer's Rent;

His Patron ⁹ Numitor will Nothing lend,

Pleads Want of Money to his wretched Friend,

Yet can large Presents to his Harlot send;

³ A famous Poet, who was in great Favor with the Emperor Augustus Cæsar, by the Means of his Patron Mecenas.

⁴ One of the three Furies.

⁵ A Favorite to Augustus, and a great Patron of Poets.

⁶ Mecenas his Boy; with whom Virgil was in Love.

⁷ Rubrenus Lappa, a poor Tragic Poet.

⁸ An excellent Poet of Athens, who wrote Greek Tragedies.

⁹ A rich Nobleman of Rome.

can purchase a tame Lion, and can treat
The kingly Slave with sev'ral Sorts of Meat:
seems he thinks th' Expense is more, to feast
The famish'd Poet, than the hungry Beast.

Lucan 10, content with Praise, may lie at Ease
In costly Grotts, and Marble Palaces:

But to poor 11 *Bassus* what avails a Name;
To starve on Compliments, and empty Fame?

All Rome is pleas'd, when 12 *Statius* will rehearse,
And longing Crowds expect the promis'd Verse:

His lofty Numbers with so great a Gust
They hear, and swallow with such eager Lust;

But, while the common Suffrage crown'd his Cause,
And broke the Benches with their loud Applause:

His Muse had starv'd; had not a Piece unread,
And by a 13 Player bought, supply'd her Bread.

He could dispose of Honors, and Commands,
The Power of Rome was in an Actor's Hands.

The peaceful Gown, and military Sword:
The bounteous Play'r out-gave the pinching Lord,

And wouldst thou, Poet, rise before the Sun,
And to his Honor's lazy Leves run?

Stick to the Stage, and leave thy sordid Peer;
And yet, Heav'n knows, 'tis earn'd with Hardship there,

The former Age did one *Mecenas* see,
One giving Lord of happy Memory.

10 A great Poet, who was put
to Death by Nero, partly out of
Envy to his Poetry, partly, for be-
ing in a Plot with his Uncle Sene-
ca, and Piso.

11 Sulpicius Bassus, a poor Poet.

12 Statius, Surnam'd Papine-
us, a famous Poet in the Time of
Cesar Domitian.

13 Paris, a famous Actor; and
Favorite to Domitian; the Pa-
tron of Statius.

Then, then, 'twas worth a Writer's Pains to pine,
Look pale, and all ¹⁴ December taste no Wine.

Such is the Poet's Lot: What luckier Fate
Doe on the Works of grave Historians wait:
More Time they spend, in greater Toils engage;
Their Volumes swell beyond the thousandth Page:
For thus the Laws of History command;
And much good Paper suffers in their Hand.
What Harvest rises from this labour'd Ground?
Where they get Pence, a ¹⁵ Clerk can get a Pound.
A lazy Tribe, just of the Poet's Pitch,
Who think themselves above the growing Rich.

Next, shew me the well-lung'd ¹⁶ *Cicero's* Gain,
Who bears in Triumph an Artillery-Train
Of Chancery-Libels; opens the first Cause,
Then with a Pick-lock Tongue perverts the Laws:
Talks loud enough in Conscience for his Fee;
Takes Care his Client all his Zeal may see;
Twitch'd by the Sleeve, he mouths it more and more;
Till with white Froth his Gown is flaver'd o'er.
Ask what he gains by all this lying Frase,
A Captain's Plunder trebles his Estate.
The Magistrate assumes his awful Seat;
Stand forth ¹⁷ pale *Ajan*, and thy Speech repeat:
Assert thy Client's Freedom; bawl, and tear
So loud, thy Country-Judge at least may hear,
If not discern; and when thy Lungs are sore,
Hang up the ¹⁸ Victor's Garland at thy Door:
Ask for what Price thy venial Tongue was sold;
A rusty Gammon of some sev'n Years old;

¹⁴ The Romans celebrated their
great Holydays, called Saturnalia,
in December; when every one
drank freely; and the Slaves were,
in a manner, Masters.

¹⁵ Or rather a public Notary.

¹⁶ In those Times the Lawyers

got Noles.

¹⁷ Alluding to that of Ovid;
Confedere Duces, &c.

¹⁸ When an Orator had won a
Cause, a Garland was hung up be-
fore his Door,

Tough,

Tough, wither'd ¹⁹ *Treuffles*; rosy Wine, a Dish,
 Of shotten Herring, or stale stinking Fish.
 For four times Talking, if one piece thou take,
 That must be cantled, and the Judge go snack.
 'Tis true, ²⁰ *Emilius* takes a five-fold Fee,
 Tho' some plead better, with more Law than he:
 But then he keeps his Coach, six *Flanders* Marcos
 Draw him in State, whenever he appears:
 He shews his Statue too, where plac'd on high,
 The Ginnet underneath him seems to fly;
 While with a lifted Spear, in Armor bright,
 His aiming Figure meditates a Fight.
 With Arts like these, rich *Mathe*, when he speaks,
 Attacks all Fees, and little Lawyers breaks.
Tongillus, very poor, has yet an Itch
 Of gaining Wealth, by feigning to be rich;
 Baths often, and in State, and proudly vain,
 Sweeps thro' the Streets with a long dirty Train:
 From thence, with Lackeys running by his Side,
 High on the Backs of brawny Slaves will ride,
 In a long Litter, thro' the Market-place;
 And with a Nod the distant Rabble grace:
 Clad in a Gown, that glows with *Tyrian* Dye,
 Surveys rich Moveables with curious Eye,
 Beats down the Price, and threatens still to buy.
 Nor can I wonder at such Tricks as these:
 The purple Garments raise the Lawyers Fees,
 And sell him dearer to the Tool that buys;
 High Pomp and State are useful Properties.
 The Luxury of *Rome* will know no End;
 For still the less we have, the more we spend.

¹⁹ *Treuffles*, in English, call'd Ground-Chest-nuts, or Pignuts: *Onions*, or Scallions.
²⁰ *Emilius*, a rich Lawyer.
 But, perhaps, the Author means

Trust Eloquence to shew our Parts and Breedings;
 Not ²¹ *Tully* now cou'd get ten Groats by Pleadings;
 Unless the Diamond glitter'd on his Hand;
 Wealth's all the Rhet'ric Clients understand;
 Without large Equipage, and loud Expense,
 The Prince of Orators would scarce speak Sense.
Paulus ²², who with Magnificence did plead,
 Grew rich, while tatter'd *Gallus* begg'd his Bread.
 Who to poor *Bassius* his Cause would trust,
 Tho' ne'er so full of Pity, ne'er so just?
 His Clients, unregarded, claim their Due;
 For Eloquence in *Rags* was never true.
 Go, Wretch, thy Pleadings into ²³ *Afric* send;
 Or *France*, where Merit never needs a Friend.
 But oh! what Stock of Patience wants the Fool,
 Who wastes his Time and Breath in teaching School:
 To hear the Speeches of declaiming Boys,
 Deposing Tyrants with eternal Noise.
 Sitting or standing, still confin'd to roar
 In the same Verse, the same Rules o'er and o'er:
 What Kind the Speech, what Colors, how to purge
 Objections, state the Case, and Reasons urge.
 All would learn these; but at the Quarter-day,
 Few Parents will the Pedant's Labor pay.
 Pay, Sir! For what? The Scholar knows no more
 At six months End, than what he knew before:
 Taught, or untaught, the Dunce is still the same,
 Yet still the wretched Master bears the Blame.
 Once ev'ry Week, poor *Hannibal* is maul'd;
 The Theme is giv'n, and strait the Council's call'd,

²¹ *Marcus Tullius Cicero, the greatest Orator that ever Rome bred.*

²² *Paulus was a rich Lawyer, Bassius and Gallus were very poor.*

²³ *France and Africa were then famous for great Lawyers, and for Fees.*

Whether he should to *Rome* directly go,
To reap the Fruit of the dire 14 Overthrow;
Or into Quarters put his harass'd Men
'Till Spring returns, and take the Field again;
The murder'd Master cries, Would Parents hear
But half that Stuff which I am bound to bear,
For that Revenge I'll quit the whole Arrear.

The same Complaints most other Pedants make;
They plead real Causes, and the feign'd forsake:

23 *Medea's Poison, Jason's Perjury,*

And 26 *Phlœmela's Rape*, are all laid by;

Th' accusing 27 *Strophium* and th' Son accus'd;

But if my friendly Counsel might be us'd,

Let not the Learn'd this Course, or t'other try,

But, leaving both, profess plain Poverty;

And shew his 28 Tally for the Dole of Bread,

With which the Parish poor are daily fed:

Even that exceeds the Price of all thy Pains.

Now look into the Music-Master's Gains,

Where noble Youth at vast Expense is taught;

But Eloquence not valu'd at a Groat.

On sumptuous Baths the Rich their Wealth bestow.

Or some expensive airy Fortico;

Where safe from Showers they may be born in State,

And free from Tempests, for fair Weather wait:

24 *The Victory obtained by Hannibal at Cannæ; after which, if he had immediately attempted Rome, in all Probability he had carried it.*

25 *A notable Sorceress, Daughter of Æetes King of Colchos, and Wife to Jason, who left her afterwards, and married another.*

26 *Daughter of Pandion King of Athens, was ravish'd by Tereus King of Thrace, who cut out her Tongue that she might not disclose the Secret.*

27 *Phædra Wife of Theseus, who fell in Love with her Son-in-Law Hippolitus, and because she could not obtain her Ends of him, accus'd him to his Father that he would have forc'd her.*

28 *In any Dole made by the Emperor, or one of the City Magistrates, the poor Citizens had each a Tally given them; which they shew'd first, and then received their Proportion.*

Or rather not expect the clearing Sun,
Thro' Thick and Thin their Equipage must run;
Or staying, 'tis not for the Servants sake,
But that their Mules no Prejudice may take.

At the Walk's End, behold, how rais'd on high,
A Banquet-house salutes the southern Sky;
Where, from afar, the Winter-Sun displays
The milder Influence of his weaken'd Rays.

The Cook, and Sewer, each his Talent tries;
In various Figures Scenes of Dishes rise;
Besides, a Master-Cook, with greasie Fist,
Dives in luxurious Sauces to the Wrist.

Amidst this wastful Riot, there accrues
But poor ten Shillings for ²⁹ *Quintilian's* Dues:
For, to breed up the Son to common Sense,
Is evermore the Parents least Expence.

From whence then comes *Quintilian's* vast Estate?
Because he was the darling Son of Fate;
And Luck, in scorn of Merit, made him great.

Urge not th' Example of one single Man,
As rare as a white Crow, or sable Swan.

Quintilian's Fate was to be counted Wise,
Rich, Noble, Fair, and in the State to rise:

Good Fortune grac'd his Action, and his Tongue;

His Colds became him, and when hoarse he sung,

O, there's strange Difference, what Planets shed

Their Influence on the new-born Infant's Head!

'Tis Fate that flings the Dice; and as she flings,

Of Kings makes Pedants, and of Pedants Kings.

²⁹ *Quintilian, a famous Man of Galba, Domitian, and Trajan,*
both in Rhetoric and Oratory, and received his Salary out of the
Emperor's Treasury.

What made ³⁰ *Ventidius* rise, and ³¹ *Tullus* great,
 But their kind Stars, and hidden Pow'r of Fate?
 Few Pedagogues but curse the barren Chair;
 Like ³² *Him* who hang'd himself for meer Despair
 And Poverty; ³³ or *Him*, whom *Cains* sent
 For Liberty of Speech to Banishment.
 Ev'n *Socrates* in Rags at *Athens* taught,
 And wanted to ³⁴ defray the deadly Draught.
 In Peace, ye Shades of our great Grandfathers rest,
 No heavy Earth your sacred Bones molest;
 Eternal Spring, and rising Flow'rs adorn
 The Relicks of each venerable Urn,
 Who pious Rev'rence to their Tutors paid,
 As Parents honor'd, and as Gods obey'd.
Achilles ³⁵, grown in Stature, fear'd the Rod,
 And stood corrected at the Centaur's Nod;
 His tender Years in Learning did employ,
 And promis'd all the Hero in the Boy.
 The Scene's much alter'd in the modern School;
 The Boys of *Rufus* call their Master Fool;
 A just ³⁶ Revenge on him, who durst defame
 The Merit of immortal *Tully's* Name.
 But ask, what Fruit ³⁷ *Palemon's* Pains have earn'd,
 Or who has paid the Price of what he learn'd;

³⁰ *Ventidius Bassus*, was a Lieutenant to Marc Anthony; and the first who beat the Parthians in three Battels.

³¹ Here is meant *Tullus Servilius*, one of the Roman Kings.

³² *Thrasymachus*, a Rhetorician of Carthage, who hang'd himself by Reason of his Poverty.

³³ *Secundus Carinus*; who was banish'd from Rome, by the Emperor *Caligula*, for declaiming against Tyranny.

³⁴ When *Socrates* was con-

demn'd to dye by Poison, he wanted Money to pay for the Juice of Hemlock, which he was to drink; and desir'd one of his Friends to lay it down for him, and satisfy the Fees of the Executioner.

³⁵ The Son of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, who had *Chiron* the Centaur for his Tutor.

³⁶ *Rufus* call'd *Tully* an *Atabriga*; as if his Latin were barbarous and not truly Roman.

³⁷ A poor Grammarian, but of great Esteem.

Tho' Grammar-Profits less than Rhetoric are,
 Yet ev'n in those his Usher claims a Share;
 Besides, the Servants Wages must be paid:
 Thus of a little, still a less is made:
 As Merchants Gains come short of half the Mart,
 For he who drives their Bargains, dribs a Part.
 The covetous Father now includes the Night,
 And cov'nants, thou shalt teach by Candle-light:
 When puffing Smiths; and ev'ry painful Trade
 Of Handicrafts, in peaceful Beds are laid:
 Then thou art bound to smell on either Hand
 As many stinking Lamps, as School-Boys stand;
 Where *Horace* could not read in his own fully'd Book:
 And 39 *Virgil's* sacred Page is all besmear'd with Smoke.
 But when thou dun'st their Parents, seldom they
 Without a Suit before the 39 *Tribune* pay,
 And yer hard Laws upon the Master lay.
 Be sure he knows exactly Grammar-Rules,
 And all the best Histotians read in Schools;
 All Authors, ev'ry Poet to an Hair;
 That ask'd the Question, he may scarce despair,
 To tell who nurst 40 *Anchises*; or to name
Anchemolus's 41 *Stepmother*, and whence she came:
 How long 42 *Acestes* liv'd, what Stores of Wine
 He gave to the departing-Trojan Line.
 Bid him besides his daily Pains employ,
 To form the tender Manners of the Boy:

38 *Virgil*, *Servius's* Maro;
the Favorite Poet of Augustus Ce-
sar.

39 *Tribune*, Here it means
Tribunus Atrarius, who took Cog-
nizance only of Causes of less Mo-
ment, not the *Tribunus Plebis*,
as *Britannicus* imagin'd.

40 *Anchises*, was the Father of
Aneas, the Trojan, who was the
Founder of Rome.

41 *Anchemolus*, the Son of *Rha-
tus*, a King in Italy, ravish'd his
Stepmother, *Calpurnia*.

42 A King of Sicily; who kindly
entertain'd *Aneas* in his Voyage.

And work him, like a waxen Babe, with Art.
 To perfect Symmetry in ev'ry Part:
 To be his better Parent, to beware
 No young Obscenities his Strength impair,
 No mutual Filth; to mark his Hands and Eyes,
 Distorted with unnatural Ecstasies:
 This be thy Task; and yet for all thy Pains,
 At the Year's End expect no greater Gains,
 Than what ⁴³ a Fencer, at a Prize, obtains.

⁴³ The People were us'd at their Sword-plays, to gather Money for the Conqueror.

JUVE-



JUVENAL.

THE

EIGHTH SATYR.

By Mr. G. STEPNEY of Trinity-College
in Cambridge.

The ARGUMENT.

*In this Satyr, the Poet proves that Nobility
does not consist in Statues and Pedigrees,
but in Honourable and Good Actions: He
lashes Rubellius Plancus, for being Insolent,
by Reason of his High Birth; and lays down
an Instance that we ought to make the like
Judgment of Men, as we do of Horses, who
are valu'd rather according to their Personal
Qualities, than by the Race of whence
they came. He advises his Noble Friend
Ponticus*

Ponticus (to whom he dedicates the Satyr) to lead a virtuous Life, dissuading him from Debauchery, Luxury, Oppression, Cruelty, and other Vices, by his severe Censures on Lateranus, Damasippus, Gracchus, Nero, Cataline; and in Opposition to these, displays the Worth of Persons Meanly Born, such as Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius and the Decii.

The Translator of this Satyr industriously avoided imposing upon the Reader, and perplexing the Printer with tedious Common-place Notes; but finding towards the latter End many Examples of Noblemen who disgrac'd their Ancestors by vicious Practices, and of Men meanly Born, who ennobled their Families by virtuous and brave Actions, he thought some Historical Relations were necessary towards rendering those Instances more intelligible; which is all he pretends to by his Remarks. He wou'd gladly have left out the heavy Passage of the Mirmillo and Retiarius, which he honestly confesses he either does not rightly understand, or cannot sufficiently explain. If he has not confin'd himself to the strict Rules of Translation, but has frequently taken the Liberty of Imitating, Paraphrasing, or Reconciling the Roman Customs to our Modern Usage;

Usage; he hopes his Freedom is pardonable,
 since he has not us'd it, but when he found
 the Original flat, obscure, or defective; and
 where the Humor and Connexion of the
 Author might naturally allow of such a
 Change.

WHat's the Advantage, or the real Good,
 In tracing from the Source our ancient Blood?

To have our Ancestors in Paint or Stone,
 Preserv'd as Relicks, or, like Monsters shewn;
 The Brave *Amili*, as in Triumph plac'd,
 The virtuous *Curii*, half by Time defac'd;
Corvini, with a mould'ring Nose, that bears
 Injurious Scars, the sad Effects of Years;
 And *Galba* grinning without Nose or Ears?

Vain are their Hopes, who fancy to inherit
 By Trees of Pedigrees, or Fame, or Merit;
 Tho' plodding Heralds thro' each Branch may trace
 Old Captains and Dictators of their Race,
 While their Ill Lives that Family bely,
 And grieve the Brass which stands dishonor'd by.

'Tis meer Burlesque, that to our Gen'ral's Praise,
 Their Progeny immortal Statues raise,
 Yet (far from that old Gallantry) delight
 To game before their Images all Night,
 And steal to Bed at the Approach of Day,
 The Hour when these their Ensigns did display.

Why shou'd soft *Fabius* impudently bear
 Names gain'd by Conquests in the *Gallie* War?

Why

The Family of the *Fabii* were descended of Hercules (in Honor of whom the Romans built a Temple in the *Foro Boario*.) *Fabius* Maximus, in Remembrance of his Services in the Wars, against the People of *Provence*, *Languedoc*, *Dauphiny*, and other Provinces of France

Why lays he claim to *Heracles* his Strain,
Yet dares be Base, Effeminate and Vain?
The glorious Altar to that Hero built,
Adds but a greater Lustre to his Guilt,
Whose tender Limbs, and polish'd Skin disgrace
The grisly Beauty of his Manly Face;
And who by practising the dismal Skill
Of pois'ning, and such treach'rous Ways to kill,
Make his unhappy Kindred-Marble sweat,
When his degen'rate Head by theirs is set.

Long Galleries of Ancestors, and all
The Follies which ill grace a Country-Hall,
Challenge no Wonder or Esteem from me;
"Virtue alone is true Nobility.

Live therefore well: To Men and Gods appear,
Such as good ² *Paulus*, *Cassius*, *Drusus*, were;

And in thy Consular Triumphal Show,
Let These before thy Father's Statues go
Place 'em before the ³ *Ensigns of the State*,

As chusing rather to be Good than Great.
Convince the World that you're devout and true,
Be just in all you say, and all you do;

Whatever be your Birth, you're sure to be

A Peer of the first Magnitude to me:

Rome for your sake shall push her Conquests on,

And bring ⁴ new Titles home from Nations won,

To dignify so eminent a Son.

France (formerly known by the Name
of *Allobroges*) was surnam'd *Al-*
lobrogicus; which Title his Son
won'd have assumed, whom our
Author here censures, as a Man of
an Effeminate Person, a profligate
Life, and of dangerous Practices.

² Brave and virtuous Romans.

³ The Rods and Ax, which
were carried in Processions, as Badg-
es of the Consular Dignity.

⁴ Such as *Getulicus*, *Africa-*
nus, *Numantinus*, *Creticus*.

⁵ *Osiris*, for Teaching the *E-*

gyptians Husbandry, had a Tem-
ple built at *Memphis*; where he
was worship'd in the Shape of an
Ox, which the Priests used to drown
at a certain Age; and gave out,
their God was withdrawn, and ab-
sented himself for a few Days; du-
ring which time 'twas their Custom
to go Mourning and searching up
and down till they found another
Ox to supply his place, and then
they broke out with these Exclama-
tions, We have found him, let's
rejoyce. With

With your blest Name shall ev'ry Region sound;
 Loud as mad *Egypt*, when her Priests have found
 A new *Osiris*, for the *On* they drown'd.

But who will call those *Noble*, who deface,
 By meaner Acts, the Glories of their Race;
 Whose only Title to our Father's Fame
 Is couch'd in the dead Letters of their Name?

A Dwarf as well may for a Giant pass;
 A *Negro* for a *Swan*; a *Crook-back'd* Lame
 Be call'd *Europa*; and a *Cur* may bear
 The Name of *Tyger*, *Lion*, or whate'er
 Denotes the Noblest or the fiercest Beast:
 Be therefore careful, lest the World in jest
 Shou'd thee just so with the Mock-titles greet,
 Of *Camerinus*, or of conquer'd *Crete*.

To whom is this Advice and Censure due?

Rubellius Plancus, 'tis apply'd to you;

Who think your Person second to Divine,
 Because descended from the *Drusian* Line;

Tho' yet you no Illustrious A& have done,

To make the World distinguish *Julia's* Son

From the vile Offspring of a Trull who sits

By the Town-Wall, and for her Living knits.

You are poor *Rogues* (you cry) the baser *Scum*

And inconsiderable *Dregs* of *Rome*;

Who know not from what Corner of the Earth,

The obscure *Wretch*, who got you, stole his Birth:

Ah no, I derive from *Cecrops* — May your Grace

Live, and enjoy the Splendor of your Race —

Yet of these base *Plebeians* we have known

Some, who, by charming Eloquence, have grown

Great Senators, and Honors to that Gown:

Some at the Bar with Subtlety defend,

The Cause of an unlearned Noble Friend;

& The first King of Athens.

Or on the Bench the knotty Laws unite;
 Others their stronger Youth to Arms apply,
 Go to *Euphrates*,⁷ or those Forces join
 Which Garrison the Conquests near the *Rhine*.
 While you, *Rubellius*, on your Birth rely;
 Tho' you resemble your great Family.
 No more, than those rough Statues on the Road
 (Which we call *Mercuries*) are like that God:
 Your *Blockhead* tho' excels in this alone,
 You are a *Living Statue*, that of *Stone*.

Great Son of *Troy*, who ever prais'd a Beast
 For being of a Race above the rest,
 But rather meant his Courage, and his Force?
 To give an Instance ---- We commend a Horse-
 (Without regard of Pasture or of Breed)
 For his undaunted Mettle and his Speed;
 Who 7 wins most Plates with greatest Ease, and first
 Prints with his Hoofs his Conquest on the Dust.
 But if fleet *Dragon's* Progeny at last
 Proves jaded, and in frequent Matches cast,
 No Favor for the *Stallion* we retain,
 And no Respect for the degen'rate Strain:
 The worthless Brute is from *New-Market* brought,
 And at an under-rate in *Smithfield* bought,
 To turn a Mill, or drag a loaded Life,
 Beneath two Panniers, and a Baker's Wife.

That we may therefore you, not yours, admire
 First, Sir, some Honor of your own acquire;
 Add to that Stock, which justly we bestow
 On those *Bless'd Shades* to whom you all things owe.

This may suffice the haughty Youth to shame,
 Whose swelling Veins (if we may credit Fame)

⁷ I have taken the Liberty to give this Simile a Modern Air, because it happens to agree exactly with the Humour of our Author. (Admiring your Ancestors) *Rubellius Plancus*.

Burst almost with the Vanity and Pride,
That their rich Blood to Nero's is ally'd ;
The Rumor's likely ; for " We seldom find
" Much Sense with an exalted Fortune join'd.

But, *Ponticus*, I wou'd not you shou'd raise,
Your Credit by Hereditary Praise ;
Let your *own* Acts immortalize your Name ;

'Tis Poor relying on another's Fame ;
For, take the Pillars but away, and all
The Superstructure must in Ruin fall ;
As a Vine droops, when by Divorce remov'd
From the Embraces of the Elm she lov'd.

Be a good Soldier, or upright Trustee,
An Arbitrator from Corruption free,
And if a Witness in a doubtful Cause,
Where a brib'd Judge means to elude the Laws ;
Tho' *Phalaris* his *brazen Bull* were there,
And he wou'd dictate what he'd have you swear,
Be not so profligate, but rather chuse
To guard your Honor, and your Life to lose,
Rather than let your Virtue be betray'd ;
Virtue, the noblest Cause for which you're made.

" † Improperly we measure Life by Breath ;
" Such do not truly Live who merit Death ;
Tho' they their wanton Senses nicely please
With all the Charms of Luxury and Ease ;
Tho' mingled Flow'rs adorn their careless Brow,
And round 'em costly Sweets neglected flow,

Phalaris was a Tyrant of Agrigentum in Sicily ; to flatter whose Cruelty, *Perillus* invented a *Brazen Bull*, wherein People might be roasted alive, and their Cries were not unlike the Bellowsings of an *Ox* : But the Tyrant had the Justice to reward the Artizan as he deserv'd, by making him first in the Experiment.

† This and the seven following Verses are a sort of Paraphrase upon two Lines of the Original, which I was forced to enlarge, because the Sense of the Author is too lost and obscure.

as if they in their Funeral-State were laid,
 and to the World, as they're to Virtue, Dead.
 When ¹⁰ *You* the Province you expect, obtain,
 from Passion and from *Avarice* refrain;
 let our Associates Poverty provoke
 thy generous Heart not to encrease their Yoke,
 since Riches cannot rescue from the Grave,
 Which claims alike the Monarch and the Slave.
 To what the Laws enjoyn, Submission pay;
 and what the Senate shall command, obey;
 Think what Rewards upon the Good attend,
 and how those fall unpitied who offend:
Inter and *Capito* may Warnings be,
 Who felt the Thunder of the State's Decree,
 for robbing the *Citizens*, tho' they
 (Like lesser Pikes) only subsist on Prey.
 But what avails the Rigor of their Doom?
 Which cannot future Violence o'ercome,
 Nor give the miserable Province Ease,
 Since what one Plund'rer left, the next will seize.
Cherrippus ¹¹ then, in Time your self bethink,
 And what your Rags will yield by Auction sink;
 Ne'er put your self to Charges to complain
 Of Wrongs which heretofore you did sustain,
 Make not a Voyage to detect the Theft;
 'Tis mad to lavish what their Rapin left.
 When *Rome* at first our rich Allies subdu'd,
 From gentle Taxes noble Spoils accru'd;
 Each wealthy Province, but in part oppress'd,
 Thought the Loss trivial, and enjoy'd the rest.
 All Treasuries did then with Heaps abound;
 In ev'ry Wardrobe costly Silks were found;
 The least Apartment of the meanest House
 Cou'd all the wealthy Pride of Art produce;

¹⁰ (*Speaking to Ponticus.*) ¹¹ *Any poor Man, who is Oppress'd.*

Pictures which from ¹² *Parrhasius* did receive
 Motion and Warmth; and Statues taught to live;
 Some ¹³ *Polyclitus's*, some *Myron's* Work declar'd,
 In others *Phidias's* Master-piece appear'd;
 And crowding Plate did on the Cupboard stand,
 Emboss'd by curious ¹⁴ *Mentor's* artful Hand.
 Prizes like these Oppressors might invite,
 These ¹⁵ *Dolabella's* Rapin did excite,
 These ¹⁶ *Anthony* for his own Theft thought fit;
¹⁷ *Verres* for these did Sacrilege commit;
 And when their Reigns were ended, Ships full fraught
 The hidden Fruits of their Exaction brought,
 Which made in Peace a Treasure richer far,
 Than what is plunder'd in the Rage of War.

This was of Old; but our Confed'rates now
 Have nothing left but Oxen for the Plough,
 Or some few Mares reserv'd alone for Breed;
 Yet lest this provident Design succeed,
 They drive the Father of the Herd away,
 Making both *Stallion*, and his Pasture, Prey.
 Their Rapin is so abject and prophane,
 They nor from Trifles, nor from Gods refrain;
 But the poor *Lares* from the Niches seize,
 If they be little Images that please.

Such are the Spoils which now provoke their Theft,
 And are the Greatest; Nay they're all that's left.

Thus may ¹⁸ you ¹⁹ *Corinth*, or weak *Rhodes* oppress,
 Who dare not bravely, what they feel, redress:
 (For how can Pops thy Tyranny controul,
 " Smooth Limbs are Symptoms of a servile Soul)

¹² Famous Painters, Statua-
 ries, and other Artizans.

¹³ Prosecutors of Asia and Si-
 cily.

¹⁴ Returning to Ponticus,

¹⁵ The Inhabitants of these Pla-
 ces were effeminate, and easy to
 be enslav'd.

But trespass not too far on sturdy Spain,
Slavonia, France; thy Gripes from these restrain,
 Who with their ¹⁶ Sweat, *Rome's* Luxury maintain,
 And send us Plenty, while our wanton Day
 Is lavish'd at the Circus, or the Play.

For, shou'd you to Extortion be inclin'd,
 Your cruel Guilt will little Boory find,
 Since gleanings ¹⁷ *Marius* has already seiz'd
 All that from Sun-burnt *Africa* can be squeez'd.

But above all, "Be careful to with-hold
 "Your Tallons from the Wretched and the Bold;
 "Tempt not the Brave and Needy to Despair;
 "For, tho' your Violence shou'd leave 'em bare,
 "Of Gold and Silver, Swords and Darts remain,
 "And will revenge the Wrongs which they sustain;
 "The Plundred still have Arms."

Think not the Precept I have here laid down
 A fond, uncertain Notion of my own;
 No, 'tis a Sibyl's Leaf what I relate,
 As fixt and sure, as the Decrees of Fate.

Let none but Men of Honor you attend;
 Chuse him that has most Virtue for your Friend,
 And give no Way to any darling Youth
 To sell your Favor, and pervert the Truth.
 Reclaim your Wife from ströling up and down,
 To all Affixes, and through ev'ry Town.
 With Claws like Harpies, eager for the Prey;
 (For which your Justice, and your Fame will pay)
 Keep your self free from Scandals such as these;
 Then trace your Birth from ¹⁸ *Pious*, if you please;
 If he's too Modern, and your Pride aspire
 To seek the Author of your Being higher.

¹⁶ The People of *Africa*, who supply'd *Rome* with Corn.

¹⁷ *Marius* Priscus, ¹⁸ The first King of the Latins.

Chase any *Titan* who the Gods withstood,
To be the Founder of your antient Blood,
Prometheus, and that Race before the Flood,
Or any other Story you can find
From Heralds, or in Poets, to your mind.

But shou'd you prove Ambitious, Lustful, Vain,
Or cou'd you see with Pleasure and Disdain,
Rods broke on our Associates bleeding Backs,
And Heads-men lab'ring till they blunt their Ax:
Your Father's Glory will your Sin proclaim,
And to a clearer Light expose your Shame;
"For, still more public Scandal Vice extends,
"As he is great and noble who offends.

How dare *you* then your high Extraction plead?
Yet blush not when you go to forge a Deed,
In the same Temple which your Grandfire built;
Making his Statue privy to the Guilt.
Or in a Bawdy Masquerade are led
Muffled by Night to some polluted Bed.

Fat *Lateranus* does his Revels keep
Where his Fore-fathers peaceful Ashes sleep;
Driving himself a Chariot down the Hill,
And (tho' a Consul) links himself the Wheel;
To do him Justice, 'tis indeed by Night
Yet the Moon sees, and ev'ry smaller Light
Pries as a Witness of the shameful Sight:
Nay when his Year of Honor's ended soon
He'll leave that Nicety, and mount at Noon;
Nor blush shou'd he some grave Acquaintance meet,
But, (proud of being known) will Jerk and Greet:
And when his Fellow-Beasts are weary grown,
He'll play the Groom, give Oats, and rub 'em down.

19 The Poet in this Place speaks | but in general to any perjur'd &
neither to *Rubellus* nor *Ponticus*, | debauch'd *Noblemen*.

If after 20 *Numa's* Ceremonial way,
 He at *Jove's* Altar wou'd a Victim slay,
 To no clean Goddess he directs his Pray'rs,
 But by 21 *Hippona* most devoutly Swears,
 Or some rank Deity, whose filthy Face
 We suitably o'er stinking Stables place.

When he has run his Length, and dos begin
 To steer his Course directly for the Inn.

(Where they have watch'd, expecting him all Night);

A greasie *Syrian*, ere he can alight,
 Presents him Essence, while his courteous Host

(Well knowing nothing by good Breeding's lost)

Tags every Sentence with some sawning Word,

Such as *My King*, *My Prince*, at least *My Lord*;

And a tight Maid, ere he for Wine can ask,

Guesses his Meaning, and unrolls the Flask.

Some (Friends to Vice) industriously defend

These innocent Diversions, and pretend

That I the Tricks of Youth too roughly blame,

Alludging that, when young, we did the same.

I grant we did; yet when that Age was past,

The frolic Humor did no longer last;

We did not cherish and indulge the Crime;

What's foul in acting, shou'd be left in Time.

'Tis true, some Faults, of Course, with Childhood-end,

We therefore wink at Wags when they offend,

And spare the Boy, in Hopes the Man may mend.

But *Lateranus*, (now his vig'rous Age

shou'd prompt him for his Conntry to engage,

The Circuit of our Empire to extend,

And all our Lives, in *Caesar's* to defend)

20 *Numa Pompilius* (the second King of Rome the better to civilize the Savage Humor of the People, first introduced among them the Fear and Worship of the Gods, and instituted the Rites, and Ceremonies of Priests; Oaths, and Sacrifices.

21 *Hippona* was the Goddess of Jockies and Horses.

Mature

Mature in Riots, places his Delight
 All Day in plying Bumpers, and at Night
 Reels to the Bawds, over whose Doors are set
 Pictures and Bills, with *Here are Whores to Let*,
 Shou'd any desperate unexpected Fate,
 Summon all Heads and Hands to guard the State,
Cesar, send quickly to secure the *12* Port;
But where's the General? Where does he resort?
 Send to the Butler's; there you are sure to find
 The Bully match'd with Rascals of his Kind,
 Quacks, Coffin-makers; Fugitives and Sailors;
 Rooks, Common-Soldiers, Hangmen, Thieves and Tailors;
 With *Cybele's* Priests, who, weary'd with Processions,
 Drink there, and sleep with Knaves of all Professions;
 A friendly Gang; each equal to the best;
 And all, who can, have liberty to jest:
 One Flaggon walks the Round, (that none shou'd think
 They either change, or stint him of his Drink)
 And lest Exceptions may for Place be found,
 Their Stools are all alike, their Table round.

What think you, *Ponticus*, your self might do,
 Shou'd any Slave, so lewd, belong to you?
 No doubt, you'd send the Rogue in Fetters bound
 To work in *Bridewell*, or to plow your Ground:
 But, *Nobles*, you who trace your Birth from *Troy*,
 Think, you the great Prerogative enjoy
 Of doing Ill, by Virtue of that Race;
 As if what we esteem in Cobblers base,
 Wou'd the high Family of *Brutus* grace.

Shameful are these Examples, yet we find
 (To *Rome's* Disgrace) far worse than these behind:
 Poor *Damaspippus*, whom we once have known
 Flutt'ring with Coach and fix about the Town,

22. *Ostia, the Mouth of the River Tyber.*

Is forc'd to make the Stage his last Retreat,
 And pawns his Voice, the All he has, for Meats:
 For now he must (since his Estate is lost)
 Or represent, or be himself, a Ghost:
 And *Lentulus* acts Hanging with such Art,
 Were I a Judge, he shou'd not *sign* the Part.
 Nor wou'd I their vile Insolence acquit,
 Who can with Patience, nay Diversion, sit,
 Applauding my Lord's Buffoonry for Wit.
 And clapping Farces acted by the Court,
 While the Peers cuff, to make the Rabble sport:
 Or Hirelings, at a Prize, their Fortunes try:
 Certain to fall un pity'd if they die:
 Since none can have the favourable Thought
 That to obey a Tyrant's Will they fought,
 But that their Lives they willingly expose,
 Bought by the Prætors to adorn their Shows,

Yet say the Stage and Lifts were both in Sight,
 And you must either chuse to act or fight;
 Death never sure bears such a ghastly Shape,
 That a rank Coward basely wou'd escape.
 By playing a foul Harlot's jealous Tool,
 Or a feign'd *Andrew* to a real Fool.
 Yet a peer-Actor is no monstrous Thing,
 Since Rome has own'd a ²³ *Fidler* for a King:
 After such Pranks, the World it self at best
 May be imagin'd nothing but a Jest.

Go ²⁴ to the Lifts; where Feats of Arms are shown,
 There you'll find *Gracchus*, (from Patrician,) grown
 A Fencer and the Scandal of the Town.

Nor

²³ Meaning Nero, whom he
 censures severely in the Pages fol-
 lowing, Fig. 33.

²⁴ This Period is perplexed, and
 I fear will not be understood in our

Language, being only a Description
 of the Roman Gladiators, who
 were of two Sorts, and had differ-
 ent Names according to the Arms,
 and Habits they appear'd with; one
 fought

Nor will he the *Mirmillo's* Weapons bear;
 The *Adors'd* Helmet he disdains to wear;
 As *Retiarus* he attacks his Foe:
 First waves his *Trident* ready for the Throw,
 Next casts his *Net*, but neither levell'd right.
 He stares about expos'd to public Sight,
 Then places all his Safety in his Flight.
 Room for the noble Gladiator! See
 His Coat and Harband shew his Quality;
 Thus when at last the brave *Mirmillo* knew
 'Twas *Gracchus* was the Wretch he did pursue,
 To conquer such a Coward griev'd him more,
 Than if he many Glorious Wounds had bore.

Had ²⁵ we the Freedom to express our Mind,
 There's not a Wretch so much to Vice inclin'd,
 But will own ²⁶ *Seneca* did far excel
 His Pupil, by whose Tyranny he fell:

To

Fought with a Cymeter in his right Hand, a Target on his left Arm, and an Helmet on his Head; he was call'd Mirmillo, or Secuter. The other wore a short Coat without Sleeves, call'd Tunica; a Hat on his Head; he carried in his right Hand a Javelin fork'd like a Trident, call'd Fuscina; and on his left Arm a Net, in which he endeavor'd to catch his Adversary, and from thence was call'd Retiarus. The Meaning of the Poet is, to reprehend Gracchus (whom he had before rebuked in the second Satyr) for three Vices at once: For his Baseness, forasmuch as being a Nobleman he will condescend to fight upon the public Theatre: For his Impudence, in not chusing an Habitus, which might have kept him disguised, and hindered him from being known: And for his Cowardise

in running away.

²⁵ For the clearer understanding of what follows, it may be necessary to give a short Abridgment of *Nero's* Cruelties, Follies and End: which may be found at large in his Life, written by *Suetonius* and *Tacitus*, and in the Continuation which *Mr. Saville* has added to his Translation of the last of these Authors, by way of Supplement to what is wanting betwixt the *Annals*, and the *History*. But I shall only relate what I find mention'd in this Satyr, and shall begin with his Parricides.

²⁶ Upon Suspicion that *Seneca*, his Tutor had some Knowledge of the Conspiracy which *Piso* was carrying on against his Person, *Nero* laid hold on this Opportunity to rid himself of the uneasy Censurer of his Vices

To expiate whose complicated Guilt,
With some Proportion to the Blood he spilt,
Rome 27 shou'd more Serpents, Apes, and Sacks provide
Than one, for the compendious Parricide.

'Tis true 28 Orestes a like Crime did act;
Yet weigh the Cause, there's Difference in the Fact:

No

Vices, yet allow'd him the Liberty
of choosing the Manner of his Death.
Seneca was apprehensive of Pain,
and therefore desir'd to have his
Veins open'd, which he judg'd
might be the most easy and plea-
sant Method of Dying; but finding
it too tedious, he prevail'd with
his Friend and Physician, Annæ-
us Silius, to give him a Draught
of Poyson, which too operating ve-
ry slowly, by Reason his Veins were
exhausted, and his Limbs chill'd,
the Standers-by, to make quicker
Dispatch, smother'd him with the
Steam of a Bath. Juvenal not
unjustly places this Murder of Se-
neca among Nero's Parricides,
since a Tutor ought to be esteem'd
as a Civil Parent.

27 This bold Thought and Ex-
pression of Juvenal is grounded on
the Roman Laws, whereby Par-
ricides were condemn'd to be sow'd
up in a Bag (call'd Culeus) with a
Cock, a Monkey, a Serpent and a
Dog, and thrown together into the
Sea, or any Neighboring River.
This Punishment of Drowning in a
Sack is still us'd in several Parts
of Germany, but without the Com-
pany of those Creatures above men-
tion'd.

28 The Story of Orestes, (be-
twixt whom and Nero, Juvenal
wou'd draw a Parallel) is this:
his Mother Clytemnestra finding

her Husband Agamemnon was
return'd alive from the Siege of
Troy, and fearing he might re-
venge her Amours with Egysthe-
us, with whom she had lived in Ad-
ultery during her Husband's Ab-
sence, she thought the safest Way
might be to assassinate Agamem-
non, by the Help of Egystheus, at
his first Reception, and before he
could suspect such an Attempt. The
Manner how they dispatch'd him,
is reported differently. Some Au-
thors relate, that as he was chang-
ing his Elinin, he was stifled in a
Shirt sow'd together at the Neck.
But Homer in the 4th and 11th
Books of his Odyssey, where he de-
scribes this Murder, is of Juvenal's
Opinion, that he was kill'd at a
Banquet, when he still expected
such Treatment. Egystheus after
this Murder married Clytemne-
stra, and usurp'd the Kingdom of
Mycena, 7 Years: During which
time Orestes grew up to Man's
Estate, and by the Instigation of
his Sister Eleetra, and the Assis-
tance of some neighboring Princes,
march'd from Athens, destroy'd
and murder'd the Usurper; and
at last, under Pretence of being
Mad, slabb'd his Mother. Homer
(as well as our Author) justifies
this Revenge, as being undertaken
by the Advice of the Gods: And
Paterculus

He ²⁰ slew his Mother at the Gods Command,
 They bid him strike, and did direct his Hand;
 To punish Falshood, and appease the Ghost
 Of his poor Father treacherously lost,
 Just in the Minute when the flowing Bowl
 With a full Tide enlarg'd his chearful Soul,
 Yet kill'd he not his ²⁰ Sister, or his ²¹ Wife,
 Nor ²² aim'd at any near Relation's Life:
 Orestes, in the Heat of all his Rage,
 Ne'r ²³ play'd or sung upon a public Stage;

Paterculus infers, they must needs have approved the Action, since Orestes (after it) lived long, and reigned happily.

²⁹ Nero cou'd not suffer his Mother Agrippina, because of her encroaching on his Government, for which Reason he made frequent Attempts upon her Life, but without Success, till at last Anicetus his Bondman undertook to stab her, which she perceiving, and guessing by whose Orders he came, clapt her Hand upon her Belly, and bid him (with great Presence of Mind) strike there, supposing it deserv'd that Punishment for bearing such a Monster.

³⁰ He ordered his first Wife Octavia to be publicly executed, upon a false Accusation of Adultery, and kill'd his second Wife Poppæa, when she was big with Child, by a blow on the Belly.

³¹ Britannicus (his Brother by Adoption) was poison'd by his Orders, out of Jealousy lest he shou'd supplant him. And Antonia (Claudius's Daughter) was executed under Pretence of a Conspiracy, but in Truth because she refused to marry

Nero after the Death of Poppæa. ³² He caus'd Rufinus Crispinus, Son to Poppæa, to be drown'd as he was Fishing; and Anulus Plancus, a Relation of his Mother's, to be kill'd, because she was fond of him.

I need mention no more of these unnatural Murders, but go on to his other Extravagancies.

³³ He was Industrious to be esteem'd the best Musician of his Age, and at his Death regretted nothing more sensibly, than that the World shou'd lose so great a Master. To maintain this Reputation, he frequently condescended to act and sing upon the Theatre among the ordinary Comedians, and took a Journey to Greece on purpose to try his Skill against the most Famous Artists of that Country, from whom he bore away the Garland (which was the usual Recompense of the best Performer) return'd to Rome in Triumph, as if he had conquer'd a Province; and order'd both the Garland and Instrument to be hung up among the Banners and Honors of his Family.

Never

Never 34 on Verie did his wild Thoughts employ,
 To paint the horrid Scene of burning Troy,
 Like Nere, who to raise his Fancy higher,
 And finish the great Work, set Rome on Fire.
 Such 35 Crimes make Treason just, and might compel
 Virginus, Vindex, Galba, to rebel:
 For what cou'd Nere's Self have acted worse,
 To aggravate the wretched Nation's Curse.

These are the blest Endowments, Studies, Arts,
 Which exercise our mighty Emperor's Parts:
 Such Frolics with his roving Genius suit,
 On foreign Theatres to prostitute
 His Voice and Honor, for the poor Renown,
 Of putting all the Grecian Adors down,
 And winning in a Wake their Pearly Crown.

34 He had likewise a great Vn-
 nity towards being thought a good
 Poet, and made Verses on the De-
 struction of Troy, call'd Troica;
 and 'tis reported he burnt Rome,
 to be more lively and natural in
 his Description: Tho' 'tis more pro-
 bable he destroy'd the Old Pa-
 sion'd Buildings, out of Dislike to
 the Narrowness and Crookedness of
 the Streets, and to have the Ho-
 nor of rebuilding the City better,
 and calling it by his own Name.

35 These monstrous Frolics and
 Cruelties cou'd not but make his
 People weary of his Government.
 Virginius Rufus, who was his
 Lieutenant-General in Gaul, by
 the Assistance of Junius Vindex
 (a Nobleman of that Country) soon
 persuaded the Romans under his
 Command to fall from their Al-
 legiance; and killed Sergius
 Galba, who was Lieutenant Ge-

neral in Spain; so that he, by
 offering him the Empire in Faver
 of Maximian; which he at last ac-
 cepted, upon Intimation that Nere
 had issued secret Orders to dis-
 patch him, and march'd with all the
 Forces he cou'd gather towards
 Rome. Nere not being in a Con-
 dition to oppose such Troops, fell
 into Despair, which turn'd to an
 insupportable Madness to take
 whether to poison himself, or buy
 Pardon of the People, or endeavor
 to make his Escape. The Last of
 these Methods seem'd most advisa-
 ble; he therefore put himself into Dis-
 guise, and crept with four Attend-
 ants only into a poor Cottage, where
 perceiving he was pursu'd, as a Slave
 driven to the public Pyre, and
 apprehending the People would
 treat him barbarously, if he fell
 into their Hands, with much ad-
 do he resolv'd to stab himself.

Let this triumphal Chaplet find some Place
 Among the other Trophies of thy Race;
 By the *Domitii's* Statues shall be laid,
 The Habit and the Mask in which he play'd
Antigone's, or bold *Thyestes' Part*,
 (While your wild Nature little wanted Art)
 And on the Marble-Pillar shall be hung
 The Lute to which the Royal Madman sung.

Who, *as Catiline*, can boast a nobler Line,
 Than thy lewd Friend *Cethegus* his, and thine?
 Yet you took Arms, and did by Night conspire
 To set our Houses and our Gods on Fire
 (An Enterprize which might indeed become
 Our Enemies, the *Gauls*, not Sons of *Rome*.
 To recompense whose barbarous Intem,
Pitch'd as Shirts wou'd be too mild a Punishment)
 But *as Tully*, our wise Consul, watch'd the Blow,
 With Care discover'd, and disarm'd the Foe:

as Catiline's Conspiracy is a Story too well known to be insisted on: He was of a noble Family, but by his Extravagancies had reduced himself to great Want, which engaged him in bad Practices. The Roman Armies were then pursuing Conquests in remote Provinces, which Catiline judg'd the most reasonable Opportunity for undertaking some desperate Design: He therefore entered into a Conspiracy with Cethegus, Lentulus, and other Senators, and Persons considerable by their Births and Employments, to make themselves absolute Masters of their Country, by seizing the Senate, plundering the Treasury, and burning the City.

as Incendiaries by the Roman Law were wrapt in a pitch'd Coat (which they call'd Tunica Molc-

ta) and burnt alive: As we see by Tacitus, Ann. Sed. 44. When Nero after having set Rome on Fire, lays the Blame and Punishment on the Christians, by ordering them, with a cruel Jest, to be light up, and serve as Torches, when it was dark.

as One Fulvia (whom Livy calls a common Whore, tho' Plutarch makes her pass for a Lady of Quality) came to have some Knowledge of this Enterprize, and discover'd it to Cicero, (a Person whom Paterculus elegantly calls Virum Novitatis Nobilissima; since he was a Man of mean Parentage born at Arpinum, an inconsiderable Town among the Volscians, but by his Eloquence rais'd himself to the chief Dignities of State, and happen'd to be Consul at that time)

Tully, the humble Mushroom, scarcely known:
 The lowly Native of a Country-Town,
 (Who till of late cou'd never reach the Height
 Of being honor'd as a Roman Knight)
 Throughout the trembling City plac'd a Guard,
 Dealing an equal Share to every Ward,
 And by the peaceful Robe got more Renown,
 Within our Walls, than Young *Octavius* won
 By 19 Victories at *Actium*, or the Plain
 Of *Thessaly* 40 discolor'd by the Slain:
 Him therefore *Rome* in Gratitude decreed
 The Father of his Country, which he freed.

Marius 41 (another Consul we admire)
 In the same Village born, first plow'd for Hire;
 His next Advance was to the Soldiers Trade,
 Where, if he did not nimbly ply the Spade,

His

time) who assembled the Senate,
 and by a severe Oration accus'd and
 convic'd Catiline: However he,
 with a few of his Party, found
 Means to make his Escape towards
 Tuscany, and put himself at the
 Head of some Troops which *Man-*
lius had got together in those Parts,
 threatening publicly that he wou'd
 put out the Fire of the City by the
 Ruin of it. In the mean Time
Cethegus, *Lenulus*, and several
 other Complices, were seized and
 strangled in Prison by Order of the
 Senate, at *Cato's* Persuasion:
 And *Gaius Antonius Nepos*, who
 was joint Consul with *Tully*, march-
 ed with what Forces he could raise
 against *Catiline*, who in a sharp
 Battle was kill'd upon the Spot,
 with most of his Followers, and
 (as *Paterculus* observes) *Quem*
spiritum supplicio debuerat, pra-
lio reddidit.

39 A Promontory of Epirus,

near the Island *Leucas*, where *An-*
thony and *Cleopatra* were ruin'd
 by a famous Sea-Fight.

40 The Fields near *Philippi* in
Thessaly, where *Brutus* and *Cas-*
sius were defeated.

41 *Gaius Marius*, was likewise
 born at *Arpinum*, and of such poor
 Parents, that he was first a Plum-
 man, then a Common Soldier, yet
 at last by his Merits arriv'd to the
 highest Employments. Once while
 he was Consul (for that Honor
 was seven times conferr'd on him)
 the *Cimbrians* attempted to make
 an Excursion into Italy: But
 he kill'd 140000 of them, and
 made 60000 Prisoners: For which
 Victory a Triumph was ordain'd
 him by the Senate: but to de-
 cline the Envy which might be
 rais'd by his good Fortune, he
 solicited that *Q. Lutatius Ca-*
tulus, his Colleague, who was
 of

His surly Officer ne'er fail'd to crack.
 His knotty Cudgel on his rougher Back.
 Yet he alone secur'd the tottering State.
 Withstood the *Cimbrians*, and redeem'd our Fate:
 So when the Eagles to their Quarry flew
 (Who never such a goodly Banquet knew)
 Only a second Laurel did adorn
 His Colleague *Cornelius*, tho' nobly born:
 He shar'd the Pride of the Triumphal Day,
 But *Marinus* won the Glory of the Day.

From ⁴¹ a mean Stock the pious *Deil* came:
 Small their Estates, and Vulgar was their Name:
 Yet such their Virtues, that their Loss alone
 For Rome and all our Legions did atone!
 Their Country's Doom, they by their own retriev'd,
 Themselves more worth than all the Host they sav'd.
 The ⁴² last good King whom willing Rome obey'd,
 Was the poor Offspring of a Captive Maid:
 Yet he those Robes of Empire justly bore
 Which *Romulus*, our sacred Founder, wore:

of a Noble Family, might be permitted to triumph with him, tho' he had no share in the Action.

⁴² Among the Romans there was a Superstition, that if their General would consent to be devoted, or sacrificed to Jupiter, Mars, the Earth, and the Infernal Gods, all the Misfortunes which otherwise might have happened to his Party, would by his Death be transferred on their Enemies. This Opinion was confirmed by several successful Instances, particularly two, in the Persons of the *Decii*, the Father and Son here mentioned. The first being Consul with *Manlius* in the

Wars against the Latins, and receiving the last Blessing, which he commanded, give back, he called out to *Valerius* the High Priest to perform on him the Ceremony of Consecration, (which we find described by *Livy* in his 8th Book) and immediately spur'd his Horse into the thickest of his Enemy's Forces, where he was killed, and the Roman Army gain'd the Battle. His Son died in the same Manner in the Wars against the Gauls, and the Romans likewise obtain'd the Victory.

⁴³ *Sereus Tullius*, was Son to *Oriculus*, whom *Juvenal* calls a Serving-Maid, but *Livy* supposes

Nicely he gain'd, and well possess the Throne,
Not for his Father's Merit, but his Own,
And reign'd, himself a Family alone.

}

When *Tarquinius*, his proud Successor, was quell'd,
And with him Lust and Tyranny expell'd;

The Consul's *Sons* (who for their Country's Good,
And, to inhance the Honor of their Blood,

Shou'd have asserted what their *Father* won;

And to confirm that Liberty, have done,

Actions which *Cicero* might have wish'd his own.

What might to *Marius* wonderful appear:

And what bold *Cato* might with Envy hear)

Open'd the Gates, endeavoring to restore

Their banish'd King, and arbitrary Power.

Whilst a poor *Slave*, with scarce a Name, betray'd,

The horrid Ills these well-born Rogues had laid;

Who therefore for their Treason justly bore:

The Rods and Ax, ne'er us'd in Rome before.

If you have Strength *Achilles*' Arms to bear,

And Courage to sustain a Ten-Years War;

Tho' foul'st *Thersites* got thee, thou shalt be

More lov'd by all, and more esteem'd by me.

Than if by Chance you from some *Hero* came,

In Nothing like your Father but his Name.

Basil.

her to have been Wife to a Prince
of Corniculum, who was kill'd at
the Taking of the Town, and his
Wife was carried away Captive by
Tarquinius Priscus, and presented
as a Slave to his Wife Tanaquil;
in whose Service she was delivered
of this Tullius. The Family had
a great Respect for the Child, be-
cause of a Lambent Fire they ob-
served to play about his Head, while
he slept, which was interpreted as
an Omen of his future Greatness;

therefore Care was taken of his E-
ducation; and at last he was con-
tracted to the King's Daughter:
Whereupon Ancus Marcius his two
Sons (who were the true Heirs of the
Crown) fearing his Marriage might
hinder their Succession, hired two
Shepherds to assassinate Tarqui-
nius, which they undertook, but
could not execute so dextrously as
was expected; for the King lived
some Days after the Blow was
given, during which Time, Tana-
quil

Boast then your Blood, and your long Lineage stretch
 As high as Rome, and its great Founders reach;
 You'll find, in these hereditary Tales,
 Your Ancestors the Scum of broken Jays:
 And *Romulus*, your Honor's ancient Source,
 But a poor Shepherd's Boy, or something worse.

quail caus'd the Gates of the Pa-
 laces to be kept shut: and amidst the
 People (who were eager on a new
 Election) with Assurances that the
 Wound was not Mortal; That the
 King was in a fair Way of Recov-
 ery, and till he could appear on
 broad, required them to pay Obedi-
 ence to Servius Tullius; who by
 this Means first got Possession of the
 Government in the King's Name;
 and after his Death, usurped it 44
 Tears in his own. At last he was
 forced out of the Senate by Lucius
 Tarquinius, thrown down Stairs,
 and murdered by his Order. Livy
 adds this Commendation, That with
 him *Iusta ac legitima regna occi-*
derunt; which agrees with Juve-
 nal's calling him The last good
 King. For (44) Tarquin, who
 reigned 25 Tears after him, was
 hated for his Pride and Cruelty,
 and for the barbarous Rape which
 his Son Sextus committed on Lu-
 crecia, Wife to Collatinus; who
 by the Help of (46) L. Junius Bru-
 tus reveng'd this Injury, by driving
 Tarquin and his whole Race out of
 Rome, which from that Time be-
 gan to be governed by Consuls: and
 the better to secure their Liberty,
 Brutus administered an Oath, by
 which the Romans oblig'd them-
 selves never to suffer any more Kings,
 and made a Decree (which proved
 fatal to his Family) whereby it was
 declared a Capital Crime in any Per-

son who should endeavour by any
 means to bring back the Tarquins.
 However, they gave not over their
 Pretensions, but sent Ambassadors
 under Pretence of soliciting that
 their Estates at least might be re-
 stored to them; but undertook to
 insinuate themselves among the
 young Noblemen (who grew weary
 of a Commonwealth, because the Ri-
 gor of their new Laws did not to-
 lerate that dissolute Way of Living,
 which they enjoy'd under the Go-
 vernment of their Kings), and in
 concert with them the best Methods
 towards their Restoration. This
 Design was first proposed to the
quidii and *Vicellii*. The Last of
 these were Brothers to Brutus's Wife,
 and by that Alliance easily engaged
 (49) Titus and Tiberius (two
 Sons he had by her) in the Conspi-
 racy, the Sum of which was, That
 the Gates of the City should be left
 open for the Tarquins to enter in
 the Night-time; and that the Am-
 bassadors might be assur'd of their
 Sincerity, each Member of the Co-
 al deliver'd them, the Night before
 they were to return, Letters under
 their own Hands for the Tarquins,
 with Promises to this Effect, *so*
Vindician a Slave who
 waited at Table, by whose over-
 board Part of their Designs, and
 comparing these Circumstances with
 some others he had observ'd in their
 former Conferences, he was surpris'd

to the Consuls, and told what he had discovered. Orders were immediately issued out for searching the Ambassadors, the Letters above mentioned were intercepted the Criminals seiz'd, and the Proof being evident against them, they suffered the Punishment (which was newly introduced) of being tied Naked to a Stake, where they were first whipt by the Lictors, then beheaded: And Brutus, by Virtue of his Office, was unhappily obliged to see this rigorous Sentence on his own Children.

To pursue the Story: the Tarquins finding their Plot had miscarried, and fearing nothing could be done by Treachery, broke up an Alliance with Porcenna, King of Tuscany, who pretending to restore them by open Force, march'd with a numerous Army, and besieged Rome: But was soon surpris'd with three such Instances of the Roman Bravery, in the Persons of Cocles, Mutius, and Cloelia, that he withdrew his Army, and courted their Friendship.

47 Horatius Cocles, being posted to guard a Bridge, which he perceived the Enemy would soon be Master of, he stood resolutely and opposed Part of their Army, while the Party he commanded repuls'd

the Bridge, and broke it down after them: and then threw himself, armed as he was, into the Tyber, and escap'd to the City.

48 Mutius Scævola went into the Enemies Camp with a Resolute mind to kill their King Porcenna, but instead of striking him, slai'd one of his Guards; and being brought before the King, and finding his Error, in Indignation he turn'd off his Right Hand as a Penalty for his Mistake.

49 Cloelia, a Roman Virgin, who was given to Porcenna, as an Hostage, made her Escape from the Guards, and swam over the Tyber.

50 The ugly Bastard of the Grecian Army.

51 Romulus finding the City, call'd by his Name, not sufficiently peopled, established an Asylum, or Sanctuary, where all Out-Laws, Fugitives, and Criminal of what Nature soever, who would make their Escape thither, might live in all Freedom and Security.

52 The Author either means the Bastard of Mars, and Rhea Silvia a Vestal Virgin, of whose Rape we have a Relation in the Beginning of Ovid's Third Book de Fastis, or a Parricide, for Killing his Brother Remus.

J A M E S U

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JUVENAL.

THE

NINTH SATYR.

By STEPHEN HARVEY, Esq;

THE ARGUMENT.

Juvenal here (in a Dialogue with Nevulus) exposes the detestable Vice then practis'd in Rome, and the Covetousness of a Rich old Citizen, which so prevail'd over his Pleasure, that he would not gratifie the Drudge who had so often oblig'd him in the lewd Enjoyment of his Desire.

JUVENAL.

TELL me, why, saunt'ring thus from Place to Place,
I meet thee (Nevulus) with a clouded Face?
What Human Ills can urge to this degree?
Not vanquisht I Marsyas had a Brow like thee;

1 A Phrygian, who challenging | and dead alive for his Presump-
Apollo at Music, was overcome, | tion.

Not

Nor *Ravels* so sneak'd and hung his Head;
 Catch'd with that lewd Bawd *Rhodops* in Bed;
 Our Grand Beau: *Pallis* seem'd not half so sad,
 When not a Drachma cou'd in Rome be had,
 When treble Use he proffer'd for a Friend,
 And tempting Bribes did to the Scriv'ners send,
 Yet none he found so much a Fool to lend,
 Hard Fate! untrol'd is now the charming Die,
 The Play-house and the Parks unvisited must lie;
 The beauteous Nymph in vain he dos adore,
 And his gilt Chariot-Wheels must rowl no more.

But why these frightful Wrinkles in thy Prime?
 That show Old Age so long before the Time;
 At lowest Ebb of Fortune when you lay
 (Contented then) how merry was the Day.
 But oh the Curse of Wishing to be Great:
 Dazzled with Hope we cannot see the Cheat;
 Where wild Ambition in the Heart we find,
 Farewel Content and Quiet of the Mind.
 For glittering Clouds we leave the solid Shore,
 And wanted Happiness returns no more.
 Till such aspiring Thoughts had fill'd thy Breast,
 No Man so pleasant, such a cheerful Guest;
 So brisk, so gay, of that engaging Air,
 No Mirth was crown'd till *Neptunus* was there:
 The Scene's now chang'd, that frolic Genius fled,
 And gloomy Thought seems enter'd in it's stead;
 Thy Cloths worn out, not Hands nor Lincn clean,
 And thy bare Skin through the large Rents is seen;
 Thy Locks uncomb'd like a rough Wood appear,
 And every Part seems suited to thy Case.
 Where's now that labor'd *Nicensis* in thy Dress,
 And all those Arts that did the Spark express?
 A Look so pale no *Quarion* ever gave,
 Thy dwindled Legs seem crawling to a Grave!

A Fop in Rome, that had run out his Estate.

When

When we are touch'd with some important Ill;
 How vainly Silence would our Grief conceal!
 Sorrow nor Joy can be disguis'd by Art,
 Our Foreheads blab the Secrets of our Heart:
 By which (alas) 'tis evident and plain
 Thy Hopes are dash'd, and thy Endeavors vain;
 And yet 'tis strange! But lately thou wert known
 For the most envied *Stallion* of the Town.
 What conscious Shrine, what Cell by thee unsought,
 Where Love's dark Pleasures might be sold and bought?
 From human View you hid these Deeds of Lust,
 But Gods in Brass and Marble you cou'd trust:
Ceres 4 her self not scap'd, for where can be
 From Bawds and Prostitutes an Altar free?
 Nor didst thou only for the Females burn,
 The Husband and the Wife succeeded in their Turn.

Nov. This Life I own to some has prosp'rous been;
 But I have no such golden Minutes seen:
 Right have you hit the Cause of my Distress,
 None has earn'd more, and been rewarded less;
 All I can gain is but a threadbare Coat,
 And that with utmost Pains and Drudging got:
 Some single Money too, but that (alas)
 Broken and counterfeit will hardly pass.
 Whilst others, pamper'd in their shameless Pride,
 Are serv'd in Plate, and in their Chariots ride:
 Tell me what Mortal can his Grief contain,
 That has, like me, such Reason to complain?
 On Fate alone Man's Happiness depends,
 To Parts conceal'd Fate's prying Pow'r extends:
 And if our Stars of their kind Influence fall,
 The Gifts of Nature, what will they avail?

3 The Temples, and Images of
 their Gods, were (by Night) the
 Common Places of Affignation.

4 To the Temple of Ceres, only
 the Chast and strictest Matrons were
 admitted, &c.

The Gifts of Nature! Curse upon the Thought,
 By that alone I am to Ruin brought.
 Old *Virro* did the fatal Secret hear
 But curse on Fame that bore it to his Ear.)
 What soft Address his Wooing did begin?
 What Oaths, what Promises to draw me in?
 Scarce cou'd they fail to make a Virgin sin.
 Who wou'd not then swear *Nevelus* had sped,
 And golden Show'rs were dropping on his Head?
 But oh this Wretch, this Prodigy behold!
 A Slave at once to Lechery and Gold!
 For in the Act of his lewd brutal Joy,
 Mirrah! My Rogue (he cries) mine own dear Boy!
 My Lad, My Life, already ask for more?
 I paid last Bout, and you must quit the Score:
 Poor five *Sestertia* have been all my Gains,
 And what is that for such detested Pains?
 What is an Ease and Pleasure, cou'dst thou say
 (Where Nature's Law forbids) to force my Way
 To the digested Meals of Yesterday.
 The Slave more toil'd and harrass'd will be found,
 Who digs his Master's Buttocks, than his Ground:
 But sure old *Virro* thinks himself a Boy,
 Whom *Jove* once more might languish to enjoy:
 Sees not his wither'd Face, and grizly Hair,
 But wou'd be thought Smooth, Charming, Soft, and Fair
 With Female Pride wou'd have his Love be sought,
 And every Smile with a Rich Present bought.
 Say, Goat, for whom his Mass of Wealth you heap?
 For whom thy hoarded Bags in Silence sleep.
Apullan Farms, for the rich Soil admir'd,
 And thy large Fields where Falcons may be tir'd.
 Thy fruitful Vineyards on *Campanian* Hills,
 (Tho' none drinks less, yet none more Vessels fills)

A Small Coin among the Romans.

Stom

From such a Store 'tis barbarous to grudge
 A small Relief to your exhausted Drudge:
 Weigh well the Matter, wer't not fitter much
 The poor Inhabitants of yonder Thatch
 Call'd me their Lord (who to Extremes am driven)
 Than to some worthless Sycophant be given;
 (Yet what smooth Sycophant by thee can gain)
 When Lust it self strikes thy Pillin-Heart in vain.)
 A Beggar, Flie! 'tis Impudence, (he cry'd)
 And such mean shifting Answers still reply'd;
 But Rent unpaid, says Begg, till Virro grant;
 (How ill dos Modesty consist with Want)
 My single Boy (like a *Polyphemus* Eye)
 Mourns his harsh Fate, and weeps for a Supply.
 One will not do, hard labor'd and hard fed,
 How then shall hungry two expect their Bread?
 What shall I say, when rough *December* storms?
 When Frosts, and Snow, have cramp't their naked Arms;
 What Comforts without Money can I bring?
 Will they be satisfy'd to think on Spring?
 These Motives urg'd to his obdurate Mind,
 Is casting Water to the adverse Wind;
 But one thing yet, base Wretch, I must impart,
 Thy self shalt own, ungrateful as thou art:
 At your Intreaties, had not I obey'd;
 Still your deluded Wife had been a Maid:
 Down on the Bridal-Bed a Maid she lay,
 A Maid she rose, at the approaching Day.
 Another Night, thy lumpsish Love she try'd,
 But still she rose, a Virgin, and a Bride:
 What cou'd have touch'd her more? away she flung,
 And every Street of thy lost Manhood rung.

A Giant of Sicily, and no whit less
 Of the Cyclops, who had but one eye,
 And that in his Forehead, and escap'd from him, &c.

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Her speaking Eyes were full of thy Disgrace;
 And her vext Thoughts abhorr'd the cold Embrace.
 Such Wrongs what wishing Woman cou'd have born?
 In Rage, the Marriage-Articles were torn:
 Yet when she vow'd to see thy Face no more,
 And Heartless thou stood'st whining at the Door,
 I met the angry Fair, all over Charms,
 And catch'd her flying from thy frozen Arms:
 Much Pains it cost to right the injur'd Dame;
 A whole Night's Vigor, to repair thy Shame:
 Witness your self, who heard the lab'ring Bed,
 And shrieks at the departing Maiden-Head:
 " Thus many a Spouse, who wou'd her Choice recant,
 " Is kept obedient by a kind Gallant:
 Now cou'd you shift all this, and pass it o'er,
 Yet (Monster) I have left one Instance more.
 Think, if so well her Business I have done,
 As that Night's Service may produce a Son,
 Our Roman Laws great Privilege afford,
 To him that stands a Father on Record:
 Thy self, 'tis true, a Cuckold thou must own,
 But that Reproach is in my Breast alone;
 To me the Pleasure be, to thee the Fame,
 My Brat shall thy Abilities proclaim;
 And free thee ever from inglorious Shame.
 Let circling Wreaths adorn thy crowded Door,
 Matrons, and Girls, shall hoot at thee no more.
 But Stories to thy lasting Credit raise,
 While fumbling Fribblers grudge thy borrow'd Praise.
Juv. True, *Nevolus*, most aptly you complain;
 But tho' your Grievs are just, they are in vain:
 Your Service past, he dos with Scorn forget,
 And seeks some other Fool, like thee, to cheat.
Neu. Beware, my Friend, and what I now reveal,
 As the great Secret of thy Life conceal;

A lustful Pathic, when he turns a Foe;
 He gives like Destiny a wardless Blow;
 His Crimes are such, they will not bear a Jest,
 And Fire and Sword pursue the conscious Breast.
 For sweet Revenge no Drugs will be too dear,
 In Lust, a Miser, but a Spendthrift here.
 Then slight him not, nor with his Scandal sport,
 But be as mute as was ⁷ th' Athenian Court.

Juv. Dull ⁸ Corydon, Art thou so stupid grown,
 To think a rich Man's faults can be unknown?
 Has he not Slaves about him? would not they,
 Rejoyce, and laugh, such Secrets to betray?
 What more effectual to revenge their Wrongs,
 Than the unbounded Freedom of their Tongues.
 Or grant it possible to silence those,
 Dumb Beasts and Statues wou'd his Crimes expose;
 Try to imprison the resistless Wind,
 So swift is Guilt, so hard to be confin'd;
 Tho' crafty Tears shou'd cast a Vail between,
 Yet in the Dark, his Vices wou'd be seen:
 And there's a Lust in Man no Charm can tame,
 Of loudly publishing our Neighbor's Shame;
 On Eagle-Wings immoral Scandals fly,
 While virtuous Actions are but born and dye.

Let us live well, were it alone for this,
 The baneful Tongues of Servants to despise.
 Slander (the worst of Poysons) ever finds
 An easie Entrance, to ignoble Minds:
 And they whose vicious Lives, such abject Foes must fear,
 More mean and wretched far than their own Slaves appear.

Nov. Your Counsel's good, and useful, 'tis confess'd;
 But (oh) to me it is in vain address'd:

⁷ The Areopagus, or Court of Justice at Athens, where they gave Sentences by Characters and Signs, &c. *herd, which he applies to Nevollus for his Ignorance and Simplicity, in thinking the Ploes of great Men can be conceal'd.*

⁸ The common Name of a Shop-

Let the great Man, whom gaping Crowds attend,
 Fear a scourg'd Slave, or a dissembling Friend;
 No matter what I do, or what I say,
 I have no Spies about me to betray.
 And you advise me now my Time is lost,
 And all my Hopes of prosp'rous Hours are cross'd;
 My full-blown Youth already fades apace,
 (Of our short Being 'tis the shortest space)
 While melting Pleasures in our Arms are found,
 While Lovers smile, and while the Bowl goes round;
 While in surprizing Joys entranc'd we lie,
 Old Age creeps on us, ere we think it nigh.

Juv. Fear not, thy Trade will never find an End.
 While yon ⁷ Hills stand, thou can'st not want a Friend;
 By Land, and Sea, from every Point they come,
 Then dread no Dearth of Prostitutes at Rome.

Nuv. Tell this to happier Men, for I am sped,
 If all my Drudging can procure me Bread.
⁸ *ve Delicæ!* The substitutes of Heav'n!
 To whom the Guide of human Life is giv'n;
 At whose lov'd Altars, with an ample Zeal,
 (Tho' slender Sacrifice) I daily kneel,
 His ebbing Hours let your poor Suppliant see;
 From the mean Crutch, and a thatcht Cottage free;
 No shameful Want, nor troublesom Disease,
 But easie Death approaching by Degrees;
 Necessity supply'd, wou'd Comfort bring:
 Yet constant Store wou'd be a glorious Thing:
 To treat a Friend, methinks, I wou'd afford,
 While silver Bowls stand smiling on my Board;
 And when the Cares of Rome to Pleasure yield;
 Two ¹⁰ *Massæ* Slaves shou'd bear me to the Field:

⁷ *The seven Hills on which Rome was built.* ⁸ *cany, famous for the great Size and Strength of the Inhabitants.*

¹⁰ *Massæ, a place near Tus-*

B b a

Where

Where on their brawny Shoulders mounted high,
 While the brave Youth their various Manhood try,
 I wou'd the Thrones of Emperors desire;
 Superfluous Wealth, and Pomp, I not desire;
 But what Content, and Decency require,
 Then might I live by my own surly Rules,
 Not forc'd to worship Knaves, and flatter Fools.
 And thus secur'd of Ease, by shunning Strife,
 With Pleasure would I sail down the swift Stream of Life.
 But oh ridiculous vain Wish, for One
 Already lost, and doom'd to be undone.
 Alas! what Hope remains? For to my Pray'rs
 Regardless Fortune stops her wounded Ears:
 As, to the *Sirens* Charms, *Ulysses'* Mariners.

11. *Mermaids on the Coast of Sicily, whose Charms Ulysses (being forewarn'd) avoided by stopping his Mariners Ears with Wax, and so sail'd by them securely; at which Disappointment they threw themselves into the Sea, and were turn'd into Rocks, &c. Hom. Odyss. b. 12.*



JUVENAL.

THE TENTH SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet's Design, in this divine Satyr, is to represent the various Wishes and Desires of Mankind; and to set out the Folly of 'em, He runs through all the several Heads of Riches, Honors, Eloquence, Fame for Martial Achievements, Long Life, and Beauty; and gives Instances in each, how frequently they have prov'd the Ruin of those that own'd them. He concludes therefore, that since we generally abuse so Ill for our selves, we shou'd do better to leave it to the Gods, to make the Choice for us. All we can safely ask of Heaven,

B. b. 3.

lies

*lies within a very small Compass. 'Tis but
Health of Body and Mind——And
if we have these, 'tis not much Matter
what we want besides; for we have al-
ready enough to make us happy.*

LOOK round the habitable World, how few
Know their own Good; or knowing it, pursue.
How void of Reason are our Hopes and Fears,
What in the Conduct of our Life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,

But, when we have our Wish, we wish undone!

Whole Houses, of their whole Desires possess,
Are often ruin'd, at their own Request.
In Wars, and Peace, Things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own Desire.

With Laurels some have fatally been crown'd,
Some, who the Depths of Eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable Stream were drown'd.

The brawny Fool, who did his Vigor boast,
In that presuming Confidence was lost!

But more have been by Avarice oppress'd,
And heaps of Money crowded in the Chest;
Unwieldy Sums of Wealth, which higher mount
Than Piles of marshal'd Figures can account.
To which the Stores of *Crasus*, in the Scale,
Wou'd look like little Dolphins, when they fall
In the vast Shadow of the *British* Whale.

For this, in *Nero's* Arbitrary Time,
When Virtue was a Guilt, and Wealth a Crime,
A Troop of Cut-throat Guards were sent, to seize
The rich Mens Goods, and gut their Palaces!

: *Milo of Crotonia*; who for
a Trial of his Strength, going to
raid an Oak, perished in the Ac-
tempt: For his Arms were caught
in the Trunk of it, and he was de-
voured by wild Beasts.

The

The Mob commission'd by the Government,
Are seldom to an empty Garret sent.

The fearful Passenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the Carriage of a paltry Plate,
Shakes at the Moonshine-Shadow of a Rush;
And sees a Red-Coat rise from every Bush.

The Beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the Place,
Beset with Thieves, and never mends his Pace.

Of all the Vows, the first and chief Bequest,
Of each, is to be richer than the rest:

And yet no Doubts the poor Man's Draught controls;
He dreads no Poison in his homely Bowl.
Then fear the deadly Drug, when Gems divine
Enchase the Cup, and sparkle in the Wine.

Will you not now the Pair of Sages praise,
Who the same End pursu'd, by several Ways:
One pity'd, one condemn'd the woful Times;
One laugh'd at Follies, one lamented Crimes:
Laughter is easie, but the Wonder lies,

What Store of Brine supply'd the Weeper's Eyes.

Demetrius cou'd feed his Spleen, and shake
His Sides and Shoulders till he felt 'em ake.

The' in his Country-Town no Lists were,
Nor Rode, nor Ax, nor Tribune did appear;

Nor all the feppish Gravity of Show,
Which cunning Magistrates on Crowds bestow.

What had he done, had he beheld, on high
Our *Prætor* seated, in mock Majesty;

His Chariot rowling o'er the dusty Place,
While, with dumb Pride, and a set formal Face,

He moves, in the dull ceremonial Track,
With *Jove's* embroider'd Coat upon his Back:

A Sute of Hangings had not more oppress'd
His Shoulders, than that long, laborious Vest.

A heavy Gougaw, (call'd a Crown) that spread
About his Temples, drown'd his narrow Head.

And

And wou'd have crush'd it with the massy Freight,
 But that a sweating Slave sustain'd the Weight:
 A Slave in the same Chariot seen to ride,
 To mortifie the mighty Madman's Pride,
 Add now the imperial Eagle, rais'd on high,
 With golden Beak (the Mark of Majesty)
 Trumpets before, and on the Left and Right,
 A Cavalcade of Nobles, all in White:
 In their own Natures false and flattering Tribes,
 But made his Friends, by Places and by Bribes.

In his own Age, *Democritus* cou'd find
 Sufficient Cause to laugh at human Kind:
 Learn from so great a Wit; a Land of Bogs,
 With Ditches fenc'd, a Hav'n fat with Fogs,
 May form a Spirit fit to sway the State
 And make the neighb'ring Monarchs fear their Fate.

He laughs at all the vulgar Cares and Fears;
 At their vain Triumphs, and their valner Tears:
 An equal Temper in his Mind he found,
 When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
 'Tis plain, from hence, that what our Vows request,
 Are hurtful Things, or useless at the best,

Some ask for envy'd Pow'r; which public Hate
 Pursues, and hurries headlong to their Fate:
 Down go the Titles; and the Statue crown'd,
 Is by base Hands in the next River drown'd.
 The gulleless Horses and the Chariot-Wheel
 The same Effects of vulgar Fury feel:
 The Smith prepares his Hammer for the Stroke,
 While the lung'd Bellows hissing Fire provokes;
Sejanus: almost first of Roman Names,
 The great *Sejanus* crackles in the Flames:

Form'd

a *Sejanus* was *Tiberius's* first favourite; and while he continued so, almost all the triumphal Chariots were every where crowded to him: But as soon as he fell

fell

Form'd in the Forge, the pliant Brass is laid
On Anvils; and of Head and Limbs are made,
Pans, Cans, and Pispots, a whole Kitchin-Trade;

3

Adorn your Doors with Laurels; and a Bull,
Milk-white, and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus with a Rope, is dragg'd along;

The Sport and Laughter of the giddy Throng:
Good Lord, they cry, what *Ethiop*-Lips he has,
How foul a Snout, and what a hanging Face!

By Heav'n, I never cou'd endure his Sight;
But say, how came his monstrous Crimes to Light?

What is the Charge, and who the Evidence
(The Saviour of the Nation and the Prince?)

Nothing of this; but our Old *Cæsar* sent,

A noisic Letter to his Parliament:

Nay Sirs, if *Cæsar* writ, I ask no more,

He's guilty; and the Question's out of Door.

How goes the Mob? (for that's a mighty Thing)

When the King's Trump, the Mob are for the King,

They follow Fortune, and the common Cry

Is still against the Rogue condemn'd to die.

But the same very Mob, that rascal Crowd,

Had cry'd *Sejanus*, with a Shout as loud;

Had his Designs (by Fortune's Favor blest)

Succeeded, and the Prince's Age oppress'd.

But long, long since, the Times have chang'd their Face,

The People grown degenerate and base:

Not suffer'd now the Freedom of their Choice,

To make their Magistrates, and sell their Voice.

Our wise Fore-fathers, great by Sea and Land,

Had once the Pow'r and absolute Command;

fell into Disgrace with the Empe-
ror, these were all immediately dis-
mounted; and the Senate and com-
mon People insulted over him as
meanly, as they had sav'd on Him
before.

ALL

All Offices of Trust, themselves dispos'd;
 Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd, dispos'd.
 But we who give our native Rights away,
 And our enslav'd Posterity betray,
 Are now reduc'd to beg an Alms and go,
 On Holidays to see the Puppet-Show.

There was a damn'd Design, cries one, no doubt;
 For Warrants are already issu'd out:

I met *Bruttius* in a mortal Fright;
 He's dipt for certain, and plays least in-Sight:
 I fear the Rage of our offended Prince,
 Who thinks the Senate slack in his Defence:
 Come let us haste, our Loyal Zeal to show,
 And spurn the wretched Corps of *Cesar's* Foe:
 But let our Slaves be present there, lest they
 Accuse their Masters, and for Gain betray.
 Such are the Whispers of those jealous Times,
 About *Sejanus's* Punishment, and Crimes.

Now tell me truly, woud'st thou change thy Fate?
 To be like him, first Minister of State?
 To have thy Levees croud'd with Resort,
 Of a depending, gaping, servile Court:
 Dispose all Honors of the Sword and Gown,
 Grace with a Nod, and ruin with a Frown;
 To hold thy Prince in pupil Age, and sway
 That Monarch, whom the master'd World obeys,
 While he, intent on secret Lusts alone,
 Lives to himself, abandoning the Throne;
 Coop'd in a narrow Isle, observing Dreams
 With flattering Wizards, and erected Schemes.

3 The Island of Caprea, which he liv'd for some Years with Divi-
 des about a League out at Sea from the Campanian Shore, was the
 scene of *Tiberius's* Pleasures in patch'd all his Orders to the Se-
 the latter Part of his Reign. There, nats.

I well

I well believe, thou wou'dst be Great as He;
 For ev'ry Man's a Fob! to that Degree;
 All with the dire Prerogative to kill;
 Ev'n they wou'd have the Pow'r, who want the Will;
 But wou'dst thou have thy Wishes understood,
 To take the Bad together with the Good?
 Wou'dst thou not rather chuse a small Renown,
 To be the May'r of some poor paltry Town,
 Bigly to look, and barb'rously to speak;
 To pound false Weights, and scanty Measures break?
 Then, grant we that *Sejanus* went astray,
 In ev'ry Wish, and knew not how to pray:
 For he who grasp'd the World's exhausted Store,
 Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,
 Rais'd a top-heavy Tow'r, of monstrous Height,
 Which mold'ring, crush'd him underneath the Weight.

What did the mighty *Pompey's* Fall beget?
 And ruin'd + him, who Greater than the Great,
 The Stubborn Pride of *Roman* Nobles broke;
 And bent their haughty Necks beneath his Yoke:
 What else, but his immoderate Lust of Pow'r,
 Pray'rs made and granted in a luckless Hour?
 For few Usurpers to the Shades descend
 By a dry Death, or with a quiet End.

The Boy, who scarce has paid his Entrance down
 To his proud Pedant, or declin'd a Noun,
 (So small an Elf, that when the Days are foul,
 He and his Satchel must be born to School.)
 Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
 To prove a *Tully*, or *Demosthenes*!

4 *Julius Caesar*, who got the better of *Pompey*, that was stild The Great.

5 *Demosthenes*, and *Tully*, both died for their Oratory. *Demosthenes* gave himself Poison, to avoid being carried to *Antipater*,

one of *Alexander's* Captains, who had then made himself Master of *Athens*. *Tully* was murder'd by *M. Anthony's* Order, in return for these Injuries he had made against him.

But both those Orators so much renown'd,
In their own Depths of Eloquence were drown'd:
The Hand and Head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in Dogrel, or who punn'd in Prose.

*Fortune. 6 foretold the dying Notes of Rome:
Till I, thy Consul sole, consol'd thy Doom.*

His Fate had crept below the lifted Swords,
Had all his Malice been to murder Words.
I rather wou'd be *Mavins*, thrash for Rimes
Like his, the Scorn and Scandal of the Times,⁷
Than ⁷ that *Philippic* fatally divine,
Which is inscrib'd the Second, should be mine.
Nor he, the Wonder of the *Grecian* Throng,
Who drove them with the Torrent of his Tongue,
Who shook the Theaters, and sway'd the State
Of *Athens*, found a more propitious Fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding Horoscope,
His Sire, the blear-ey'd *Vulcan* of a Shop,
From *Mars* his Forge, sent to *Minerva's* Schools,
To learn th' unlucky Art of wheedling Fools.

With Itch of Honor, and Opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native Worth we strain:
The ⁸ Spoils of War, brought to *Feretrian* Jove,
An empty Coat of Armor hung above.
The Conqueror's Chariot, and in Triumph born,
A Streamer from a boarded Gally torn,
A Chap-faln Beaver loosely hanging by
The cloven Helm, an Arch of Victory,

⁶ The Latin of this Couplet is a Famous Verse of Tully's, in which he sets out the Happiness of his own Consulship; Famous for the Vanity and the ill Poetry of it. For Tully as he had a great deal of the one, so he had no great Share of the other.

⁷ The Orations of Tully against

M. Anthony, were stil'd by him Philippics, in Imitation of Demosthenes; who had given that Name before to those he had made against Philip of Macedon.

⁸ This is a Mock-Account of a Roman Triumph.

On whose high Convex sits a captive Foe,
And sighing casts a mournful Look below;
Of ev'ry Nation, each illustrious Name,
Such Toys as these have cheated into Fame:
Exchanging solid Quiet, to obtain
The windy Satisfaction of the Brain.

So much the Thirst of Honor fires the Blood;
So many wou'd be Great, so few be Good.
For who wou'd Virtue for her Self regard,
Or wed, without the Portion of Reward;
Yet this mad Chace of Fame, by few pursu'd,
Has drawn Destruction on the Multitude:
This Avarice of Praise in Times to come,
Those long Inscriptions, crowded on the Tomb,
Shou'd some wild Fig-Tree take her native Bent,
And heave below the gaudy Monument,
Wou'd crack the marble-Titles, and disperse
The Characters of all the lying Verse.
For Sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In Time's Abyss, the common Grave of all.

Great *Hannibal* within the Balance lay;
And tell how many Pounds his Ashes weigh;
Whom *Afric* was not able to contain,
Whose Length runs level with th' *Atlantic* Main,
And wearies fruitful *Nilus*, to convey
His Sun-beat Waters by so long a Way;
Which *Ethiopia's* double Clime divides,
And Elephants in other Mountains hides.
Spain first he won, the *Pyreneans* past,
And steepy *Alps*, the Mounds that Nature cast:
And with corroding Juices, as he went,
A Passage through the living Rocks he rent.
Then like a Torrent, rowling from on high,
He pours his head-long Rage on *Italy*;
In three victorious Battles over-run;
Yet still uncase, cries, There's nothing done.

Till, level with the Ground, their Gates are laid;
 And *Punic* Flags on *Roman* Tow'rs display'd
 Ask what a Face belong'd to his high Fame:
 His Picture scarcely wou'd deserve a Frame.
 A Sign-post-dawber wou'd disdain to paint
 The one-ey'd Hero on his Elephant.
 Now what's his End, O charming Glory! say,
 What rare fifth Act to crown his huffing Play!
 In one deciding Battle overcome,
 He flies, is banish'd from his native Home.
 Begg Refuge in a foreign Court, and there
 Attends, his mean Petition to prefer;
 Repuls'd by surly Grooms, who wait before
 The sleeping Tyrant's interdicted Door.

What wond'rous sort of Death has Heav'n design'd,
 Distinguish'd from the Herd of human Kind,
 For so untam'd, so turbulent a Mind.
 Nor Swords at hand, nor hissing Darts afar,
 Are doom'd to avenge the tedious bloody War,
 But Poison, drawn through a Ring's hollow Plate,
 Must finish him; a sucking Infants Fare.
 Go, climb the rugged *Alps*, ambitious Fool,
 To please the Boys, and be a Theme at School.

One World suffic'd not *Alexander's* Mind;
 Coop'd up, he seem'd in Earth and Seas confin'd;
 And struggling, stretch'd his restless Limbs about
 The narrow Globe, to find a Passage out.
 Yet enter'd in the Brick-built Town, he try'd,
 The Tomb, and found the strait Dimensions wide:
 " Death only this mysterious Truth unfolds,
 " The mighty Soul, how small a Body holds.

3 Babylon, where Alexander dy'd

Old *io* Greece a Tale of *Athos* wou'd make out,
Cut from the Continent, and sail'd about;
Seas hid with Navies, Chariots passing o'er
The Channel, on a Bridge from Shore to Shore;
Rivers, whose Depth no sharp Beholder sees,
Drunk at an Army's Dinner, to the Lees;
With a long Legend of Romantic things,
Which in his Cups the bowfy Poet sings:
But how did he return, this haughty Brave,
Who whipt the Winds, and made the Sea his Slave?
(The *Neptunes* took unkindly to be bound;
And *Enrns* never such hard Usage found;
In his *Æolian* Prison under Ground.)

What God so mean, ev'n he who points the Way,
So Merciless a Tyrant to obey!

But how return'd he, let us ask again?
In a poor Skiff he pass'd the bloody Main,
Choak'd with the slaughter'd Bodies of his Train.

For Fame he pray'd, but leth' Event declare
He had no mighty Penn'worth of his Pray'r.

Jeux grant me Length of Life, and Years good store
Heap on my bending Back, I ask no more.
Both Sick and Healthful, Old and Young conspire
In this one silly mischievous Desire.

10 Xerxes is represented in History, after a very Romantic Manner, affecting Fame beyond Measure, and doing the most outrageous Things to compass it. Mount *Athos* made a prodigious Promontory in the *Ægean* Sea: He is said to have cut a Channel through it, and to have sail'd round it. He made a Bridge of Boats over the *Hellespont*, where it was three Miles broad: And ordered a whiplash for the Winds and Seas, because they had once crossed his Design, as we have a very solemn At-

count of it in *Herodotus*. But after all these vain Boasts, he was shamefully beaten by *Themistocles* at *Salamis*; and returned Home, leaving most of his Fleet behind him.

11 Mercury, who was a God of the lowest Size, and employ'd always in Errands between Heaven and Hell. And Mortals us'd him accordingly: For his Statues were antiently plac'd, where Roads met, with Directions on the Fingers of 'em, pointing out the several Ways to Travellers.

Mistaken Blessing which Old-Age they call,
 'Tis a long, nasty, darksome Hospital,
 A ropy Chain of Rheuma; a Visage rough,
 Deform'd, Unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff.
 A sitch-faln Cheek, that hangs below the Jaw;
 Such Wrinkles, as a skilful Hand wou'd draw.
 For an old Grandam Ape, when, with a Grace,
 She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern Face.

In Youth, Distinctions infinite abound;
 No Shape, or Feature, just alike are found;
 The Fair, the Black, the Feeble, and the Strong;
 But the same Foulness dos to Age belong,
 The self-same Palsie, both in Limbs and Tongue.
 The Skul, and Forehead one bald barren Plain;
 And Gums unarm'd to mumble Meat in vain:
 Besides th' eternal Drivel, that supplies
 The dropping Beard from Nostrils, Mouth and Eyes.
 His Wife and Children loath him, and what's worse,
 Himself dos his offensive Carrion curse!
 Flatt'ers forsake him too; for who would kill
 Himself, to be remember'd in a Will?
 His Taste not only pall'd to Wine and Meat,
 But to the Relish of a nobler Treat.
 The limber Nerve, in vain provok'd to rise,
 Inglorious from the Field of Battle flies;
 Poor feeble Dotard, how could he advance
 With his blue Head-piece, and his broken Lance?
 Add, that endeavoring still without Effect,
 A Lust more sordid justly we suspect.

Those Senses lost, behold a new Defeat,
 The Soul dislodging from another Seat.
 What Music, or enchanting Voice, can cheer
 A stupid, old, impenetrable Ear?
 No Matter in what Place, or what Degree,
 Of the full Theatre he sits to see;

Comen.

Cornets and Trumpets cannot reach his Ear:
Under an Actor's Nose, he's never near.

His Boy must bawl, to make him understand,
The Hour o'th Day, or such a Lord's at Hand:
The little Blood that creeps within his Veins,
Is but just warm'd in a hot Fever's Pains.

In fine, he wears no Limb about him sound:
With Sores and Sickneses beleaguer'd round.

Ask me their Names, I sooner could relate,
How many Drudges on salt *Hippia* wait;

What Crouds of Patients the Town-Doctor kills,
Or how, last Fall, he rais'd the weekly Bill.

What Provinces by *Basilius* were spoil'd,
What Herds of Heirs by Guardians are beguill'd.

How many Bouts a-day that Birch has try'd;
How many Boys that Pedagogue can ride.

What Lands and Lordships for their Owners know,
My *Quondam* Barber, but his Worship now.

This Dotard of his broken Back complains,
One his Legs fail, and one his Shoulder pains:

Another is of both his Eyes bereft,
And envies who has one for aiming left.

A Fifth, with trembling Lips expecting stands,
As in his Childhood, cram'm'd by others Hands;

One, who at Sight of Supper open'd wide,
His Jaws before, and whetted Grinders try'd:

Now only yawns, and waits to be supply'd:
Like a young Swallow, when with weary Wings

Expected Food her fasting Mother brings.

His loss of Members is a heavy Curse,
But all his Faculties decay'd, a worse:

His Servants Names he has forgotten quite;
Knows not his Friend who sup'd with him last Night.

Not ev'n the Children, he begat and bred;
Or his Will knows 'm not: For, in their stead,

In form of Law, a common hackney-Jade,
 Sole Heir, for secret Services, is made:
 So lewd and such a batter'd Brothel-Whore,
 That she defies all Comers, at her Door:
 Well, yet suppose his Senses are his own,
 He lies to be chief Mourner for his Son:
 Before his Face his Wife and Brother burns;
 He numbers all his Kindred in their Urns,
 These are the Fines he pays for living long;
 And dragging tedious Age in his own Wrong:
 Grief's always green, a Household still in Tears,
 Sad Pumps: A Threshold throng'd with daily Biers,
 And Liveries of Black for length of Years.

Next to the Raven's Age, the Pylian ¹² King
 Was longest liv'd of any two-legg'd Thing:
 Blest, to defraud the Grave so long, to mount
 His ¹³ number'd Years, and on his right-hand count;
 Three hundred Seasons, guzzling Must of Wine:
 But hold a while, and hear himself repine
 At Fate's unequal Laws; and at the Clue
 Which, ¹⁴ merciless in Length, the midmost Sister drew.
 When his Brave Son upon the Fun'ral Pyre
 He saw extended, and his Beard on Fire;
 He turn'd, and weeping, ask'd his Friends, what Crime
 Had cur'd his Age to this unhappy Time?
 Thus mourn'd Old *Peleus* for *Achilles* slain,
 And thus, *Ulysses'* Father did complain.

¹² Nestor King of Pylius; who was 300 Years Old, according to Homer's Account, at least, as he is understood by his Expositors.

¹³ The Antients counted by their Fingers. Their Left Hands serv'd 'em 'till they came up to an Hundred. After that they us'd the Right,

to express all greater Numbers.

¹⁴ The Fates were three Sisters, who had all some peculiar Business assign'd them by the Poets, in Relation to the Lives of Men. The First held the Distaff, the Second spun the Thread; and the Third cut it.

How fortunate an End had Priam made,
 Among his Ancestors a mighty Shade.
 While Troy yet stood: When Hecuba with the Race
 Of Royal Bastards might his Fun'ral grace:
 Amidst the Tears of Trojan Dames mourn'd,
 And by his Loyal Daughters truly mourn'd.
 Had Heav'n so blest him, he had dy'd before
 The fatal Fleet to *Sparta* Ports bore.
 But mark what Age produc'd; he liv'd to see
 His Town in Flames, his falling Monarchy;
 In fine, the feeble Sire, reduc'd by Fate,
 To change his Scepter for a Sword, too late;
 His 15 last Effort before Jove's Altar tries;
 A Soldier half, and half a Sacrifice:
 Falls like an Ox, that waits the coming Blow,
 Old and unprofitable to the Plough.

At 16 least, he dy'd a Man, his Queen surviv'd,
 To howl, and in a barking Body liv'd.
 I hasten to our own; nor will relate,
 Great 17 *Mithridates*, and Rich 18 *Croesus* Fate;
 Whom *Solon* wisely counsel'd to attend
 The Name of Happy, till he knew his End:

15 *Whilst* Troy was falling
 by the Greeks, Old King Priam
 is said to have buckled on his Ar-
 mor, to oppose 'em. Which he had
 no sooner done, but he was met by
 Pyrrhus, and slain before the Al-
 tar of Jupiter, in his own Palace,
 as we have the Story finely told, in
 Virgil's *Æneid*.

16 *Hecuba*, his Queen, escaped
 the Swords of the Grecians, and
 out-liv'd him. It seems, she be-
 lieved her self so fiercely and unca-
 sily to her Husband's Murderers,
 while she lived, that the Poets
 thought fit to turn her into a Bitch,
 when she dy'd.

17 *Mithridates*, after he had
 possessed the Empire of the World
 for forty Years together with the
 Romans, was at last depriv'd
 of Life and Empire by Pompey
 the Great.

18 *Croesus*, in the midst of his
 Prosperity, making his Beasts to
Solon, how happy he was, receiv'd
 this Answer from the Wise Man,
 That no One could pronounce him-
 self Happy, till he saw what his
 End should be. The Truth of this
Croesus found, when he was put
 in Chains by *Cyrus*, and condemn'd
 to die.

That

That *Marinus* was in Exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en in ruin'd *Carthage* begg'd his Bread,
All these were owing to a Life too long,
For whom had *Rome* beheld so happy, young?
High in his Chariot, and with Lawrel crown'd,
When he had led the *Cimbrian* Captives round
The *Roman* Streets; descending from his State,
In that blest Hour he should have begg'd his Fate:
Then, then, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his triumphant Soul with Shouts expir'd.

Campania, ¹⁹ Fortune's Malice to prevent,
To *Pompey* an indulgent Favor sent;
But public Pray'rs impos'd on Heav'n, to give
Their much-lov'd Leader an unkind Reprieve,
The City's Fate, and his conspir'd to save
The Head, reserv'd for an *Egyptian* Slave.

Cethegus, ²⁰ though a Traytor to the State,
And tortur'd, 'scap'd this ignominious Fate:
And *Sergius*, ²¹ who a bad Cause bravely try'd,
All of a Piece, and undiminish'd, dy'd.

To *Venus*, the fond Mother makes a Pray'r,
That all her Sons and Daughters may be Fair;
True for the Boys, a mumbling Vow she sends;
But for the Girls, the vaulted Temple rends:
They must be finish'd Pieces: 'tis allow'd
Diana's Beauty made *Latona* Proud:

¹⁹ Pompey, in the midst of his Glory, fell into a dangerous Fit of Sickness, at Naples. A great many Cities then made public Supplications for him. He recovered, was beaten at Pharsalia, fled to Ptolomy King of Egypt; and	instead of receiving Protection at his Court, had his Head struck off by his Order, to please Caesar. ²⁰ Cethegus, was one that conspir'd with Catiline, and was put to Death by the Senate. ²¹ Catiline dy'd Fighting.
---	--

And

And pleas'd, to see the wondring People pray,
To the New-rising Sister of the Day.

And yet *Lucretia's* Fate wou'd bar that Vow:

And fair ¹¹ *Virginia* wou'd her Fate bestow

On *Rutila*; and change her faultless Make

For the foul Rump of her Camel-back.

But, for his Mother's Boy, the Beau, what Frights

His Parents have by Day, what anxious Nights:

Form join'd with Virtue, is a Sight too rare:

Chast is no Epithet to suit with Fair,

Suppose the same traditionary Strain

Of rigid Manners, in the House remain;

Invererate Truth, an old plain *Sabine's* Heart;

Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part,

Infus'd into his Soul a sober Grace,

And blusht a modest Blood into his Face.

(For Nature is a better Guardian far,

Than sawcy Pedants, or dull Tutors are:)

Yet still the Youth must ne'er arrive at Man;

(So much Almighty Bribes, and Presents, can:).

Ev'n with a Parent, where Perswasions fall,

Money is impudent, and will prevail.

We never read of such a Tyrant King

Who gelt a Boy deform'd, to hear him sing,

Nor *Nero*, in his more luxurious Rage,

E'er made a Mistress of an ugly Page:

Sporns, his Spouse, nor crooked was, nor lame,

With mountain Back, and Belly, from the Game

Cross-barr'd: But both his Sexes well became.

¹¹ *Virginia* was kill'd by her own Father, to prevent her being exposed to the Lust of *Appius Claudius*, who had ill Designs upon her. The Story at large is in *Livy's*

Third Book; and 'tis a remarkable one, as it gave Occasion to the putting down the Power of the *Decemviri*; of whom *Appius* was one.

Go, boast your *Springal*, by his Beauty curs'd
To Ills; nor think I have declar'd the Worst;
His Form procures him Journey-work; a Surfe
Betwixt Town-Madams, and the Merchant's Wife:
Guest, when he undertakes this public War,
What furious Beasts offended Cuckolds are.

Adul'rers are with Dangers round beset;
Born under *Mars*, they cannot 'scape the Net;
And from revengeful Husbands oft have try'd
Worse Handling, than severest Laws provide:
One stabs; one slashes; one, with cruel Art,
Makes *Colon* suffer for the peccant Part.

But your *Endymion*, your smooth, smock-fac'd Boy,
Unrivall'd, shall a'beauteous Dame enjoy:
Not so: One more Salacious, Rich, and Old,
Out-bids, and buys her Pleasure for her Gold:
Now he must moil, and drudge, for one he loaths:
She keeps him high, in Equipage and Clothes:
She pawns her Jewels, and her rich Attire,
And thinks the Workman worthy of his Hire:
In all things else immoral, stingy, mean:
But, in her Lusts, a conscionable Queen.

She may be handfom, yet be chaste, you say:
Good Observator, ner so fast away:
Did it not cost the ²³ modest Youth his Life,
Who shunn'd th' Embraces of his Father's Wife?
And was not t'other ²⁴ Stripling forc'd to fly,
Who, coldly, did his Patron's Queen deny:
And pleaded Laws of Hospitality?

²³ Hippolitus, the Son of The-
seus, was lov'd by his Mother-in-
Law Phædra. But he not com-
plying with her, she procured his
Death.

²⁴ Bellerophon, the Son of
King Glaucus, residing some Time

at the Court of Patrus King of the
Argives, the Queen, Sthenobee,
fell in Love with him. But he
refusing her, she turned the Accu-
sation upon him; and he narrow-

he Ladies charg'd 'em Home, and turn'd the Tale;
 With Shame they redder'd, and with Spight grew pale.
 'Tis dang'rous to deny the longing Dame;
 He loses Pity, who has lost her Shame.
 Now *Silius* wants thy Counsel, give Advice;
 'Tis *Caesar's* Wife, or die; the Choice is nice.
 Her Comet-Eyes she darts on ev'ry Grace;
 And takes a fatal Liking to his Face.
 Adorn'd with Bridal-Pomp she sits in State;
 The public Notaries and *Aruspex* wait:
 The Genial Bed is in the Garden dress'd;
 The Portion paid, and ev'ry Rite express'd,
 Which in a *Roman* Marriage is profess'd.
 'Tis no stol'n Wedding, this, rejecting Awe,
 He scorns to marry, but in Form of Law:
 In this Moot-case, your Judgment to refuse
 Present Death, besides the Night you lose.
 If you consent, 'tis hardly worth your Pain;
 A Day or two of anxious Life you gain:
 Till loud Reports through all the Town have pass'd,
 And reach the Prince: for Cuckolds hear the last.
 Indulge thy Pleasure, Youth, and take thy Swings;
 For not to take, is but the self-same Thing:
 Inevitable Death before thee lies;
 But looks more kindly through a Lady's Eyes.
 What then remains? Are we depriv'd of Will?
 Must we not wish, for fear of wishing Ill?
 Receive my Counsel, and securely move;
 Commit thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above.
 Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
 What their unerring Wisdom sees thee want:

25 *Messalina, Wife to the Emperor Claudius, infamous for her Lewdness. She set her Eyes upon C. Silius, a fine Youth; forc'd him to quit his own Wife, and marry* her with all the Formalties of a Wedding, whilst Claudius *Caesar* was sacrificing at *Hestia*. Upon his return, he put both *Silius* and her to Death.

In Goodness as in Greatness they excel;
 Ah that we lov'd our selves but half so well!
 We, blindly by our headstrong Passions led,
 Are hot for Action, and desire to Wed;
 Then wish for Heirs: But to the Gods alone
 Our future Off-spring, and our Wives, are known;
 The audacious Strumpet, and ungracious Son.

Yet, not to rob the Priests of pious Gain,
 That Altars be not wholly built in vain;
 Forgive the Gods the rest, and stand confin'd
 To Health of Body, and content of Mind:
 A Soul, that can securely Death defie,
 And count it Nature's Privilege to die;
 Serene and manly, hardned to sustain,
 The Load of Life, and exercis'd in Pain:
 Guiltless of Hate, and Proof against Desire;
 That all Things weighs, and Nothing can admire:
 That dares prefer the Toils of *Hercules*,
 To Dalliance, Banquets, and ignoble Ease,

The Path to Peace is Virtue; what I show,
 Thy Self may freely on thy Self bestow:
 Fortune was never worshipp'd by the Wise,
 But, set aloft by Fools, usurps the Skies.

JUVENAL

THE

ELEVENTH SATYR.

By Mr. WILLIAM CONGREVE.

The ARGUMENT.

The Design of this Satyr is to expose and reprehend all manner of Intemperance and Debauchery; but more particularly touches that exorbitant Luxury used by the Romans, in their Feasting. The Poet draws the Occasion from an Invitation, which he here makes to his Friend, to dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his Treat, by beginning the Satyr with a particular Invektive against the Vanity and Folly of some Persons, who having but mean Fortunes in the World, attempted to live up to the Height of Men of great Estates and

D d

Quality.

Quality. He shews us, the miserable End of such Spend-thrifts and Gluttons; with the Manner and Courses, which they took to bring themselves to it; advising Men to live within Bounds, and to proportion their Inclinations to the Extent of their Fortune. He gives his Friend a Bill of Fare, of the Entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence takes Occasion to reflect upon the Temperance and Frugality of the greatest Men, in former Ages: To which he opposes the Riot and Intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible Remissness, in the Care of Heaven over the Roman State. He instances some lewd Practices at their Feasts, and by the by, touches the Nobility, with making Vice and Debauchery the chiefest of their Pleasures. He concludes with a repeated Invitation to his Friend; advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a Neglect of all Cares and Disquiets, for the present; and a moderate Use of Pleasures, for the future.

IF Noble ¹ *Assens* make plenteous Feasts,
And with luxurious Food indulge his Guests,
His Wealth and Quality support the Treat;
In him nor is it Luxury, but State.

¹ The Name of a very eminent Person in Rome: But here it is meant to signify any one of great Wealth and Quality.

But

But when poor *Rutilius* spends all his Worth,
In hopes offsetting one good Dinner forth;
Tis down right Madness; for what greater Jest,
Than *Begging Gluttons*, or than *Beggars Feasts*!

But *Rutilius* is so notorious grown,
That he's the common Theme of all the Town:

A Man, in his full Tide of youthful Blood,
Able for Arms, and for his Country's Good;
Urg'd: by no Pow'r, restrain'd by no Advice;

But following his own inglorious Choice,
'Mong'h common *Powers*, practis'd the Trade;
That End debasing, for which Arms were made;
Arms, which to Man ne'er dying Fame afford;

But his *Disgrace* is owing to his Sword;
Many there are of the same: wretched Kind,
Whom their despairing Creditors may find
Lurking in Shambles; where with borrow'd Coin

They buy choice Meats, and in cheap Plenty dine:
Such, whose sole Bliss is Eating: who can give
But that one brutal Reason why they live.

And yet what's more ridiculous: Of these
The poorest Wretch, is still most hard to please;

1. One who by his own extravagant Gluttony, was at length reduc'd to the most shameful Degree of Poverty. This likewise is here made use of, as a common Name to all beggarly Gluttons, such whose unreasonable Appetites remain after their Estates are consumed.

3. Sometimes Persons were compell'd, by the Tyranny of Nero, to practise the Trade of Fencing, and to fight upon the Stage, for his inhuman Diversions; otherwise, seldom any but common Slaves or condemn'd Malefactors were so em-

ploy'd: Which made it the greater Reflection on any Person, who either voluntarily, or forced by his own Extravagance, for a Livelihood (like *Rutilius*) apply'd himself to that wretched Trade.

Restrain'd by no Advice. Hinting, that though he was not compell'd to such a Practice of Fencing; yet it was a Shame that he was suffer'd to undertake it, and not advis'd, or commanded by the Magistracy, to the contrary.

4. Viz. Reduced to Poverty by vicious Living.

D'd s

And

And he, whose thin transparent Rags declare
How much his tatter'd Fortune wants Repair,
Wou'd ransom every *Element*, for Choice
Of every Fish and Fowl, at any Price;
If brought from far, if very dear has cost,
It has a *Flavour*, then, which pleases most,
And he devours it with a greater Gust.

In Riot thus, while Money lasts, he lives,
And that exhausted, still new Pledges gives;
Till forc'd of meer Necessity, to eat,
He comes to pawn his Dish to buy his Meat;
Nothing of Silver or of Gold he spares,
Nor what his Mother's sacred Image bears,
The broken *Relic* he with speed devours,
As he wou'd all the rest of his Ancestors,
If wrought in Gold, or if expos'd to Sale,
They'd pay the Price of one *Luxurious Metal*.
Thus certain Ruin treads upon his Heels,
The Stings of Hunger, soon, and Want he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd, at length, to serve
Fencers, for miserable Scraps, or serve.

Imagin now, you see a splendid Feast;
The Question is, at whose Expence 'tis dress'd.
In great *Proculius*, we the Beauty prize;
In *Rutilius*, the Vainty despise.

Strange Ignorance, That the same Man, who knows
How far yond' Mount above this Mole-hill shows,
Shou'd not perceive a Difference as great,
Between small Income and a vast Estate;
From Heav'n, to Mankind, sure, that Rule was sent,
Of Know thy Self, and by some God was meant,
To be our never-erring Pilot here,
Through all the various Courses, which we steer.

*Broken, or d-faced; that it
might not be discover'd to be his Mo-
ther's Picture, when expos'd to Sale.*

*A noble Roman, who liv'd
hospitably.*

Thersites

Theristes! tho' the most presumptuous Greek,
Yet durst not for Achilles' Armor speak;
When scarce Ulysses had a good Pretence,
With all th' Advantage of his Eloquence,
Who-e'er attempts weak Causes to support,
Ought to be very sure, he's able for't;
And not mistake strong Lungs and Impudence,
For Harmony of Words, and Force of Sense;
Fools only make Attempts beyond their Skill;
A Wise Man's Pow'r's the Limit of his Will.

If Fortune has a Niggard been to thee,
Devote thy self to Thrift, not Luxury;
And wisely make that kind of Food thy Choice,
To which Necessity confines thy Price.
Well may they fear some miserable End,
Whom Gluttony and Want at once attend;
Whose large voracious Throats have swallow'd All,
Both Land and Stock, Interest and Principal;
Well may they fear, at length, vile & Fello's Fare,
Who sold his very King, to purchase Meat;
If mod'rate Fare and Abstinence I prize
In public, yet in private Germanus.

1 An impudent, deform'd ill-tongu'd Fellow (as Homer describes him, Iliad 2.) who accompanied the Grecian Army to the Siege of Troy; where he took a Privilege often to rail and snarl at the Commanders. Some relate that at last Achilles, for his Sawciness kill'd him with a Blow of his Fist. Therefore we are not to understand Juvenal, here, as relating a Matter of Fact; but Theristes is us'd here to signify any body of the same Kind: as before, Atticus and Rutilus. The Meaning is, that such as he ought not (neither would he, had he been present) have presumed to oppose Ajax and Ulysses in contend-

ing for Achilles his Armor. See his Character admirably improv'd by Mr. Dryden, in his Tragedy of Truth found too late.

2 The most Eloquent of all the Grecian Princes. After Achilles's Death, Ajax a fam'd Grecian Warrior pretended to his Armor; Ulysses oppos'd him, before a Council of War, and by his admirable Eloquence obtain'd the Prize. OY. Met. 13.

3 Brought to that pass, by his Gluttony; that he was forced to sell his Ring, the Mark of Honor and Distinction worn by Roman Knights.

D d 3

And

And tho' a Knight, 'mongst common slaves now stands,
 Begging an Alms, with undistinguished Hands,
 Sure sudden Death to such thou'd welcom be,
 On whom, each added Year heape Misery,
 Scorn, Poverty, Reproach, and Infamy.
 But there are Steps in Villany, which these
 Observe to tread and so low, by Degrees,
 Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
 Which, never meaning to restore, they spend;
 But that and their small Stock of Credit gone,
 Left Rome thou'd grow too warm, from thence they run.
 For of late Years 'tis no more Scandal grown,
 For Debt and Roguery to quit the Town,
 Than in the midst of Summer's scorching Heat,
 From Crouds and Noise and Business to retreat.
 One only Grief such Fugitives can find;
 Reflecting on the Pleasures left behind;
 The Plays and loose Diversions of the Place:
 But not one Blush appears for the Disgrace.
 Ne'er was of Modesty so great a Dearth,
 That out of Count'nance Virtue's fled from Earth.
 Baffled, expos'd to Ridicule and Scorn,
 She's with ¹⁰ *Astræa* gone, ne'er to return.

This Day, my ¹¹ *Perseus*, thou shalt perceive
 Whether my self I keep those Rules I give,
 Or else an unsuspected Glutton live;
Evander's ¹² Feast reviv'd, to day thou'lt see.
 The poor *Evander*, I, and thou shalt be
Atides ¹³ and *Aeneas* both to me.

¹⁰ The Goddess of Justice, whom
 the Poets feign to have fled to Hea-
 ven after the Golden Age.

Ultima Cœlestium Terras Astræa reliquit. Ovid.

¹¹ Juvenal's Friend, to whom
 he makes an Invitation, and ad-
 dresses this Satyr.

¹² A Prince of Arcadia, who

unlawfully killing his Father, forsake
 his own Country and came into
 Italy; settling in that place, where
 afterwards Rome was built. Vir-
 gil, *Æn.* 8. tells us that he in-
 terrain'd both Hercules and A-
 neas, when he was in a low Condition.

¹³ Hercules, so called from his
 Grandfather Alcaeus.

Mean-

Mean-time, I send you now your Bill of Fare;
Be not surpris'd, that 'tis all homely Cheer:
For nothing from the Shambles I provide,
But from my own small Farm, the tender's Kid,
And fattest of my Flock, a *Swilling* yet,
That ne'er had Nourishment, but from the Teat;
No bitter Willow-tops have been its Food,
Scarcely Grass; its Veins have more of Milk than Blood.
Next that, shall Mountain-Sparrows be laid,
Full'd by some plain, but cleanly Country-Maid,
The largest Eggs, yet warm within the Nest,
Together with the Hens which laid 'em, dress'd;
Clusters of Grapes, preserv'd for half a Year,
Which, plump and fresh as on the Vines appear,
Apples, of a ripe Flavor, fresh and fair,
Mixt with the *Syrian* and the *Siglen* Pear,
Mellow'd by Winter from their cruder Juice,
Light of Digestion now, and fit for Use.

Such Food as this, wou'd have been heretofore,
Accounted Riot, in a Senator;
When the good *Curius* thought it no Disgrace,
With his own Hands, a few small Herbs to dress;
And from his little Garden cull'd a Feast,
Which fester'd Slaves wou'd now disdain to taste;
For scarce a Slave, but has to Dinner, now,
The well-dress'd *Faps* of a fat pregnant Sow.
But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous Treat,
On Birth-days, Festivals, or Days of State,

14 *Curius Dentatus*, a great
Man who had been three times
Consul of Rome, and had triumph'd
over many Kings; yet as great an
Example of Temperance as Con-

rage.

15 A Dish in great Esteem
among the Romans.

Nil Vultu pulchius
ample, *Idiaz.*

A salt dry Flitch of Bacon to prepare;
 If they had fresh Meat, 'twas delicious Fare;
 Which rarely happen'd, and 'twas highly priz'd;
 If ought was left of what they sacrific'd,
 To Entertainments of this Kind, would come
 The worthiest and the greatest Men in Rome;
 Nay, seldom any at such Treats were seen,
 But those who had at least thrice ¹⁷ *Consuls* been;
 Or the ¹⁸ *Dictator's* Office had discharg'd,
 And now from honourable Toil enlarg'd,
 Retir'd to husband and manure their Land,
 Humbling themselves to those they might command.
 Then might y^e have seen the good old General haste,
 Before th' appointed ¹⁹ Hour, to such a Feast;
 His Spade aloft, as 'twere in Triumph held,
 Proud of the Conquest of some stubborn Field.
 'Twas then, when pious *Consuls* bore the Sway,
 When Vice discourag'd, pale and trembling lay.

¹⁶ If they kill'd a Sacrifice, and any Flesh remain'd to spare, it was priz'd as an accidental Rarity.

¹⁷ By the Tyranny of Tarquinus Superbus, (the last Roman King) the very Name of King became hateful to the People. After his Expulsion, they assembled, and resolv'd to commit the Government, for the future, into the Hands of two Persons, who were to be chosen every Year anew, and whom they call'd *Consuls*.

¹⁸ *Dictator*, was a General chosen upon some emergent Occasion; his Office was limited for six

Months; which Time expir'd (if Occasion were) they chose another or continued the same, by a new Election. The *Dictator* differ'd in nothing from a King, but in his Name, and the Duration of his Authority: His Power being full as great, but his Name not so hateful to the Romans.

¹⁹ It was accounted Greediness, and shameful, to eat before the usual Hour, which was their Ninth Hour; and our three a Clock Afternoon. But upon Festival Days, it was permitted them to prevent the ordinary Hour; and always excusable in old People.

Our 10 Censors then were subject to the Law,
 Ev'n Pow'r is self, of Justice stood in awe.
 It was not, then, a Roman's anxious Thought,
 Where largest Tortoise-Shells were to be bought,
 Where Pearls might of the greatest Price be had,
 And shining Jewels to adorn his 11 Bed,
 That he at vast Expence might loll his Head.
 Plain was his Couch, and only rich his Mind;
 Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he din'd.
 The Soldier then, in 12 *Gratian* Arts unskill'd,
 Returning rich with Plunder, from the Field,
 If Cups of Silver, or of Gold he brought,
 With Jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
 To glorious Trappings streight the Plate he turn'd,
 And with the glittering Spoil his Horse adorn'd:
 Or else a Helmet for himself he made,
 Where various warlike Figures were inlaid:
 The Roman Wolf suckling the 13 Twins was there,
 And Mars himself, arm'd with his Shield and Spear.

10 Censors, were two great
 Officers, part of whose Business was
 to inspect the Lives and Man-
 ners of Men; they had Power e-
 ven to degrade Knights and in-
 clude Senators, when guilty of
 great Misdemeanors: And in for-
 mer Days they were so strict, that
 they stood in awe one of ano-
 ther.

11 The Manner of the Ro-
 mana Baiting, was to lay upon
 Beds or Couches about the Table,
 which formerly were made of plain
 Wood, but afterwards at great Ex-
 pence, adorn'd with Tortoise-Shells,

Pearls, and Ivory.

12 The Romans copied their
 Luxury from the Greeks; the I-
 mitation of whom, was among
 them as fashionable, as of the
 French among us. Which occasi-
 on'd this Saying, with so much in-
 dignation in our Poet, *Lat. 1.*
Non possum ferre, Quilites,
Græcam Urbem.

13 Romulus and Remus, Twins
 and Founders of the Roman Em-
 pire; whom the Poets sign were
 nurs'd by a Wolf. The Woman's
 Name being Lupa.

Hev'ring above his Crest, did dreadful show;
 As threatening Death to each resisting Foe.
 No Use of Silver, but in Arms, was known;
 Splendid they were in War, and there alone.
 No Side-boards, then, with gilded Plate were dress'd;
 No sweating Slaves, with massive Dishes press'd;
 Expensive Riot was not understood,
 But earthen Platters held their homely Food.
 Who wou'd not envy them, that Age of Bliss,
 That sees with shame the Luxury of This?
 Heav'n unwearied then, did Blessings pour,
 And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous Hour;
 Mankind were then familiar with the God,
 He snuff'd their Incense with a gracious Nod:
 And wou'd have still been bounteous, as of Old,
 Had we not left him for that Idol, Gold.
 His Golden ²⁴ Statues hence the God have driv'n:
 For well he knows, where our Devotion's giv'n,
 'Tis Gold we Worship, though we pray to Heav'n.
 Woods of our own afforded Tables then,
 Tho' none can please us now but from Japan.
 Invite my Lord to dine, and let him have,
 The nicest Dish his Appetite can crave;
 But let it on an Oaken-Board be set,
 His Lordship will grow Sick, and cannot eat:
 Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,
 Either your *Person's* rank, or ²⁵ *Ornaments* stink.
 Order some other Table to be brought,
 Something, at great Expense in India bought:

²⁴ Formerly the Statues of the Gods were made of Clay: But now of Gold. Which Extravagance was displeasing even to the Gods themselves.

²⁵ The Romans used to anoint themselves with sweet Ornaments, at their Feasts, immediately after Bathing.

beneath whose Orb, large yawning *Panthers* lie,
 serv'd on rich Pedestals of ²⁶ *Ivory*;
 he finds no more of that offensive Smell,
 the Meat recovers, and my Lord grows well.
 In Iv'ry Table, is a certain Whet;
 you would not think how heartily he'll eat,
 as if new Vigor to his Teeth were sent,
 my Sympathy from those o' th' *Elephant*.
 But such fine Feeders are no Guests for me:
 Not agrees not with Frugality;
 then, that unfashionable Man am I,
 With me they'd starve, for want of Ivory;
 nor not one Inch does my whole House afford,
 Not in my very Tables, or *Chest-board*;
 of Bone, the Handles of my Knives are made,
 yet no ill Taste from thence affects the Blade,
 or what I carve; nor is there ever left,
 any unlov'd *Haut-gout* from the Haft.
 A hearty Welcom, to plain wholsom Meat,
 you'll find, but serv'd up in no formal State;
 No *Sew'rs*, nor dextrous *Carvers* have I got,
 such as by skilful ²⁷ *Trypherns* are taught:
 in whose fam'd Schools the various Forms appear
 Of Fishes, Beasts, and all the Fowls o' th' Air;
 And where, with blunted Knives, his *Scholars* learn
 How to dissect, and the nice Joints discern;
 While all the Neighb'hood are with Noise oppress'd,
 From the harsh Carving of his wooden Feast.
 On me attends a raw unskilful Lad,
 On Fragments fed, in homely Garments clad,
 At once my *Carver*, and my ²⁸ *Gangmade*;

²⁶ Ivory was in great Esteem a-
 mong them, and prefer'd to Silver.

²⁷ There were in Rome, Pro-
 fessors of the Art of Carving; who

taught publicly in Schools. Of this
 Kind, Tryphernus was the most Fa-
 mous.

²⁸ *Cup-beaver*.

With Diligence he'll serve us while we dine,
 And in plain beechen Vessels fill our Wine.
 No beauteous Boys I keep, from *Phrygia* brought,
 No *Catamites*, by shameful *Panders* taught:
 Only to me two home-bred Youths belong,
 Unskill'd in any but their Mother-Tongue;
 Alike in Feature both, and Garb appear,
 With honest Faces, tho' with uncurl'd Hair,
 This Day thou shalt my rural Pages see,
 For I have dress'd 'em both to wait on thee.
 Of Country-Swains they both were born, and one
 My *Ploughman's* is, t'other my *Shepherd's* Son;
 A cheerful Sweetness in his Looks he has,
 And Innocence unartful in his Face:
 Tho' sometimes Sadness will o'er-cast the Joy,
 And gentle Sighs break from the tender Boy;
 His Absence from his Mother, oft he'll mourn,
 And with his Eyes look Wishes to return;
 Longing to see his tender Kids again,
 And feed his Lambs upon the flowry Plain.
 A modest Blush he wears, not form'd by Art,
 Free from Deceit his Face, and full as free his Heart.
 Such Looks, such Bashfulness, might well adorn,
 The Cheeks of Youths that are more nobly born;
 But Noblemen those humble Graces scorn.
 This Youth to-Day shall my small Treat attend,
 And only he with Wine shall serve my Friend,
 With Wine from his own Country brought, and made,
 From the same Vines, beneath whose fruitful Shade
 He and his wanton Kids have often play'd.
 But you, perhaps, expect a modish Feast,
 With am'rous Songs and *Phrygia* wanton Dances grac'd.

Phrygia: Whence pretty
 Boys were brought to Rome, and
 sold publicly in the Markets, to
 use.

to An usual Part of the Enter-
 tainment, when great Men feasted,
 was to have wanton Women dance
 after a lascivious Manner.

Where

Where Sprightly Females, to the Middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the Ground, and frisk in Air;
Whose pliant Limbs in various Postures move,
And twine and bound, as in the Rage of Love.
Such Sights, the languid Nerves to Action stir,
And jaded Lust springs forward with this Spur.
Virtue would shrink to hear this Lewdness told,
Which Husbands, now, do with their Wives behold:
A needful Help, to make 'em both approve,
The dry Embraces of long-wedded Love,
In Nuptial Cinders, this revives the Fire,
And turns their mutual Loathing to Desire.
But she, who by her Sex's Charter must
Have double Pleasure paid, feels double Lust;
Apace she warms with an immoderate Heat,
Strongly her Bosom heaves, and Pulses beat;

31 Virtue won'd shrink to hear this Lewdness told
Which Husbands now, do with their Wives behold.

These Lines in JUVENAL,

*Spectant hos nuptas, juncta recubante marito,
Quod pudeat narrasse aliquem praesentibus ipse.*

In some late Editions, are placed | Translation, won'd so have felt
nearer the latter End of this Sa- | low'd, after Line 31 6. in Page
ty: And in the Order of this | 174, viz.

Such Shows as these were not for us design'd,
But vigorous Youth to active Sports inclin'd.

But I have continued them in this | Exercise; I cannot conceive where
Place after Lubin. Besides the | the extraordinary Cause of Shame
Example of the learned Holyday | lay in Female Spectators: But it
for the same Position; agreeing | was a manifest Immodesty for 'em
better here, in my Mind, with the | to eye by their Husbands, and see the
Sense both before and after. For | lowd Actions of their own Sex in
the Megalensian Game consisting | the Manner describ'd.

E c

With

With glowing Cheeks, and trembling Lips she lies,
 With Arms expanded, and with naked Thighs,
 Sucking in Passion both at Ears and Eyes.
 But this becomes not me, nor my Estate;
 These are the vicious Follies of the Great.
 Let him who dos on Iv'ry Tables dine,
 Whose marble-Floors with drunken Spawling shine;
 Let him lascivious Songs and Dances have;
 Which, or to see, or hear, the lewd'st Slave,
 The vilest Prostitute in all the Stews,
 With bashful Indignation wou'd refuse.
 But Fortune, there, extenuates the Crime,
 What's Vice in me, is only Mirth in him:
 The Fruits which Murder, Cards, or Dice afford,
 A Vestal ravish'd, or a Matron whor'd,
 Are laudable Diversions in a Lord.

But my poor Entertainment is design'd
 T' afford you Pleasures of another Kind:
 Yet with your Tast your Hearing shall be fed,
 And *Homer's* sacred Lines, and *Virgil's* read;
 Either of whom dos all Mankind excel,
 Tho' which exceeds the Other, none can tell.
 It matters not with what ill Tone they're sung;
 Verse so sublimely good, no Voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty Cares away,
 Thy Jealousies and Fears, and while you may,
 To Peace and soft Repose give all the Day.
 From Thoughts of Debt, or any worldly Ill,
 Be free; be all uneasy Passions still.
 What tho' thy Wife do with the Morning-Light,
 (When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all Night)
 Steal from thy Bed and House, abroad to roam,
 And having quench'd her Flame, comes breathless Home,
 Fleck'd in her Face, and with disorder'd Hair,
 Her Garments ruffled, and her Bosom bare;

With Ears still twingling, and her Eyes on Fire;
 Half drown'd in Sin, still burning in Desire;
 Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content,
 Swelling with Passion, which you dare not vent;
 Nay, if you wou'd be free from Night-Alarms,
 You must seem fond, and dozing on her Charms,
 Take her (the last of Twenty) to your Arms.

Let this, and ev'ry other anxious Thought,
 At th' Entrance of thy Threshold be forgot;
 All thy domestic Grievs at Home be left,
 The Wife's Adul'try, with the Servants Theft;
 And (the most racking Thought, which can intrude)
 Forget false Friends and their Ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful Mirth at Home begin,
 While ³² *Megalensian* Shows are in the ³³ *Circus* seen
 There (to the Bane of Horses) in high State
 The ³⁴ *Prætor* sits, on a triumphal Seat:
 Vainly with Ensigns, and with Robes adorn'd,
 As if with Conquest, from the Wars return'd.
 This Day, all *Rome*, (if I may be allow'd,
 Without Offence to such a num'rous Crowd,
 To say all *Rome*) will in the *Circus* swear;
 Echo's already do their Shouts repeat:
 Methinks I hear the Cry----*Away, away,*
 The ³⁵ *Green* have won the Honor of the Day.

³² Games in Honor of Cybele the Mother of the Gods, She was call'd Megale meter, Magna Mater, and from thence these Games Megalesia, or Ludi Megalenses; they began upon the 4th of April, and continued six Days.

³³ The Place where these Games were celebrated.

³⁴ An Officer not unlike our Mayor or Sheriff. He was to oversee these Sports, and sat in great State, while they were acting; to the Destruction of many Horses, which were spoiled in running the

Races.

³⁵ In running the Races in the Circus, with Horses in Charlots, there were four distinct Factions, known by their Liveries: Which, were Green, a kind of russet-Red, White, and Blue. One of these Factions was always favor'd by the Court, and at this Time probably the Green. Which makes our Poet fancy he hears the Shouts, for Joy of their Party. Afterward Domitian added two more, the Golden and purple Factions.

E c 2

Oh

Oh, should those Sports be but one Year forborn,
 Rome wou'd in Tears her lov'd Diversion mourn;
 For that would now a Cause of ³⁶ Sorrow yield,
 Great as the Loss of ³⁷ Capua's fatal Field.
 Such Shows as these were not for us design'd,
 But vig'rous Youth to active Sports inclin'd,
 On Beds of Roses laid, let us repose,
 While round our Heads refreshing Odourment flows,
 Our aged Limbs we'll bask in Phœbus' Rays,
 And live this Day devoted to our Ease.
 Early to-day we'll to the Bath repair,
 Nor need we now the common ³⁸ Censure fear:
 On Festivals, it is allow'd no Crime,
 To bathe, and eat, before the usual Time:
 But that continu'd, wou'd a Loathing give,
 Nor could you thus a Week together live:
 For frequent Use would the Delight exclude;
Pleasure's a Toil, when constantly pursu'd.

³⁶ Reflecting on the immoderate Fondness the Romans had for such Shows.

³⁷ A small Town, near which Hannibal obtained a great Victory over the Romans: In that Battle

were slain 40000 Men, and so many Gentlemen that he sent three Baskets full of Rings to Carthage, as a Token of his Victory.

³⁸ See the Notes at Fig. 19,



JUVENAL.

THE TWELFTH SATYR.

By Mr. THOMAS POWER, Fellow
of Trinity-College in Cambridge.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet invites Corvinus to assist at the Performance of a Sacrifice he had vow'd to the Gods, and was now thankfully offering up for the Safety of his Friend Catullus the Merchant, who with the Loss of his Goods, had escap'd the double Danger of Fire and Water. He professes the Reality of his Friendship, and the Sincerity of his Intentions; that what he did in this Nature, was without any Design upon Catullus, or Prospect of Advantage from him who had three Children to leave his E-

E. c. 3. state.

state to. And here taking the Hint, he exercises his Satyrical Vein upon the Heredipetæ, or Legacy-Hunters, who made their Court to, and largely presented, and in their Sickness sacrificed for the Health of rich childless Men, in hopes to be consider'd in their Will: Among the rest, he singles out one Pacuvius, a Fellow very dextrous at, and notorious for this Practice: And concludes all with a Wish for Pacuvius; which some covetous Persons would think pleasant enough, but really is a Curse.

THIS Day's, this joyful Day's Solemnity

Dos with my Birth-days more than equal vies
Of grassie Turyes the rural Altar's rear'd,
Expect the Firstling of the Flock and Herd;
To Royal ¹ Juno, and the War-like Maid:
Shall in a Lamb to each my Vows be paid;
A Steer, of the first Head in the whole Drove,
Reserve we sacred to ² Tarpeian Jove.

¹ The Queen of the Gods; so call'd by the Poets, as being Wife to Jupiter, who was the Supreme Deity of the Greeks and Romans. By the War-like Maid, is meant Pallas or Minerva, the Goddess of Learning and War. They had their peculiar Sacrifices appointed them in the Rituals or Books of Ceremonies of the Antients: White Bulls were offer'd to Jupiter; white Cows to Juno and Minerva. The Poet

is so great a Sacrifice, yet willing to shew his Devotion, and pay his Vow for his Friend's safe Arrival, proportionable to his Estate, offers Juno an Ewe Lamb, another to Minerva, and to Jupiter a young Bullock.

² On Mount Capitol, otherwise called the Tarpeian Hill, from the Vestal Virgin Tarpeia, that betray'd it to the Sabines, Jupiter had a Temple, whence he was Named Tarpeian and Capitoline.

Edward

Forward he bounds his Rope's extended Length;
 With pushing Front; proud since he try'd his Strength,
 And budding Horns, against an adverse Oak;
 Fit for the Altar, and the fatal Stroke.
 Were but my Fortune equal to my Mind,
 My bounteous Love more nobly had design'd;
 A Bull high-fed should fall the Sacrifice;
 One of ³ *Hispalla's* huge prodigious Size:
 Not one of those our neighboring Pastures feed,
 But of ⁴ *Clitumnus'* whitest sacred Breed;
 The lively Tincture of whose gushing Blood,
 Shou'd clearly prove the Richness of his Food:
 A Neck so strong, so large as wou'd demand
 The speeding Blow of some ⁵ uncommon Hand.
 This for my Friend, or more, I wou'd perform,
 Who, Danger free, still trembles at the Storm,
 Presenting Forms so hideous to his Sight,
 As Safety scarce allays the wild Affright.
 First from a Cloud that Heav'n all o'er-cast,
 With Glance so swift the subtle Lightning past,
 Asplit the Sail-Yards, trembling, and half dead,
 Each thought the Blow was levell'd at his Head:
 The flaming Shrouds so dreadful did appear,
 All judg'd a Wreck cou'd no Proportion bear.

³ A fat sensual Lady, noted
 as infamous for keeping a Player
 Sat. 6.

⁴ A River that divides Tus-
 cany and Umbria, whose Water,
 as Pliny relates makes the Cows
 that drink of it eatve their Young
 White: Whence the Romans, as
 Virgil, and Claudian observe,
 were plentifully furnish'd with Sa-
 crifices for Jupiter Capitoline.

⁵ The Grandis Ministers of Ju-

venal, some interpret in a Sense
 referring to the Quality of the
 Person, as if the chief Pontiff, and
 not one of the Popa's, or ordinary
 Officers, was to give the Blow:
 But as it is unseemly to make the
 chief Pontiff descend to so mean an
 Office; so it is more probable the
 Poet meant not the Dignity, but
 the Size and Strength of the Per-
 son.

So Fancy paints, so dos the Poer write,
 When he wou'd work a Tempest to the Height.
 This Dangers past, a second dos succeed;
 Again with Pity, and Attention heed:
 No less this second, tho' of different Kind;
 Such as, in ⁶ Isis' Temple, you may find
 On votive Tablets, to the Life pourtray'd;
 Where Painters are employ'd, and earn their Bread.
 What Painters in their liveli'st Draughts express,
 May be a Copy of my Friend's Distress.
 For now a Sea into the Hold was got;
 Wave upon Wave another Sea had wrought;
 And nigh o'erfet the Stern on either Side:
 The hoary Pilot his best Skill apply'd;
 But useles all when he despairing found,
Catullus then did with the Winds compound.
 Just as the ⁷ Beaver, that wise thinking Brute,
 Who, when hard huntet on a close Pursuit,
 Bites off his Stones, the Cause of all the Strife;
 And pays 'em down a Ransom for his Life.
 Over with all, he cries, with all thar's mine;
 Without Reserve I freely all resign.

⁶ The Egyptian Goddess, look'd upon by Merchants and Seamen as their Patroness; to whom they made their Vows in their Extremity. The Custom was for those that escap'd to hang upon the Walls of her Temple, the Picture of a Wreck or Storm, which was call'd a Votive-Table; and her Votaries, it seems, were so numerous, that she was forc'd to employ a whole Company of Painters in her Service.

⁷ A proper Simile, and good

moral Allusion; but the Ground is wholly fabulous; and has experimentally been proved so by *Scstius*, a Physician, as it stands related by *Pliny*. *Dr. Brown*, in his *Book of Vulgar Errors*, says; That the Testicles, properly so call'd, are seated inwardly upon the Loins; and therefore it were not only a fruitless Attempt, but an impossible Act, to castrate it self: And might be an hazardous Practice of Art, if at all attempted by Others.

Rich Garments, Purple dy'd in Grain, go o'er;
 No soft ⁸ *Mecenas* ever choicer wore:
 And others of that Fleece, that never dy'd,
 Or stain'd by Art, is rich in Nature's Pride;
 Such as its Tincture from the Soil dos bear;
 By noble Springs improv'd and ⁹ *Bætic* Air.
 Nor stopt he so, but overwent his Plate
 Made by ¹⁰ *Parthenius*, follow'd by a great
 And massie Goblet, a two gallon Draught,
 Might set a thirsty *Centaur* when he quaff,
 Or drench the Wife of ¹¹ *Fuscus*: Add to these
 Baskets of ¹² *Britain*, Rarities of *Greece*,
 A set of Plate most artfully imboist,
 No less a Bribe than what ¹³ *Olynthus* cost.

Shew

⁸ *Augustus* his great Favorite; and Patron of *Virgil*, and *Horace*, *Juvenal* here taxes him of being over-soft, and delicate; which *Horace* has done too, tho' covertly, and under another Name.

⁹ In *Boetic* Spain (now *Andalusia*, and the best part of *Granada*) the Sheeps Fleeces are naturally of a Color betwixt Red and Black, resembling the purple Dye, which the *Antients* imputed to the Goodness of the Air, and the Soil: And they put a great Value on it, as we do now on the Spanish Wool for its Fineness.

¹⁰ A great Master in the Art of Graving.

¹¹ *Fuscus* was a Judge, mention'd in the last Satyr, noted by *Martial* for a Drunkard; as his Wife is here put by *Juvenal*, in the good Company of *Pholus* the *Centaur*.

¹² *Bascauda*, the British Word.

for a Basket, was by the Romans made Latin. They so much fancied the Baskets of our Island, that they would claim the Invention to themselves. *Mart. Lib. 14.*

*Barbara de Pictis veni Bascauda
 Britannia.*

Sed me jam mavult dicere Roma suam.

*From British Picts the bar'rous
 Basket came;*

*But now Rome gladly won'd the
 Invention claim.*

¹³ A strong fortified City of *Thrace*, not to be taken by a Storm on Siege. *Philip* of *Macedon* made a considerable Present of Plate to *Lathenes*, who was entrusted with the Government of it by the *Arthenians*; and he, being corrup-

ted

Shew me the Man, that other he, would dare,
 His very Life and Soul to Gold prefer :
Now Money serves not Life's most noble Ends,
But slavish Life impetuous Wealth attends.
 Thus most of the Ship's Freight went over-board,
 Yet all this Wast cou'd small Relief afford ;
 So fierce the Storm, Necessity at last
 Dos loudly call to ease her of her Mast
 Hard is the Case, and dang'rous the Distress,
 When what we wou'd preserve, we must make less.
 Go now, go trust the Wind's uncertain Breath,
 Remov'd four Fingers from approaching Death,
 Or seven at most, when thickest is the Board ;
 Go with Provision, Bisket, Brandy stor'd.
 But if you reasonably hope to speed,
 You must produce your Ax in Time of Need.
 Now when the Sea grew calm, the Winds were laid,
 And the pleas'd 14 *Parca* spun a whiter Thread ;
 When Fate propitious sent a gentle Gale ;
 The shatter'd Vessel, with one wretched Sail,
 Besides what Gowns and Coats her Crew cou'd lend,
 To help her on her Course, did homeward bend ;
 The South-Wind less'ning still, the Sun appears,
 And into lively Hope converts their Fears.
 And now, in Prospect sweet, his cheerful Light,
 The 15 *Alban* Cliffs confesses to their Sight ;

Where

ted with so great a Bribe, treach-
 erously surrender'd it to Philip.

14 The Destinies ; they were
 three Sisters, Clotho, Lachesis,
 and Atropos, perpetually employ'd
 in Spinning : If the Thread they
 spun was White, it was a sign
 of Life and Prosperity ; if Black,

of Death and Adversity.

15 Near them was built Alba
 Longa by Ascanius, who left his
 Step-Mother Lavinia in the City of
 Lavinium, built by his Father
 Aeneas, and call'd by her Name.
 Ascanius call'd his own City Lon-
 ga, from the long Form of it, and
 Alba

here *Alba's* Pile *Intus* founding rear'd,
 then to *Lavinium* he that Seat preferr'd;
 and call'd it *Alba*, from the white Sow nam'd,
 that for her thirty sucking Pigs was fam'd.
 At last within the mighty Mole she gets,
 our 16 *Tuscan* Pharos, that the mid-Sea meets.
 With its Embrace, and leaves the Land behind:
 Work so wond'rous Nature ne'er design'd.
 Through it the joyful Steers-Men clears his Way,
 And comes, to Anchor in its inmost Bay;
 Where smallest Vessels ride, and are secur'd,
 And the 17 shorn Sailors boast what they endur'd.
 Go then, my Boys, the sacred Rites prepare:
 With awful Silence and Attention hear:
 With Bran the Knives, with Flow'rs the Altars dress;
 And in your Diligence your Zeal express.

*Alba from the white Sow with
 Thirty Pigs sucking her, that was
 seen by the Trojans a little after
 their Landing; and where the City
 was built, according to the Com-
 mand of the Oracle. Virg.*

16 *Pharos was a Port in A-
 gypt, famous for its Watch-Tow-
 er, wherein were plac'd Lights for
 the Benefit and Direction of Sail-
 ors by Night: Juvenal calls the
 Port of Ostia, where Tyber dis-
 burthens its self into the Sea, the
 Tuscan Pharos: It was design'd by
 Augustus after the Model of that
 in Egypt: Claudius Cæsar, as
 Suetonius says, carried on, and
 finish'd the Mole, with vast La-
 bor and Charges; having for ele-*

*ven Years together kept 10000
 Men at Work upon it. It was af-
 terwards repair'd by Trajan.*

17 It was a Custom among the
 Antients, when in Distress at Sea,
 to invoke the Aid of some God or
 other, with a solemn Vow of casting
 off their Hair, and offering it to
 him, as an Acknowledgment to
 whose Assistance they ow'd their
 Safety. To this St. Paul proba-
 bly alludes, Acts xxvii. 14. There
 shall not an Hair of your Head
 perish. As if he had said, They
 should not need to vow their Hair,
 for without such a Vow, and the
 Performance of it, they shou'd all
 escape.

I'll follow straight, and having paid my Vows,
Thence home again, where Chaplets wreath the Brows
Of all my little waxen Deities:

And Incense shall Domestic Jove appease;
My shining Household-Gods shall revel there,
And all the Colors of the Violet wear.
All's right; my Portal shines with verdant Bays,
And consecrated Tapests early blaze.

Suspect me not, *Corvinus*, of Design;
Far be such Guilt from any Thought of Mine.
My Altars smoke not for so base an End;
Catullus, tho' a Father, is my Friend,
And his three Children bar a foreign Claim.
Who on a Friend so hopeless, such a Name,
As Father, wou'd a sickly Hen bestow;
Or on such slender Grounds a Quail forego:
If *Paccius* or *Gallus* breath a Vein,
The Temples straight are crowned with a Train.
Of fawning Rascals, uttering each his Pray'r;
Nothing's too pretious for a Life so dear:
A Hecatomb is scarce enough to bleed:
And, but an Elephant's no common Breed,
Nor seen, nor known in *Italy*, before
There were transpotted from the *Afric* Shore:
Since which, in the *Rutilian* Forest rear'd,
They range at large, great *Cesar's* Royal Herd:
As once they learnt King *Pyrrhus* to obey,
And with Submission to our Consuls sway;
Or *Tyrian Hannibal's* part of the War,
In Turrets on their Backs they us'd to bear:

18 Two rich Men, both of them Childless; which made the Hæredipetz or Legacy-Hunters present them, and ply them with Gift upon Gift, in hopes to be consider'd in their Will. Tacitus makes mention of them both: The first he calls African; the other Cruspilina.

Cou'd 19 *Neolus* or *Pacuvius* but procure,
 These Iv'ry 20 *Portents*, Death should seal 'em sure
 A Victim for *Quirina*; nothing less,
 The Greatness of their Friendship can express,
Pacuvius, were he not by Law withstood,
 Wou'd manifest his own inhuman Blood;
 The best, the loveliest Slave of either Sex,
 To serve his Compliment, shou'd yield their Neck
 Nay to that Height the wicked *Rogue* proceeds,
 His 21 *Iphigenia*, his Daughter bleeds
 If needs require; tho' he was sure to find
 No dext'rous Slight to change her for an Hind.
 My Fellow-Citizen I must commend,
 For what's a Fleet to a bequeathing Friend?
 For, if he chance to 'scape this dismal Bout,
 The former Legatees are blotted out;
 Upon *Pacuvius* all must be conferr'd;
 So great a Merit claims no less Reward:
Pacuvius struts it, and triumphant goes
 In the dejected Crowd of rival Foes:
 You see the Fruit of his projecting Brain,
 In offering up his Daughter to his Gain.

19 Two crafty designing Knaves, *Neolus* and *Pacuvius*,
 Visitors of the Sick *Gallita* or *Pacuvius*.

20 Elephants, so call'd from
 their suspensions *Bigness* and *Ivory*
 Teeth.

21 The Story in short is this:
 The *Græcian Fleet* lying *Wind-*
bound at *Aulis*, the Oracle was
 consulted, and Answer return'd,
 No Wind could be had for their
Expedite, unless *Agamemnon*, Com-
 mander in Chief in the *Expediti-*

on, would offer up his Daughter
Iphigenia to appease *Diana's* An-
 ger, who was offended with the
 Greeks for killing an Hind conse-
 crated to her. *Agamemnon*, for
 the public Good, brings his Dang-
 ter to the Altar; but the Goddess
 relenting, convey'd her away to the
Tauric Cherloneſe, and substi-
 tuted an Hind in her Place. The
 Application of this to *Pacuvius* is
 obvious enough.

As great as *Nero's* Plunder be his Store;
 High, Mountain high, be pil'd the shining Ore;
 Then may he Live to *Nero's* Age extend,
 Nor ever be, nor ever find, a Friend.

22 The prodigious Sums he ex-
 ported from the Provinces by unrea-
 sonable Taxes, Confiscations, &c.
 are almost incredible. He gave no
 Office without this Charge; Thou
 knowest what I want, let us
 make it our Business, that no Bo-
 dy may have any thing.

23 Grown now to a Proverb; who

l'd, as Homer says, to complete
 the third Age of Man: The Word
 Age is an equivocal Term, and
 diversely taken by many; but if we
 take it in its full Extent, as it
 comprehends an hundred Years, it
 will serve very well Juvenal's Pur-
 pose.

JUVENAL.

THE
THIRTEENTH SATYR.

By Mr. THOMAS CREECH, Fellow
of All-Souls-College in Oxford.

The ARGUMENT.

Corvinus had trusted one of his old Friends
and Acquaintance with a Bag of Money;
this Friend denies the Trust, and forswears
it too: Corvinus is very much disturb'd
at this Cheat, storms and rages, accuses
Providence, and is ready to conclude
that God takes no Care of Things below,
because some sudden and remarkable Ven-
geance did not fall upon this perjur'd false
Wretch. Juvenal hearing of Corvinus's
Loss, and unmanly Behaviour, writes this
Satyr to him, both to comfort him after his
Loss, and instruct him how to bear it;

and thence takes Occasion to speak of the
 Villenefs and Villany of his Times. He
 begins with the Condition of the wicked
 Man; and tells him, i. That the Sinner
 must needs hate himself; and, ii. That he
 will be hated by all Mankind. iii. He puts
 Corvinus in mind, that he hath a good Es-
 tate, and that this Loss will not break
 him. iv. and v. That a great many have
 suffer'd the like Misfortunes; That Cheats
 were common, his Loss but little, and there-
 fore not to be resented with so violent a Pas-
 sion. Hence, vi. He expatiates on the Vile-
 ness of the Times; and, vii. compares his
 Age with the Golden one, which he
 describes, viii. He continues his Re-
 flexions on the general Wickedness of the
 Times. ix. Makes some Observations on
 the Confidence of some Sinners: And, x.
 endeavors to give some Account of this:
 He observes that some are Atheists; xi. O-
 thers believe a God, but fancy the Money
 they get by their Perjury will do them
 more Good, than the Punishment he inflicts
 will do them Harm: At least, xii. That
 God is Merciful, they may be pardon'd,
 or 'scape in the Crowd of Sinners; since
 some are forgiven, and all do not meet with
 Punishments equal to their Deserts. xiii.
 He corrects his Friend for his Atheistical
 Passion,

Passion, and rude Accusations of Providence ; And, xiv. Advises him to be more cool ; and consider, That, xv. such Cheats are common, and he hath suffer'd no more than other Men ; And, xvi, that every Day he may meet with greater Crimes, which require his Concernment. That, xvii. his Passion is Idle and Fruitless ; because Revenge, which is the only End of Passion, will do him no Good, it will not retrieve his Loss ; and besides is an Argument of a base Mind and mean Temper. Then coming closer to his Point, he tells him xviii. The Wicked are severely punish'd by their own Consciences ; xix. Vengeance waits upon them : And, xx. describes the miserable Life, and terrible Death of the wicked Man. And, xxi. closes all with observing, that few Men stop at their first Sin, but go on till their Crimes provoke Providence : And therefore, xxii. Corvinus need not fear, but this perjur'd Friend, of his would do so too, and then, he should see some remarkable Judgment fall upon him.

HE that commits a Sin, shall quickly find
The pressing Guilt lie heavy on his Mind ;

¶ Thus read, Extempo quodcumque malum, &c.

Tho' Bribes or Favor shall assert his Cause,
Pronounce him *Guiltless*, and elude the Laws:
None quits *himself*; his own impartial Thought,
Will damn, and *Conscience* will record the Fault.

II.

This first the Wicked feels: Then public Hate,
Pursues the *Cheat*, and proves the Villain's Fate.

III.

But more, *Corvinus*; thy Estate can bear
A greater Loss, and not implore thy Care;
Thy Stock's sufficient, and thy Wealth too great.
To feel the Damage of a *Petty Cheat*.

IV.

Nor are such Losses to the World unknown,
A rare Example, and thy *Chance* alone;
Most feel them, and in Fortune's *Lottery* lies
A Heap of *Blanks*, like this, for one small Prize.

V.

Abate thy Passion, nor too much complain;
Grief shon'd be forc'd, and it becomes a Man,
To let it rise no higher than his Pain:
But you too weak the slightest Loss to bear,
Too delicate the common Fate to share,
Are on the *Fret* of Passion, boil and rage,
Because, in so' debauch'd and vile an Age,
Thy Friend and Old *Acquaintance* dazes disown,
The Gold you lent him, and forswear the Loan.
What, start at this? When *sixty Years* have spread,
Their gray Experience o'er thy hoary Head.
Is this the *All-observing* Age cou'd gain,
Or hast thou known the World so long in vain?

Let *Stoic's* Ethics haughty Rules advance,
To combat Fortune, and to conquer Chance;
Yet Happy those, tho' not so *Learn'd* are thought,
Whom *Life* instructs, who by *Experience* taught.

For new to come, from *past* Misfortunes look;
Nor shake the *Tide*, which galls the more 'tis shook.

VI.

What Day's so *Sacred*, but its Rest's profan'd;
By violent Robbers, or by Murder stain'd;
Here *hir'd* Assassines for their Gain invade,
And treacherous *Poys'n*ers urge their fatal Trade.

Good Men are scarce, the *Just* are thinly sown,
They thrive but ill, nor can they last, when grown;
And shou'd we count them, and our Store compile,
Yet *2* *Thebes* more Gates wou'd shew, more Mouths the Nile

Worse than the Iron Age, and wretched Times
Roul on; and *Use* hath so improv'd our Crimes,
That baffled Nature knows not how to frame,
A Metal base enough to give the Age a Name:
Yet you exclaim, as loud as those that Praise,
For Scraps and Coach-hire, a young Noble's Plays;
You Thunder, and, as Passion rous along,
Call Heav'n and Earth a Witness to your Wrong.

Gray-headed Infants and in vain grown Old
Art thou to learn that in another's Gold
Lie Charms resistless; that all laugh to find
Unthinking Plainness so o'er-spread thy Mind,
That thou could'st *seriously* persuade the Crowd,
To keep their Oaths, and to believe a God

VII.

This they cou'd do whilst *Saturn* fill'd the Throne,
Ere *Juno* burnish'd, or young *Jove* was grown;
Ere private he left *Ida*'s close Retreat,
Or made Rebellion by Example great
And whilst his hoary Sire to *Latum* fled,
Usurp'd his Empire, and desl'd his Bed,
Whilst Gods din'd singly, and few Feasts above,
No beauteous *Hebe* mixt the Wine with Love;

2 *Thebes* had but seven Gates, and the River Nile but seven
mouths.

No *Phrygian* Boy: But *Putean* stain'd the Pole
 With sooty Hands, and fill'd the sparkling Bowl.
 The Gods grew num'rous, and the Heav'nly Crowd
 Press wretched *Atlas* with a lighter Load:
 Ere *Chance* unenvy'd *Neptune's* Lot confin'd
 To rule the Ocean, and oppose the Winds:
 Ere *Proserpine* with *Pluto* shar'd the Throne,
 Ere *Furies* last, on Ghosts had learn'd to groan:
 But free from Punishment as free from Sin,
 The *Shades* liv'd jolly, and without a King:
 Then *War* was rare; e'en *Rodens* kept in Awe:
 Felt all the Rigor of avenging Laws;
 And had not *Men* the hoary Heads rever'd,
 Or *Boys* paid Reverence when a Man appear'd,
 Both must have dy'd, tho' richer Skins they wore,
 And saw more Heaps of *Acorns* in their Store:
 Four Years Advance did such Respect engage,
 And Youth was reverenc'd then like sacred Age.

VIII.

Now if one *Honest* Man I chance to view,
 Contemning *Int'rest*, and to *Virtue* true;
 I rank him with the Prodiges of Fame,
 With *Flow'd-up* Fishes, and with *Joy* Flames;
 With Things which start from *Nature's* common Rules,
 With *bearded*-Infants, and with *seeming* Mules:
 As much amaz'd at the prodigious Sign,
 As if I saw *Bees* cluster'd on a Shrine:
 A Show'r of Stones, or Rivers chang'd to Blood;
 Roul wond'rous Waves, or urge a milky Flood.

3 That is, were of better Quality,
 and had more Wealth: Skins and
Acorns being the primitive Cloths
 and Food, according to the Poets,

4 If a Swarm of Bees pitch'd up
 on a Temple, it was look'd upon as
 an Omen of some very great Mis-
 chief.

IX.

A little Sum you mourn, whilst *Me* have met,
With twice the Loss, and by as *Vile* a Cheat;
By treacherous *Friends*, and secret Trust betray'd,
Some are undone; nor are the Gods our Aid.

Those *Conscious Powers* we can with Ease condemn,
If hid from *Men*, we trust our Crimes with them.

Observe the Wretch, who hath his Faith forsook,
How clear his Voice, and how assur'd his Look!
Like Innocence, and as serenely bold,

As Truth, how loudly he forswears thy Gold.

By *Neptune's Trident*, by the Bolts of *Jove*,

And all the Magazine of Wrath above.

Nay, more, in Curses he goes boldly on;

He damns himself, and thus devotes his Son;

If I'm forsworn, you injur'd Gods renew,

Thyestes' Feast, and prove the Fable true.

X.

Some think that *Chance* rules all, that *Nature* steers,

The moving Seasons, and turns round the Years.

These run to ev'ry Shrine, these boldly swear,

And keep no Faith, because they know no Fear.

XI.

Another doubts, but as his Doubts decline,

He dreads just Vengeance, and he starts at Sin;

He owns a God: And yet the Wretch forswears!

And thus he reasons, to relieve his Fears:

Let *Isis* rage, so I securely hold,

The Coin forsworn, and keep the ravish'd Gold;

Let Blindness, Lameness come; are Legs and Eyes,

Of equal Value to so great a Prize!

Wou'd starving *Ladas*, had he leave to chuse,

And were not frantic, the Rich Gons refuse!

s *Thyestes* was treated with a | Diseases and Maladies on *Manhood*.
Hath made of his own Son. | *7* *Ladas*. An excellent Footman.

6 *Isis*. An Egyptian Goddess sup- | who won the Prize in the Olym-
pos'd so he much concern'd in inflicting | pian Games.

For can the Glory of the swiftest Pace,
Procure him Food, or can he feast on Fraise?

XII.

The Gods take *Aim* before they strike their Blow,
Tho' *slow* their Vengeance, yet the Stroke is *slow*;
And shou'd at ev'ry Sin their Thunder fly,
I'm yet secure, nor is my Danger nigh:
But they are *Graciously*, but their Hands are free,
And who can tell, but they may reach to Me?
Some they forgive, and ev'ry Age relates,
That equal Crimes have met unequal Fates;
That Sins alike, unlike Rewards have found,
And whilst *This* Villain's crucify'd, *The Other's* crown'd!

The Man that shiver'd on the Brink of Sin,
Thus steel'd and hard'n'd, ventures boldly in;
Dare him to swear, he with a cheerful Face,
Flies to the Shrine, and bids thee, mend thy Pace;
He urges, goes before thee, shews the Way,
Nay pulls thee on, and chides thy dull Delay;
For Confidence in Sin, when mixt with Zeal,
Seems Innocence, and looks to most as well.

XIII.

Thus like the waggish Slave in — Play,
He spreads the Net, and takes the easie Prey:
You rage and storm, and blasphemously loud;
As *Stentor* bellowing to the Grecian Crowd;
Or *Homer's* *Mars*, with too much Warmth exclaiming:
Jove, dost thou hear, and is thy Thunder tame?
Wert thou all Brass, thy Brazen Arm should rage,
And fix the Wretch a Sign to future Age:

Stentor. A famous Crier in the Grecian Army, whose single Voice was as loud as that of fifty Men together.

Homer says that Mars, being wounded by Diomedes, made as great an Out-cry, as ten Thousand Men shouting to the Battle.

Else why shou'd Mortals to thy Feasts repair,
Spend *useless* Incense, and more *useless* Prayers?
Bathyllus' 10 Statue at this Rate may prove
Thy equal Rival, or a greater *Jove*.

XIV.

Be cool, my *Friend*, and hear my Muse dispense,
Some sov'reign Comforts, drawn from common Sense,
Not fetch'd from *Stoic's* rigid Schools, nor wrought,
By *Epicurus'* more indulgent Thought;
Who led by Nature, did with Ease pursue,
The Rules of Life; guess'd best, tho' mist'd the True.
A desperate Wound must skillful Hands employ,
But thine is curable by 11 *Philip's* Boy.

XV.

Look o'er the present, and the former Time;
If no *Example* of so vile a Crime,
Appears, then mourn; admit no kind Relief,
But beat thy Breast, and I applaud thy Grief;
Let Sorrow then appear in all her State,
Keep mournful Silence, and shut fast thy Gate.
Let solemn Grief on *Mony* lost attend,
Greater than waits upon a dying Friend;
None feigns, none affect Mourning's forc'd to show,
Or squeeze his Eyes to make that Torrent flow;
For *Mony* lost demands a heartier Due;
Then Tears are real, and the Grief is true.
But if at each Assize, and Term we try,
A thousand Rascals of as deep a Dye;
If Men forswear the Deeds and Bonds they draw,
Tho' sign'd with all Formality of Law.

10 A Fidler, and Player: But | 11 A Surgeon of no great Credit
but here for an idle Scoundrel or | and Reputation,
insignificant Fellow.

And

And tho' the Writing and the Seal proclaim,
 The *base* Perjury, and fix the Shame;
 Go, Fortune's Darling, nor expect to bear
 The common Lot, but to avoid thy Share!
 Heav'n's Favourite Thou, for better Fates design'd,
 Than we the *Dregs* and *Rubbish* of Mankind!

XVI.

This petty-Sinner scarce deserves thy Rage,
 Compar'd with the great Villains of the Age.
 Here hir'd Assassins kill; there Sulphur thrown
 By treacherous Hands destroys the frighted Town.
 Bold *Sacrilege*, invading Things Divine,
 Breaks thro' a Temple, or destroys a Shrine,
 The Reverend Goblets, and the antient Plate,
 Those grateful Presents of a Conqu'ring State,
 Or pious Kings; or if the Shrine be poor,
 The Image spoils: None is the God secure.
 One seizes Neptune's Beard, one *Cæsar's* Crown,
 Or *Jove* himself, and melts the Thunderer down.
 Here Pois'ners murder; there the impious Son,
 With whom a guiltless ¹ Ape is doom'd to drown,
 Prevents old Age, and with a *hasty* Blow
 Cuts down his *Sire*, and quickens Fates too slow.
 Yet what are these to those vast Heaps of Crimes,
 Which make the greatest *Business* of our Times,
 Which *Terms* prolong, and which from Morn to Night
 Amaze the *Juries*, and the Judges fright?
 Attend the Courts, and thou shalt briefly find
 In that one Place the Manners of Mankind;
 Hear the Indictments, then return again,
 Call thy self Wretch, and if thou dar'st, complain.

¹ The Villain that kill'd his Father, was to be put into a Bag with a Dog, a Cock, a Serpent, and thrown into the Sea.

Whom midst the *Alps*, do hanging Throats surprize?
 Who stares in *Germany* at watcht Eyes?
 Or who in *Meroe*, when the Breast reclin'd,
 Hangs o'er the Shoulder to the Child behind,
 And bigger than the Boy, for Wonders lost,
 When Things grow common, and are found in most.

When *Cranes* invade, his little Sword and Shield
 The *Plgmy* takes, and streight attends the Field;
 The Fight's soon o'er; the *Cranes* descend, and bear
 The sprawling Warriors through the liquid Air:
 Now here shou'd such a Fight appear to View,
 All Men wou'd split, the Sight wou'd please whilst new:
 There none's concern'd, where every Day they fight,
 And not one Warrior is a Fool in Heights.

XVII.

But shall the Villain 'scape? shall Perjury?
 Grow rich, and safe, and shall the Cheat be free?

Hadst thou full Power (*Rage* asks no more) to kill,
 Or measure out his Torments by thy Will;
 Yet what couldst thou, *Tormentor*, hope to gain?
 Thy Loss continues, unrepaid by Pain;
 Inglorious Comfort thou shalt poorly meet,
 From his mean Blood. But, *Oh! Revenge is sweet.*

Thus think the *Crowd*, who, eager to engage,
 Take quickly fire, and kindle into Rage;
 Who ne'er consider, but without a Pause,
 Make up in Passion what they want in Cause.
 Not so mild is *Thales* nor *Chrysippus* thought,
 Nor that Good Man, who drank the *Poisonous Draught*,
 With Mind serene; and cou'd not wish to see,
 His *Vile* Accuser drink as deep as he:
 Exalted *Socrates*; divinely brave,
 Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave,
 Too Noble for *Revenge*; which still we find,
 The weakest Frailty of a feeble Mind.

13 Philosophers of great Cradle and Worth.

Gag.

Degenerous.

Degenerous Passion, and for *Man* too base,
It seats its Empire in the *Female* Race,
There rages; and, to make its Blow secure,
Puts Flattery on, until the Aim be sure.

XVIII.

But why must those be thought to 'scape, that feel,
Those Rods of Scorpions, and those Whips of Steel.
Which *Conscience* shakes, when she with Rage controuls,
And spreads amazing Terrors through their Souls?

Not sharp Revenge, nor *Hell* it self can find.
A fiercer Torment than a *guilty* Mind,
Which Day and Night doth dreadfully accuse,
Condemns the Wretch, and still the *Charge* renews.

XIX.

A trusted *Spartan* was inclin'd to cheat,
(The Coin look'd lovely, and the Bag was great,
Secret the Trust) and with an Oath defend,
The Prize, and baffle his deluded Friend:
But weak in Sin, and of the *Gods* afraid,
And not well vers'd in the forswearing Trade,
He goes to *Delphos*; humbly begs Advice,
And thus the *Priestess* by Command replies:
Expect sure Vengeance by the *Gods* decreed,
To punish Thoughts, not yet improv'd to Deed.
At this he started, and forbore to swear,
Not out of *Conscience* of the Sin, but Fear.
Yet Plagues ensu'd, and the contagious Sin
Destroy'd himself, and ruin'd all his Kin.

Thus suffer'd He for the imperfect Will.
To Sin, and bare Design of doing Ill:
For he that but conceives a Crime in Thought,
Contracts the Danger of an *Actual* Fault:
Then what must he expect that still proceeds,
To *finish* Sin, and work up Thoughts to Deeds.

XX.

Perpetual *Anguish* fills his anxious Breast,
Not stop'd by Business, nor compos'd by Rest:

No Music cheers him, and no Feast can please,
 He sits like discontented ¹⁴ *Damocles*,
 When by the sportive Tyrant wisely shown,
 The dangerous Pleasures of a flatter'd Throne.
 Sleep flies the Wretch; or when his Care's oppress,
 And his toss'd Limbs are weary'd into Rest,
 Then Dreams invade, the injur'd Gods appear,
 All arm'd with Thunder, and awake his Fear.
 What frights him most, in a Gygantic Size,
 Thy sacred Image flashes in his Eyes:
 These shake his Soul, and, as they holdly press,
 Bring out his Crimes; and force him to confess.
 This Wretch will start at ev'ry Flash that flies,
 Grow pale at the first Murmur of the Skies.
 Ere Clouds are form'd, and Thunder roars, afraid;
 And ¹⁵ *Epicurus* can afford no Aid.
 His Notions fail: And the destructive Flame,
 Commission'd falls, not thrown by Chance, but Aim:
 One Clap is past, and now the Skies are clear,
 A short Reprieve, but to increase his Fear:
 Whilst Arms *Disulne*, revenging Crimes below,
 Are gathering up to give the greater Blow.
 But if a Fever fires his Sulphurous Blood,
 In ev'ry Fit he feels the Hand of God,
 And Heav'n-born Flame: Then drown'd in deep Despair,
 He dares not offer one repenting Prayer;
 Nor vow one Victim to preserve his Breath;
 Amaz'd he lies, and sadly looks for Death:
 For how can Hope with desperate Guilt agree?
 And the worst Beast is worthier Life than he.

¹⁴ *Damocles*, having very much did Entertainment; but just over
 untold the Happiness of Kings, in his Head hung, a Sword by a Hair,
 the Presence of *Dionysius* King of with the Point downward.
Syracuse; *Dionysius* invited him ¹⁵ A Philosopher who thought
 to Dinner, plac'd him in a rich all things were by Chance,
 Throne, and gave him a very splen-

XXI.

He that *once* sins, like him that slides on Ice,
 Goes swiftly down the slippery Ways of Vice;
 Tho' *Conscience* checks him, yet, those Rubs gone o'er,
 He slides on smoothly, and looks back no more.
 What Sinners finish, where they first begin?
 And with one Crime content their *Lust* to sin?
 Nature, that rude, and in her *first* Essay,
 Stood boggling at the Roughness of the Way;
 Us'd to the Road, unknowing to return,
 Goes boldly on, and loves the *Path* when worn.

XXII.

Fear not, but pleas'd with this *successful* Bait,
 Thy *Perjur'd* Friend will quickly tempt his Fate;
 He will go on, until his Crimes provoke,
 The Arm *Divine* to strike the fatal Stroke;
 Then thou shalt see him plung'd, when least he fears,
 At *once* accounting for his deep Arrears;
 Sent to those narrow *Yles*, which throng'd we see,
 With mighty *Exiles*, once secure as He;
 Drawn to the Gallows, or condemn'd to Chains;
 Then thou shalt triumph in the Villain's Pains,
 Enjoy his Groans; and with a grateful Mind,
 Confess, that *Heav'n* is neither Deaf nor Blind.

JUVENAL.

THE
FOURTEENTH SATYR.

By Mr. JOHN DRYDEN, Junr.

The ARGUMENT.

Since domestic Examples easily corrupt our Youth, the Poet prudently exhorts all Parents, that they themselves should abstain from evil Practices: Amongst which, he chiefly points at Dice and Gaming, Taverns, Drunkenness, and Cruelty, which they exercis'd upon their Slaves: Lest after their pernicious Example, their Sons should copy them in their Vices, and become Gamsters, Drunkards, and Tyrants, Lechers, and Cannibals to their Servants. For, if the Father says, Juvenal, love the Box and Dice, the Boy will be given to an itching Elbow: Neither is it to be expected,

G g 3

that

that the Daughter of Larga the Adulteress, shou'd be more continent than her Mother: Since we are all by Nature more apt to receive ill Impressions than good; and are besides more pliant in our Infancy and Youth, than when we grow up to riper Years. Thus we are more apt to imitate a Catiline, than a Brutus, or the Uncle of Brutus, Cato Uticensis. For these Reasons he is instant with all Parents, that they permit not their Children to hear lascivious Words, and that they banish Pimps, Whores, and Parasites from their Houses. If they are careful says the Poet, when they make any Invitation to their Friends, that all things shall be clean, and set in Order; much more is it their Duty to their Children, that nothing appear corrupt or indecent in their Family. Storks and Vulturs, because they are fed by the old One with Snakes and Carrion, naturally, and without Instruction, feed on the same uncleanly Diet. But the generous Eaglet, who is taught by her Parent to fly at Hares, and sowsse on Kids, disdains afterwards to pursue a more ignoble Game. Thus the Son of Centronius was prone to the Vice of raising stately Structures, beyond his Fortune; because his Father had ruin'd himself by Building. He whose Father is a Jew,

Jew, is naturally prone to Superstition, and the Observation of his Country-Laws. From hence the Poet descends to a Satyr against Avarice, which he esteems to be of worse Example, than any of the former. The remaining part of the Poem is wholly employ'd on this Subject, to shew the Misery of this Vice. He concludes with limiting our Desire of Riches to a certain Measure; which he confines within the Compass of what Hunger, and Thirst, and Cold, require for our Preservation and Subsistence: With which Necessaries if we are not contented, then the Treasures of Croesus, of the Persian King, or of the Eunuch Narcissus, who commanded both the Will, and the Fortunes of Claudius the Emperor, wou'd not be sufficient to satisfy the Greediness of our Desires.

To his Friend FUSCINUS.

FUSCINUS, those ill Deeds that sully Fame,
 And lay such Blots upon an honest Name,
 In Blood once tainted, like a Current run,
 From the lewd Father, to the lewder Son.
 If Gaming dos an aged Sire entice,
 Then my young Master swiftly learns the Vice,
 And shakes, in Hanging-Sleeves, the little Box and Dice.
 Thus the voluptuous Youth, bred up to dress
 For his fat Grandfire some delicious Mese,
 In Feeding high, his Tutor will surpass,
 As Heir Apparent of the Gammand Race.

3

And

And, shou'd a thousand grave Philosophers,
Be always hollowing Virtue in his Ears,
They wou'd at last their Loss of Time lament,
And give him o'er for Glutton in Descent.

Can cruel ¹ *Rutilus*, who loves the Noise,
Of Whips far better than a Syren's Voice,

Can ² *Polyphemus*, or ³ *Antiphates*,
Who gorge themselves with Man, can such as these,
Set up to teach Humanity, and give,
By their Example, Rules for us to live:

Can they preach up equality of Birth,
And tell us how we all begun from Earth.

Th' inhuman ⁴ Lord, who with a cruel Gust,

Can a Red Fork in his Slave's Forehead thrust:

Because th' unlucky Criminal was caught

With little Theft of two course ⁵ Towels fraught;

Can he a Son to soft Remorse incite,

Whom ⁶ Goats, and Blood, and Butchery delight.

Who wou'd expect the Daughter shou'd be other?

Than common Punk, if ⁷ *Larga* be the Mother.

Whose Lovers Names in Order to run o'er,

The Girl took Breath full thirty Times, and more:

She, when but yet a tender Minx, began,

To hold the Door, but now sets up for Man;

¹ *Rutilus*, some Person in the
Poet's Time, noted for his Cruel-
ty.

² *Polyphemus*, a famous Gi-
ant with one Eye, and a Canni-
bal.

³ *Antiphates*, a King of the
Lestrygons, who were all Man-
eaters. I doubt not but the Le-
strygons, who were a People of Ita-
ly, learnt this Diet of King Sa-
lurn, when he hid himself among

'em, and gave this Example, by
making a Meats-meat of his own
Children.

⁴ By this Lord, is still meant
the same cruel *Rutilus*.

⁵ Suppos'd Bath-Rubbers: The
Romans were great Bathers.

⁶ Country-Goats, where they kept
their working Slaves in great Num-
bers.

⁷ *Larga*, a fictitious Name for
some very common Buttoch.

And

And to her Gallants, in her own Hand-Writing,
Sends Billets-doux of the old Bawd's inditing,
So Nature prompts; so soon we go astray,
When old Experience puts us in the Way:
Our green Youth copies what Gray Sinners act;
When venerable Age commends the Fact.

Some Sons, indeed, some very few, we see
Who keep themselves from this Infection free,
Whom gracious Heav'n for nobler Ends design'd,
Their Looks erected, and their Clay refin'd,
The Rest are all by bad Example led,
And in their Father's slimy Track they tread.
It's not enough we should our selves undo,
But that our Children we must ruin too!
Children, like tender Officers, take the Bow,
And as they first are fashion'd, always grow.
By Nature, headlong to all Ills we run,
And Virtue, like some dreadful Monster, shun.
Survey the World, and where one ¹ Cato shines,
Count a degenerate Herd of ² Catilines.

Suffer no Lewdness, or undecent Speech,
Th' Apartment of the tender Youth to reach;
Far be from thence the Glutton ³ Parasite,
Singing his drunken Ratches all the Night:
But farther still be Woman; Woman first,
Was Evil's Cause, her self of Ills the worst.
Boys ev'n from Parents may this Reverence claim;
For when thou dost at some vile Action aim,

¹ Cato of Utica, a Roman Patriot, who slew himself, rather than he wou'd submit to Julius Caesar.

² Catiline, a Plotter against the Commonwealth of Rome.

³ Parasite, a Greek Word, a

mong the Romans, us'd for a Flatterer, and Feast-Hunter. This sort of Creature they slighted in those Days, and us'd very scurvily, terming such an one an Umbra, that is, a Shadow, an Apparition, &c.

Say, shou'd the harmless Child with-hold thy Hand,
 Wou'd it not put thy Fury to a stand?
 Then may we not conclude the Sire unjust,
 Who (when his Son o'ersome with Drink and Lust,
 Is by the *11* Censor of good Manners caught,
 And suffers public Penance for his Fault)
 Rails, and reviles, and turns him out of Doors,
 For what himself so oft has done before?
 A Son so copy'd from his Vice, so much,
 The very same in ev'ry little Touch;
 That shou'd he not resemble too his Life,
 The Father justly might suspect his Wife.

This very Rev'rend Leacher, quite worn out,
 With Rheumatisms, and crippled with his Gout,
 Forgets what he in youthful Times has done,
 And swings his own Vices in his Son,
 To entertain a Guest, with what a Care,
 Wou'd he his Household-Ornaments prepare;
 Harais his Servants, and O'erseer stand,
 To keep 'em Working with a threat'ning Wand;
 Clean all my Plate, he cries, let not one Stain,
 Sully the figur'd Silver, or the Plain;
 Rub all the Floors, make all the Pillars bright,
 No hanging Cobwebs leave to shock the Sight.

O wretched Man! is all this Hurry made,
 On this account, because thou art afraid,
 A dirty Hall or Entry shou'd offend,
 The curious Eyes of thy invited Friend?
 Reform thy Family; one Son at Home,
 Concerns thee more than many Guests to come.

11 This Censor of good Manners, was an Officer of considerable Power in Rome; in some respects not unlike our Magistrate, but not altogether so Sancy.

If to some ¹² useful Art he be not bred,

He grows meer Lumber, and is worse than dead.

For what we learn in Youth, to that alone,

In Age we are by second Nature prone.

The callow Storks with Lizard and with Snake,

Are fed, and soon as e'er to Wing they take,

At Sight those Animals for food pursue,

The first delicious Bit they ever knew.

Ev'n so 'tis Nature in the Vultur's Breed,

On Dogs, and human Carcasses to feed.

Jove's ¹³ Bird will sowse upon the tim'rous Hare,

And tender Kids with his sharp Talons tear;

Because such Food was laid before him first,

When from his Shell the lab'ring Eaglet burst.

Centronius ¹⁴ dos high costly Villa's raise,

With Grecian Marble, which the Sight amaze:

Some stand upon Cajeta's winding Shore,

At Tybur's Tow'r, and at Pranesse more.

The Dome of Hercules and Fortune show,

To his tall Fabric's, like small Cots below:

So much his Palaces o'er-look 'em all,

As gelt ¹⁵ Posides does our Capitol.

His Son builds on, and never is content,

'Till the last Farthing is in Structure spent.

¹² The old Romans were careful to breed up their Sons so, that afterwards they might be useful to their Country in Peace or War, or Plowing the Ground: *Utilis agris*, (as Juvenal has it.) An Exercise that wou'd break the Hearts of our Modern Beaus.

¹³ Jove's Bird: The Eagle, so call'd for the great Service he did Jupiter, in bringing Gany-medæ, a lovely Boy, on his Back

to him.

¹⁴ Centronius, a famous extravagant Architect, who with his Son (who took after him) built away all his Estate, and had so many Palaces at last, that he was too poor to live in any of them.

¹⁵ As Gelt Posides, viz. The Palace of the Eunuch Posides. As in Virg. *Jam proximus ardet Ucalegon*.

The

The Jews, like their bigotted Sires before,
 By gazing on the Clouds, their ¹⁶ God adore:
 So Superstitious, that they'll sooner dine,
 'Upon the Flesh of Men, than that of Swine.
 Our Roman Customs they condemn and jeer,
 But learn and keep their Country-Rites with Fear,
 That Worship only they in Rev'rence have,
 Which in dark Volumes their Great Moses gave.
 Ask 'em the Road, and they shall point you wrong,
 Because you do not to their Tribe belong.
 They'l not betray a Spring to quench your Thirst,
 Unless you shew 'em Circumcision first.
 So they are taught, and do it to obey,
 Their Fathers, who observe the Sabbath-Day.

Young Men to imitate all Ills are prone,
 But are compel'd to Avarice alone:
 For then in Virtue's Shape they follow Vice;
 Because a true Distinction is so nice,
 That the base Wretch, who hoards up all he can,
 Is prais'd, and call'd a careful, thrifty Man:
 The fabled ¹⁷ Dragon never guarded more,
 The Golden Fleece, than he his ill-got Stores:
 What a profound Respect where-e'er he goes
 The Multitude to such a Monster shows!
 Each Father cries, " My Son, Example take,
 " And, led by this Wise Youth, thy Fortunes make;
 " Who Day and Night ne'er ceas'd to toil and sweat,
 " Drudg'd like a Smith, and on the Anvil beat,
 " 'Till he had hammer'd out a vast Estate.
 " Side with that Sect, who learnedly deny.
 " That e'er Content was join'd with Poverty;

¹⁶ Juvenal, tho' he was wise enough to laugh at his own Country Gods, yet had not, or won'd not have a right Notion of the true Deity, which makes him ridicule the Jews manner of Worship.

¹⁷ This Dragon was Guardian of the Golden Fleece, which hung in the Temple of Mars at Colchus; and hereby hangs a Tale, or along Story of Jason and Medea, with which I will not trouble you.

" Who

" Who measure Happiness by Wealth increas'd,
 " And think the mony'd Man alone is blest:
 Parents the little Arts of Saving teach,
 Ere Sons the Top of Avarice can reach.

When with false Weights their Servants Guts they cheat,
 And pinch their own to cover the Deceit:

Keep a stale Crust, 'till it looks Blue, and think
 Their Flesh ne'er fit for Eating 'till it stink;

The least Remains of which they mince, and dress
 It o'er again, to make another Mess:

Adding a Leek, whose ev'ry String is sold,
 For fear some pilf'ring Hand shou'd make too bold;

And with a Mark distinct seal up a Dish
 Of thrice-boil'd Beans, and putrid Summer-Fish:

A Beggar on the 1st Bridge wou'd loath such Food,
 And send it to be wash'd in Tyber's Flood.

But, to what End these Ways of sordid Gain?
 It shews a manifest unsettled Brain,

Living, to suffer a low starving Fate,
 In hopes of dying in a wealthy State.

For, as thy strutting Bags with Mony rise,
 The Love of Gain is of an equal Size:

Kind Fortune dos the poor Man better bless,
 Who though he has it not, desires it less.

One Villa therefore is too little thought;
 A larger Farm at a vast Price is bought:

Uneasy still within these narrow Bounds,
 Thy next Design is on thy Neighbor's Grounds;

His Crop invites, to full Perfection grown,
 Thy own seems thin, because it is thy own:

The Purchase therefore is demanded straight,
 And if he will not sell, or makes thee wait,

1st Beggars took their Stations | Bridges, of which there were many
 there, as they do now, in the great | over the River Tyber in Rome.
 est Thorow-ways, which were their

A Team of Oxen in the Night are sent,
 (Starv'd for the Purpose, and with Labor spent)
 To take free Quarter, which in one half Hour,
 The Pains and Product of a Year devour,
 Then, some are basely brib'd to vaw it looks,
 Most plainly done by Thieves with Reaping-hooks
 Such mean Revenge, committed underhand,
 Has ruin'd many an Acre of good Land.
 What if Men talk, and Whispers go about,
 Pointing the Malice and its Author out ?
 He values not what they can say or do;
 For who will dare a mony'd Man to sue ?
 Thus he wou'd rather curs'd and envy'd be,
 Than lov'd and praise'd in honest Poverty.

But to possess a long and happy Life,
 Freed from Diseases, and secure from Strife;
 Give me, ye Gods, the Product of one ¹⁹ Field,
 As large as that which the first Romans till'd;
 That so I neither may be Rich nor Poor,
 And having just enough, not covet more.

'Twas then, old Soldiers cover'd o'er with Scars,
 (The Marks of ²⁰ Pyrrhus, or the ²¹ Panic Wars,)
 Thought all past Services rewarded well,
 If to their share at last two Acres fell:
 (Their Country's frugal Bounty;) so of Old,
 Was Blood, and Life, at a low Market sold.

Yet, then this little Spot of Earth well till'd,
 A num'rous Family with Plenty fill'd.

¹⁹ Field, viz. *The Field of Mars, or Campus Martius, which was the greatest Part of the Roman Empire, when in its Infancy under Romulus and Tatius the Sabine, his Copartner, admitted for the Sake of the Fair Ladies he brought along with him.*

²⁰ Pyrrhus King of the Epi-

rots, a formidable Enemy to the Romans, though at last overcome by 'em. He dy'd a very little Death (as 'tis the Fate of some Heroes) being Martyr'd by the Fall of a Tile from a House.

²¹ Wars against the Carthaginians.

The good old Man and thrifty Housewife spent,
 Their Days in Peace, and fatten'd with Content.
 Enjoy'd the Dregs of Life, and liv'd to see
 A long-descending healthful Progeny.
 The Men were fashion'd in a larger Mould;
 The Women fit for Labor, big and bold.
 Gygantic Hinds, as soon as Work was done,
 To their huge Pots of boiling Pulse wou'd run;
 Well too, with eager Joy, on homely Food;
 And their large Veins beat strong with wholesome Blood.
 Of old, two Acres were a bounteous Lot,
 Now, scarce they serve to make a Garden-Plot.
 From hence the greatest part of Ills descend,
 When Lust of getting more will have no End:
 That, still our weaker Passions dos command,
 And puts the Sword and Poison in our Hand.
 Who covets Riches, cannot brook Delay,
 But spurs, and bears down all that stops his Way:
 Not Law, nor Checks of Conscience will he hear,
 When in hot Scent of Gain, and full Career.
 But hark, how antient ²² *Marsus* did advise;
 My Sons, let these small Cots and Hills suffice:
 Let us the Harvest of our Labor eat;
 'Tis Labor makes the coarsest Diet sweet:
 Thus much to the kind rural Gods we owe,
 Who pity'd suffering Mortals long ago:
 When on harsh ²³ Acorns hungrily they fed,
 And gave 'em nicer Palates, better Bread.
 The Country-Peasant meditates no Harm;
 When clad with Skins of Beasts to keep him warm,

²² *Marsus*, a thrifty Husband-
 man, from whom the *Marsi* were
 so call'd, a laborious People, some
²³ *Miles* distant from Rome.

In Winter-Weather, unconcern'd he goes;
 Almost Knee-deep through Mire, in clumsy Shoes:
 Vice dwells in Palaces, is richly dress'd,
 There glows in Scarlet, and the Tyrian Vesh:
 The wiser Antients these Instructions gave:
 But now a covetous old crafty Knave,
 At dead of Night shall rowze his Son, and cry,
 Turn out, you Rogue, how like a Beast you lie:
 Go, buckle to the Law; is this an Hour,
 To stretch your Limbs? You'll ne'er be Chancellor,
 Or else your self to *Lalrus* recommend,
 To such broad Shoulders *Lalrus* is a Friend:
 Fight under him, there's Plunder to be had;
 A Captain is a very gainful Trade:
 And when in Service your best Days are spent,
 In Time you may command a Regiment.
 But if the Trumpet's Clangor you abhor,
 And dare not be an Alderman of War,
 Take to a Shop, behind a Counter lie,
 Cheat Half in Half; none thrive by Honesty:
 Never reflect upon the sordid Ware,
 Which you expose; be Gain your only Care.
 He that grows Rich by scowring of a Sink,
 Get wherewithal to justify the Stink.
 This Sentence, worthy *Jove* himself, record
 As true, and take it on a Poet's Word:
 "T'have Money, is a necessary Task,
 "From whence 'tis got the World will never ask.
 Taught by their Nurses, little Children get,
 This Saying, sooner than their Alphabet
 What Care a Father takes to teach his Son,
 With ill-tim'd Industry, to be undone!
 Leave him to Nature, and you'll quickly find,
 The tender Cock'll take just after Kind!

As Some General Officer in the Roman Army.

The forward Youth will without Driving go,
 And learn t'out shoot you in your proper Bow,
 As much as *Ajan* his own Size excell'd,
 And was the brawnier Blockhead in the Field.
 Let Nature in the Boy but stronger grow,
 And all the Father soon it self will show:
 When first the Down appears upon his Chin,
 For a small Sum he swears through thick and thin:
 At *Ceres*' Altar vents his Perjury,
 And blasts her Holy Image with a Lye:
 If a rich Wife he marries, in her Bed,
 She's found, by Dagger, or by Poison, Dead;
 While Merchants make long Voyages by Sea,
 To get Estates he cuts a shorter Way.
 In mighty Mischiefs little Labor lies:
 I never counsel'd this, the Father cries.
 But still, base Man, he copy'd this from thee:
 Thine was the prime, original Villany,
 For he who covets Gain to such Excess,
 Does by dumb Signs himself as much express,
 As if in Words at length he show'd his Mind;
 Thy bad Example made him sin by Kind.
 But who can Youth, let loose to Vice, restrain?
 When once the hard-mouth'd Horse has got the Rein,
 He's past thy Pow'r to stop; Young *Phaeton*,
 By the wild Courses of his Fancy drawn,
 From East to North, irregularly hurl'd,
 First set on fire himself, and then the World.
 Astrologers assure long Life, you say:
 Your Son can tell you better much than they,
 Your Son and Heir, whose Hopes your Life delay.
 Poison doth work against the Stars: beware;
 For ev'ry Meal an Antidote prepare:
 And let *Archigenes* some Cordial bring,
 Fit for a wealthy Father, or a King.
 What Sight more pleasant, in his public Shows,
 Did ever Prator on the Stage expose,

H h

Than

Than are such Men as ev'ry Day we see,
 Whose chief Mishap, and only Misery,
 Is to be over-stock'd with ready Coin;
 Which now they bring to watchful ²⁵ *Castor's Shrine*;
 Since *Mars*, whom we the great Revenger call,
 Lost his own Helmet, and was strip'd of all.
 'Tis Time dull Theatres we shou'd forsake,
 When busy Men much more Diversion make,
 The Tumblers Gambols some Delight afford,
 No less the nimble Cap'ter on the Cord;
 But these are still insipid Stuff to thee,
 Coop'd in a Ship, and toss'd upon the Sea.
 Base Wretch, expos'd by thy own covetous Mind,
 To the deaf Mercy of the Waves and Wind.
 The Dancer on the Rope, with doubtful Tread,
 Gets wherewithal to cloath, and buy him Bread,
 Nor covets more than Hunger to prevent;
 But nothing less than Millions thee content:
 What Shipwrecks and dead Bodies choak the Sea;
 The num'rous Fools that were betray'd by thee:
 For at the charming Call of pow'rful Gain,
 Whole Fleets equipt appear upon the Main,
 And spight of ²⁶ *Libyan*, and ²⁶ *Carpathian Gale*,
 Beyond the Limits of known Earth they sail.
 A Labor worth a while, at last to brag,
 (When safe return'd, and with a strutting Bag)
 What finny Sea-Gods thou hast had in View,
 More than our lying Poets ever knew.

²⁵ Not that the Shrine was se-
 cur'd by the Care of the God
Castor, for Juvenal knew their
 Gods cou'd have no such Thing
 as Care; but it was lin'd with a
 strong Guard of Soldiers, who had
 an Eye to their God as well as
 their Ancestors, lest he should be

stoln, or unrigged, as *Mars* was.
 Our Poet calls him watchful *Castor*
 nor jeerfully.

²⁶ *Libyan*, and *Carpathian*
Gale. The first a South-West, the
 latter, as we term it at Sea, a strong
 Levant.

What

What several Madnesſes in Men appear:
Oreſtes 27 runs from fancy'd Furies here,
Ajax 28 belabors there on harmleſs Ox,
 And thinks that *Agamemnon* feels the Knocks;
 Nor is indeed that Man leſs Mad than theſe,
 Who freight a Ship to venture on the Seas;
 With one frail interpoſing Plank to ſave,
 From certain Death, roll'd on by ev'ry Wave:
 Yet Silver makes him all this Toil embrace,
 Silver with *Tiles* ſtamp'd, and a dull *Monarch's* Face,
 When gath'ring Clouds o'er-shadow all the Skies,
 And ſhoot quick Lightnings, Weigh, my Boys, he cries,
 A Summer's Thunder, ſoon it will be paſt!
 Yet hardy Fool, this Night may prove thy laſt;
 When thou (thy Ship o'er-whelm'd with Waves) ſhalt be,
 Forc'd to plunge naked in the raging Sea;
 Thy Teeth hard preſs'd, a Purſe full of dear Gold,
 The laſt Remains of all thy Treafure hold.

Thus he -----

Whoſe ſacred Hunger, all the Stores that lie,
 In Yellow 29 *Tagus* cou'd not ſatisfy;
 Dos now in tatter'd Cloths at ſome Lane's End,
 A painted Storm for Charity extend.

With Care and Trouble great Eſtates we gain;
 When got, we keep 'em with more Care and Pain.

27 *Oreſtes*, ſaid to be haunted
 by Furies, for killing his Mother
Clytemneſtra, the Wife of *Agamemnon*.

28 *Ajax* the Son of *Telamon*,
 who ran mad, becauſe *Agamemnon*
 gave the Armour of *Achilles*
 from him to *Ulyſſes*. But the
 miſtaking *Agamemnon*, or his
 Brother *Menelaus*, for Oxen, or
 Oxen for them, was not ſo groſs; for
 they were both famously horn'd:
 And if Report ſays true, *Ajan*

need not have ſpar'd *Ulyſſes*, ſince
Penelope knew which of her Su-
 tors cou'd ſhoot beſt in her Husband's
 Bow.

29 *Tagus*, a River in Spain,
 ſaid to be full of Gold-Sand. This
Tagus has loſt its good Qualities
 Time out of Mind, or the Spaniard
 has coin'd it dry; for now they fetch
 their Gold from the Indies, and
 then other Nations fetch it from
 them.

Rich

Rich :o *Licinus* his Servants ready stand,
Each with a Water-Bucket in his Hand,
Keeping a Guard, for Fear of Fire, all Night :
Yet *Licinus* is always in a Fright.

His curious Statues, Amber-Works, and Plate,
Still fresh encreasing Pangs of Mind create.
The : naked *Cynic's* Jar ne'er flames, if broken;
'Tis quickly solder'd, or a new bespoken.

When *Alexander* first beheld the Face,
Of the great *Cynic*, in that narrow Space ;
His own Condition thus he did lament ;
How much more happy thou, that art content
To live within this little Hole, than I
Who after Empire, that vain Quarry, fly ;
Grapling with Dangers wherefoe'er I roam,
While thou hast all the conquer'd World at Home.

Fortune a Goddess is to Fools alone,
The Wise are always Masters of their Own.
If any ask me what wou'd satisfy,
To make Life easy, thus I wou'd reply :
As much as keeps out Hunger, Thirst, and Cold,
Or what contented :o *Socrates* of Old ;
As much as made wise *Epicurus* blest,
Who in small Gardens spacious Realms posses ;
This is what Nature's Wants may well suffice ;
He that wou'd more, is covetous, not wise.
But since among Mankind so few there are,
Who will conform to Philosophie Fare ;
Thus much I will indulge thee for thy Ease,
And mingle something of our Times to please :

30 Some noted rich Man in Rome.

31 Naked *Cynic* : *Diogenes*, a snarling Dog-Philosopher (for there have been Dog-Philosophers, as well as Poets in Doggrel)

32 *Socrates* and *Epicurus*, two wise Philosophers, contented with the bare Necessaries of Life: The first of these was esteem'd the best Moral Philosopher, the latter, the best Natural.

Therefore

Therefore enjoy a plentiful Estate,
 As much as will a Knight of Rome create
 By ³³ *Rosclan Law*: And if that will not do,
 Double, and take as much as will make Two:
 Nay, Three, to satisfy the last Desire:
 But if to more than this thou dost aspire;
 Believe me, all the Riches of the East,
 The Wealth of *Crasus* cannot make thee blest,
 The Treasures ³⁴ *Claudius* to *Narcissus* gave,
 Wou'd make thee, *Claudius* like, an errant Slave;
 Who to obey his mighty Minion's Will,
 Did his lov'd Empress *Messalina* kill.

³³ <i>Rosclan Law</i>; so call'd from <i>Roscius Otho</i> Tribuna of the Peo- ple, who made a Law, That none shou'd sit in the 14 best Seats of the Theatre, unless they were worth 400 Sesteriums, per Annum, that is above 3000 l. of our Mo- ney, and these were esteem'd No- blemen, ipso facto.	³⁴ <i>Claudius</i>, the fifth Caesar, who had no better Luck in a Wife than his Predecessors, <i>Julius</i> and <i>Augustus</i>, and most of the great Men in History.
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J U V E N A L



JUVENAL.

THE FIFTEENTH SATYR.

By Mr. TATE.

The ARGUMENT.

In this Satyr, against the Superstition and Cruelty of the Egyptians, 'tis probable our Author had his old Friend Crispinus (who was of that Country) in his Eye; and to whom he had paid his Respects more than once before. The Scene is now remov'd from Rome, which shews our Author a profest Enemy of Vice wheresoever he meets with it. But if by the Change of Place, his Subject and Performance in this Satyr, be (as some think) more barren than in his others (the People being obscure and mean Rabble, whose barbarous

barous Facts he relates) we find in it however, Sprinklings of the same Moral Sentiments and Reflexions that adorn the rest.

HOW Egypt, mad with Superstition grown,
Makes Gods of Monsters, but too well is known;
One best Devotion to Nile's ¹ Serpents pays;
Others to ² Ibis, that on Serpents preys.
Where, ³ Thebes, thy hundred Gates are unrepair'd,
And where maim'd ⁴ Memnon's Magic Harp is heard,
Where these are mouldring, let the Sots combine,
With pious Care a Monkey to enshrine!
Fish-Gods you'll meet with Fins and Scales o'ergrown;
Diana's Dogs adorn'd in ev'ry Town,
Her Dogs have Temples, but the Goddess none!
'Tis mortal Sin an Onion to devour,
Each Clove of Garlic is a sacred Power.
Religious Nations sure, and blest Abodes,
Where ev'ry Orchard is o'er-run with Gods!
To kill, is Murder, Sacrilege to eat,
A Kid, or Lamb----- Man's Flesh is lawful Meat.

3

¹ The Crocodile.

² A sort of Bird in those Parts, that is a great Destroyer of Serpents.

³ Thebes in Boeotia had seven Gates, this in Egypt an hundred, and therefore call'd Hecatompylus.

⁴ This Colossus, or marble Statue of Memnon, held a Harp in its Hand, which utter'd Musical Sounds, when struck by the

Beams of the rising Sun; which Strabo tells us, that he both saw and heard, but confesses he is not able to assign the Cause. He adds, that one half of this Statue was fall'n in an Earthquake; from which Mutilation and Continuance of the strange Sounds (suppos'd to proceed from Magic) our Author says, *Dimidio magico, resonant ubi Memnone Chorda.*

Of such a Practice when *Ulysses* told,
 What think you? Cou'd *Aleinous* Guests with-hold.
 From Scorn or Rage? Shall we (cries one) permit,
 This lewd Romancer, and his bawling Wit?
 Nor on *Charibdis*' Rock beat out his Brains,
 Or send him to the Cyclops whom he feigns.
 Of *Scylla*'s Dogs, and stranger Flames than these,
Cyane's & Rocks that jostle in the Seas,
 Of Winds in Bags (for Mirth sake) let him tell,
 And of his Mates turn'd Swine by *Circe*'s Spell,
 But Men to eat Men, human Faith surpasses?
 This Traveller takes us Islanders for Asses.
 Thus the incred'lous *Phaeac* (having yet,
 Drank but one Round) reply'd in sober Fret.
 Nor without Reason truly, since the Board,
 (For Proof o'th' Fact) had but *Ulysses*' Word.
 What I relate's more strange, and ev'n exceeds,
 All Registers of purple Tyrants Deeds:
 Portentous Mischiefs they but singly Act,
 A Multitude conspir'd to this more horrid Fact.
 Prepare, I say, to hear of such a Crime,
 As tragic Poets, since the Birth of Time
 Ne'er feign'd, a thronging Audience to amaze;
 But true, and perpetrated in our Days.
 Ombus and Tentyr, Neighb'ring Towns, of late,
 Broke into Outrage of deep-fester'd Hate.
 A Grutch in both, Time out of Mind, begun,
 And mutually bequeath'd from Sire to Son.
 Religious Spight and pious Spleen bred first
 This Quarrel, which so long the Bigots nurs'd.

3 Homer introduces *Ulysses*
Shipwreck'd at the Island *Cortyræ*,
 and treated by *Aleinous*, who
 there reign'd King of the *Phaeacæ*;
 at whose Table he recited the follow-
 ing Passages,

6 The *Symplegades*, two Rocks
 in the Mouth of the *Bosphorus*,
 which being at like Distance from
 each other, seem to strike upon one
 another, as the Sailors pass by
 them,

Each

Each calls the other's God a senseless Stock,
His own, Divine; tho' from the self-same Block
One Carver fram'd them, differing but in Shape,
A Serpent this resembling, that an Ape.

The *Tentyrites* to execute their Crime,
Think none so proper, as a sacred Time;
Which call'd the *Ombres* forth to public Rites,
Sev'n Days they spent in Feasts, sev'n sleepless Nights.
(For Scoundrels as these wretched *Ombres* be,
Canops ? they exceed in Luxury)

Them rev'ling thus the *Tentyrites* invade,
By giddy Heads and staggering Legs betray'd:
Strange Odds; where Crop-sick Drunkards must engage,
A hungry Fox, and arm'd with sober Rage.

At first both Parties in Approaches jar,
And make their Tongues the Trumpets of the War;
Words break no Bones, and in a railing Fray,
Women and Priests can be as stout as they.
Words serve, but to enflame our warlike Lists;
Who wanting Weapons clutch their horny Fists;
Yet thus make shift to exchange such furious Blows,
Scarce one escapes with more than half a Nose.
Some stand their Ground with half their Village gone,
But with a Remnant of a Face fight on.
Such transform'd *Syllabicks* of *Trois* grow;
That not a Mother her own Son wou'd know.
One Eye, remaining, for the other spies,
Which now on Earth a trampled Jolly lies.
Yet hitherto both Parties think the Fray,
But Mockery of War, meet Children's Play;
Tho' traversing, with Streams of Blood they meet,
They tread no Carcase yet beneath their Feet:
And Scandal think't to have none slain outright,
Between two Hosts, that for Religion fight.

A City in Egypt, infamous for Riots and Debauchery.

This whets their Rage to search for Stones, as large,
 As they cou'd lift, or with both Hands discharge :
 Nor (altogether) of a Size, if match'd,
 With those which *Ajan* once, or *Turnus* snatch'd.
 For their Defence, or by *Tydidæ* thrown,
 That brust *Aneas'* Crest, and struck him down,
 Of Weight wou'd make two Men strein hard to raise,
 Such Men as liv'd in honest *Homer's* Days.
 Whom Giants yet to us you must allow,
 Dwindled into a Race of *Pigmies* now ;
 The Mirth and Scorn of Gods that see us fight,
 Such little Wasps, and yet so full of Spight ;
 For Bulk meer Insects, yet in Mischief strong,
 And, spent so ill, our short Life's much too long !
 Fresh Forces now of *Tentyrites*, from Town,
 With Swords and Darts, to aid their Friends come down.
 Who with fleet Arrows levell'd from afar,
 Ere they themselves approach'd, secure the War.
 Hard set before, what wou'd the *Ombites* do ?
 They fly ; their pressing Foes as fast pursue.
 An *Ombite* Wretch (by headlong Hast betray'd,
 And falling down i'th' Rout) is Pris'ner made :
 Whose Flesh torn off by Lumps, the rav'nous Foe,
 In Morfels cut, to make it farther go ;
 His Bones clean pick'd, his very Bones they gnaw ;
 No Stomach's baulkt, because the Corps is raw.
 'T had been lost Time to dress him ----- keen Desire,
 Supplies the Want of Kettle, Spit, and Fire.
 (*Promethæus'* Ghost is sure o'er-joy'd to see,
 His Heav'n-stoln Fire from each Disaster free ;
 Nor seems the sparkling Element less pleas'd than he.
 The Guests are found too num'rous for the Treat,
 But all, it seems, who had the luck to eat,
 Swear they ne'er tasted more delicious Meat.

§ Alluding to that of *Homer* in the *Iliad*. He on *Andro* pho-
 roien, erol nun brot, &c.

They

They swear, and such good Palates you shou'd trust;
 Who doubts the Relish of the first free Gust?
 Since one who had l'th Rear excluded been,
 And cou'd not for a Taste o' th' Flesh come in,
 Licks the soll'd Earth, which he thinks still as good;
 While reeking with a mangled Omb's Blood.

The *Vascons* once with Man's Flesh (as 'tis said)
 Kept Life and Soul together---- grant they did,
 Their Case was different; with long Siege distress'd,
 And all extremities of War oppress'd.
 (For miserable to the last Degree,
 The Excuse of such a Practice ought to be.)
 With Creatures, Vermin, Herbs or Weeds sustain'd,
 While Creatures, Vermin, Herbs or Weeds remain'd.
 'Till to such meagre Spectacles reduc'd,
 Asev'n Compassion in the Foe produc'd:
 Acquitted by the *Manes* of the Dead,
 And Ghosts of Carcasses on which they fed.
 By *Zeno's* Doctrine we are taught, 'tis true,
 For Life's Support no harmful Thing to do.
 But *Zeno* never to the *Vascons* read;
 ('Tis since their Days that civil Arts have spread:
 'Twas lately *British* Lawyers, from the *Gaul*,
 Learnt to *Harmignis*, and eloquently bawl.
 Thule hopes next to improve her Northern Style,
 And plant (where yet no Spring did ever smile)
 With Flow'rs of Rhetoric her frozen Isle.)
 That brave the *Vascons* were, we must confess,
 Who Fortitude preserv'd in such Distress,
 Yet not the brightest their Example shines,
 Eclips'd by the more Noble *Saguntines*;

Who

9 In the Town Caligulis, be- 11 The Confederates of Rome,
 sieg'd by Metellus. who being besieg'd by Hannibal
 10 The Principle of the Stolt's. for eight Months, and having suf-
 fer'd

Who both the Foe, and Famine to beguile,
For Dead and Living rais'd one common Pile.

Mæris first did impious Rites devise,
Of treating Gods with human Sacrifice:
But salvage *Egypt's* Cruelty exceeds,
The *Scythian* Shrine, where, tho' the Captive bleeds,
Secure of Burial when his Life is fled,
The murd'ring Knife's thrown by, when once the Victim's
dead.

Did Famine to this monstrous Fast compel,
Or did the Miscreants try this conj'ring Spell,
In time of Drought to make the Nile to swell:
Amongst the rugged *Cimbrians*, or the Race,
Of *Gauls* or fiercer *Tartars*, can you trace,
An Outrage of Revenge like this, pursu'd,
By an effeminate Scoundrel Multitude?
Whose utmost Daring is to cross the Nile,
In painted Boats, to fright the Crocodile.
Can Men, or more resenting Gods, invent,
Or Hell inflict proportion'd Punishment.
On Varlets, who cou'd treat Revenge and Spight,
With such a Feast, as Famine's Self wou'd fright!

Compassion proper to Mankind appears,
Which Nature witness'd when she lent us Tears:
Of tender Sentiments we only give,
Those Proofs: To weep is our Prerogative;
To shew, by pitying Looks, and melting Eyes,
How with a suffering Friend we sympathize!
Nay, Tears will ev'n from a wrong'd Orphan slide,
When his false Guardian at the Bar is try'd:

for'd all Extremities; at last ex- posed one great Pile, in which they burnt themselves with their Dead, as oft all their Goods, to leave the	Enemy no Plunder, 12 The Temple of Diana Ten- plea, where they sacrific'd Stran- gers.
--	---

so tender, so unwilling to accuse,
 so oft the Roses on his Cheek bedews,
 so soft his Tresses, fill'd with sparkling Pearl,
 You'd doubt his Sex, and take him for a Girl.
 By Impulse of Nature (though to us unknown,
 The Party be) we make the Less our own.
 And Tears steal from our Eyes, when in the Street,
 With some betrothed Virgin's Mearls we meet;
 Or Infant's Fun'ral, from the choiced Womb,
 Convey'd to Earth, and cradled in a Tomb.
 Who can all Sense of others Ills escape,
 Is but a Brute at best in human Shape.
 This nat'ral Piety did first refine.
 Our Wit, and rais'd our Thoughts to things Divine;
 This proves our Spirit of the Gods Descent.
 While that of Beasts is prone and downward bent.
 To them but Earth-born Life they did dispense;
 To us, for mutual Aid, Celestial Sense.
 From stragling Mountaineers, for public Good,
 To rank in Tribes; and quit the salvage Wood.
 Houses to build, and then contiguous make,
 For cheerful Neighborhood and Safety's sake.
 In War, a common Standard to erect,
 A wounded Friend in Battel to protect;
 The Summons take of the same Trumpet's Call;
 To rally from one Fort, or Man one public Wall.
 But Serpents now more Amity maintain;
 From spotted Skins the Leopard does refrain:
 No weaker Lions by a stronger slain:
 Nor, from his larger Tusks, the Forest Boar,
 Commission takes his Brother Swine to gore:
 Tyger with Tyger, Bear with Bear you'll find,
 In Leagues Offensive and Defensive join'd.
 But lawless Man the Anvil dares profane,
 And forg'd that Steel by which a Man is slain.

Which Earth, at first, for Plow-shares did afford,
 Nor yet the Smith had learn'd to form a Sword.
 An impious Crew we have beheld, whose Rage,
 Their En'mies very Life cou'd not assuage,
 Unless they banquet on the Wretch they slew,
 Devour the Corps, and lick the Blood they drew:
 What think you wou'd Pythagoras have said,
 Of such a Feast, or to what Desert fled?
 Who Flesh of Animals refus'd to eat,
 Nor held all Sorts of Pulse for lawful Meat.

JUVENAL.

THE SIXTEENTH SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet in this Satyr. proves, that the Condition of a Soldier is much better than that of a Country-Man: First, because a Country-Man, however affronted, provoked and struck, himself, dares not strike a Soldier; who is only to be judged by a Court-Martial: And by the Law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the Trenches, he is also assur'd to have a
speedy

speedy Hearing, and quick Dispatch: Whereas, the Townsman, or Peasant, is delay'd in his Suit by frivolous Pretences, and not sure of Justice when he is heard in the Court. The Soldier is also privileg'd to make a Will, and to give away his Estate, which he got in War, to whom he pleases, without Consideration of Parentage, or Relations; which is deny'd to all other Romans. This Satyr was written by Juvenal, when he was a Commander in Egypt: 'Tis certainly his, tho' I think it was finish'd And if it be well observ'd, you will find he intended an Invective against a standing Army.

WHAT vast Prerogatives, my Gallus, ere

Accruing to the mighty Man of War!

For, if into a lucky Camp I light,

Tho' raw in Arms, and yet afraid to fight,

Defend me, my good Stars, and all, just right.

One happy Star is to a Soldier born,

Then Mother! Youth's recommending Letter,

Or Fate, when to Merit he wou'd prefer

My Suit, and own the Kindness done to this.

See what our common Privileges are!

As fast, my Swag Chain Gall-dars

To strike a Soldier, nor when struck, relent.

The Wrong, for Fear of further Punishment!

I Juno was deliver'd to him the 10th of May 1791. Venus was the 11th.

Not

Nor tho' his Teeth are beaten out, his Eyes,
 Hang by a string, in Bumps his Forehead-rife,
 Shall he presume to mention his Disgrace,
 Or beg Amends for his demolish'd Face:
 A Booted Judge, shall sit to try his Cause,
 Not by the Statute, but by martial Laws;
 Which old a Camillus order'd, to confus,
 The Brawls of Soldiers to the Trench and Lines;
 A wife Provision; and from thence 'tis clear,
 That Officers a Soldier's Cause should hear;
 And taking Cognizance of Wrongs receiv'd;
 An honest Man may hope to be reliev'd.
 So far 'tis well: But with a gen'ral Cry,
 The Regiment will rise in Mutiny,
 The Freedom of their Fellow-Rogue demand;
 And, if refus'd, will threaten to disband.
 Withdraw thy Action, and depart in Peace;
 The Remedy is worse than the Disease:
 This Cause is worthy a him, who in the Hall
 Wou'd for his Fee, and for his Client bawl:
 But wouldst thou, Friend, who hast two Legs alone,
 (Which, Heav'n be prais'd, thou yet may'st call thy own.)

a Camillus (who being sent to Rome, Dethron'd, by his ungrateful Country-Men the Romans, afterwards return'd, and freed them from the Gauls, made a Law, which prohibited the Soldiers from Quarrelling without the Camp, lest upon that Pretence they might happen to be absent, when they ought to be present.)

This Cause is worthy him, who the Poet names a Modest Lawyer whom he calls Vagellius: who was so impudent that he would plead any Cause, right or wrong, without Shame or Fear.

Wou'dst

Wou'dst thou to run the Gantlet these expose
 To a whole Company of Hob-nail'd Shoes?
 Sure the Good-Breeding of wise Citizens,
 Shou'd teach 'em more Good-Nature to their Shins.

Besides, whom canst thou think so much thy Friend,
 Who dares appear thy Business to defend?
 Dry up thy Tears, and pocket up th' Abuse,
 Nor put thy Friend to make a bad Excuse,
 The Judge cries out, Your Evidence produce.
 Will he, who saw the Soldier's Mutton-Fist,
 And saw thee maul'd, appear within the List,
 To witness Truth? When I see one so brave,
 The Dead, think I, are risen from the Grave,
 And with their long Spade-Beards, and matted Hair,
 Our honest Ancestors are come to take the Air.
 Against a Clown, with more Security,
 A Witness may be brought to swear a Lye,
 Than, tho' his Evidence be full and fair,
 To vouch a Truth against a Man of War.

More Benefits remain, and claim'd as Rights,
 Which are a standing Army's Perquisites.
 If any Rogue vexatious Suits advance,
 Against me for my known Subservance,
 Enter by Violence my fruitful Grounds,
 Or take the sacred Land-mark from my Bounds.
 Those Bounds, which with Procession and with Pray'r,
 And offer'd Cakes, have been my annual Care:

4 Hob-nail'd Shoes. The Roman Soldiers wore Plates of Iron under their Shoes, or stuck them with Nails; as Country-Men do now.

5 Land-Marks were us'd by the

Romans, almost in the same Manner as now: And as we go once a Year in Procession, about the Bounds of Parishes, and renew them, so they offer'd Cakes upon the Stone, or Land-Mark.

Or if my Debtors do not keep their Day,
Deny their Hands, and then refuse to pay,
I must with Patience all the Terms attend,
Among the common Causes that depend,
Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for Day,
Is still encumber'd with some new Delay:
Perhaps the Cloth of State is only spread,
Some of the *Quorum* may be sick a-bed;
That Judge is hot, and doffs his Gown, while this,
O'er Night was bowle, and goes out to piss;
So many Rubs appear, the Time is gone
For Hearing, and the tedious Suit goes on:
But Buff, and Belt-Men never know these Cares,
No Time, nor Trick of Law, their Action bars:
Their Cause they to an easier Issue put;
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.

Another Branch of their Revenue still,
Remains, beyond their boundless Right to kill,
Their Father yet alive, impow'r'd to make a Will.
For what their Prowess gain'd, the Law declares,
Is to themselves alone, and to their Heirs:
No Share of that goes back to the Begetter,
But if the Son fights well, and plunders better,
Like stout *Coranus*, his old shaking Sire,
Doe a Remembrance in his Will desire:

6 The Courts of Judicature were ing no part of their Patrimony; hung, and spread, as with us; but By this Will they had Power of spread only before the Hundred excluding their own Parents, and Judges were to sit, and judge pub- giving the Estate, so gotten, to lie Causes, which were called by whom they pleas'd: Therefore, says the Poet, *Coranus*, (a Soldier Co- Lot.

7 The Roman Soldiers had the temporary with Juvenal, who had Privilege of making a Will, in their rais'd his Fortune by the Wars) Father's Life-time, of what they was courted by his own Father to had purchas'd in the Wars, as be- make him his Heir.

Inquisitive

Inquisitive of Fights, and long in vain
To find him in the Number of the Slain
But still he lives, and rising by the War,
Enjoys his Gains, and has enough to spare:
For 'tis a Noble General's prudent Part
To cherish Valor, and reward Desert;
Let him be dawl'd with Lace, live high, and Whore;
Sometimes be Lowly, but be never Poor.

THE

impulsive of State, and long in life
To find him is the Father of the State
And still he lives, and only by the War



PERSIUS.

P. 231.

THE
SATYRS

OF

Anlus Persius Flaccus.

Made English

By Mr. DRYDEN.

*Sepius in Libro memoratur Persius uno,
Quam levis in toto Marsus Amazonide.*

Mart.

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TO
Mr. DRYDEN.

ON HIS

Translation of *PERSIUS*.

As when of old Heroes Story tells,
 Of Knights imprison'd long by magic Spells:
 Till future Time the destin'd Hour find,
 By whom the dire Enchantment is to end;
 Such forms this Work, and so reserved for Thee,
 Then great Revealer of dark Secrets.

Those fallen Clouds, which have for Ages past,
 O'er Persius's too-long-suffering Soul been cast:
 Disperse, and fly before thy sacred Pen,
 And, in their Room, bright Tracks of Light are seen.
 Sure Phoebus' self thy swelling Breast inspires,
 The God of Music, and Poetic Fires:
 Eist, whence proceeds this great Surprise of Light!
 How dawns this Day, forth from the Womb of Night!

Our Wonder, now, does our past Folly show,
 Vanity condemning what we did not know:
 So, Unbelievers impiously despise,
 The sacred Oracles, in Mysteries.

X k a

Persius

Persius, before, in small Esteem was had,
 Unless, what to Antiquity is paid;
 But like Apocrypha, with Scruple read,
 (So far, our Ignorance, our Faith misled)
 'Till you, Apollo's darling Priest, thought fit
 To place it in the Poet's sacred Writ.

As Coin, which bears some awful Monarch's Face,
 For more than its intrinsic Worth will pass;
 So your bright Image, which we here behold,
 Adds Worth to Worth, and dignifies the Gold.
 To you we all this following Treasure owe,
 This Hippocrene, which from a Rock did flow.

Old Stoic Virtue, clad in rugged Lines,
 Polish'd by you, in modern Brilliant Shines;
 And as before, for Persius, our Esteem,
 To his Antiquity was paid, not him:
 So now, whatever Praise from us is due,
 Belongs not to Old Persius, but the New.
 For still Obscure, to us no Light he gives;
 Dead in himself, in You alone he lives.

So, stubborn Flints their inward Heat conceal,
 'Till Art and Force th' unwilling Sparks reveal;
 But thro' your Skill, from those small Seeds of Fire,
 Bright Flames arise, which never can expire.

Will. Congreve.

P E R S I U S.

T H E F I R S T S A T Y R.

By Mr. DRYDEN,

Argument of the Prologue to the First Satyr.

The Design of the Author was to conceal his Name and Quality. He lived in the dangerous Times of the Tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at Him, in most of his Satyrs. For which Reason, though he was a Roman Knight, and of a plentiful Fortune, he wou'd appear in this Prologue but a Beggary Poet, who writes for Bread. After this, he breaks into the Business of the First Satyr; which is, chiefly to decry the Poetry then in Fashion; and the Impudence of those, who were endeavoring to pass their Stuff upon the World.

K k 3

P R O-

P R O L O G U E

To the First SATYR.

I Never did on cleft ¹ Parnassus dream;
 Nor tast the sacred Heliconian Stream;
 Nor can remember when my Brain inspir'd,
 Was, by the Muses, into Madness fir'd
 My share in pale ² Pyrene I resign;
 And claim no Part in all the mighty Nine
 Statues ³, with winding Ivy crown'd, belong
 To nobler Poets, for a nobler Song;
 Heedless of Verse, and hopeless of the Crown,
 Scarce half a Wit, and more than half a Clown,
 Before the ⁴ Shrine I lay my rugged Numbers down.
 Who taught the Parrot human Notes to try,
 Or with a Voice endu'd the chattering Pye?
 'Twas witty Want, fierce Hunger to appease;
 Want taught their Masters, and their Masters these.
 Let Gain, that gilded Bait, be hung on high,
 The hungry Wirlings have it in their Eye:
 Pyes, Crows, and Daws, Poetic Presents bring;
 You say they squeak; but they will swear they sing.

¹ Parnassus and Helicon, were rinth consecrated also to the Muses.
 Hills consecrated to the Muses; and ³ The Statues of the Poets were
 she suppos'd Place of their Abode. crown'd with Ivy about their
 Parnassus was forked on the Top; Brows,
 and from Helicon ran, a Stream, ⁴ Before the Shrine; that is,
 the Spring of which was call'd the before the Shrine of Apollo, in his
 Muses Well. Temple at Rome, call'd the Pala-

² a Pyrene a Fountain in Co- line.

Argument.

Argument of the First Satyr.

I need not repeat, that the chief Aim of the Author is against bad Poets, in this Satyr. But I must add, that he includes also bad Orators, who began at that Time, (as Petronius in the Beginning of his Book tells us,) to enervate Manly Eloquence, by Tropes and Figures, ill plac'd and worse apply'd. Amongst the Poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose Verses he recites with Scorn and Indignation. He also takes Notice of the Noblemen, and their abominable Poetry, who in the Luxury of their Fortune, set up for Wits and Judges. The Satyr is in Dialogue, betwixt the Author and his Friend or Monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous Attempt of exposing Great Men. But Persius, who is of a free Spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a Commonwealth, breaks through all those Difficulties, and boldly arraigns the false Judgment of the Age, in which he lives. The Reader may observe that our Poet was a Stoic Philosopher; and that all his Moral Sentences, both here, and in all the rest of his Satyrs, are drawn from the Dogmas of that Sect.

The

*The First SATYR: In Dialogue betwixt
the Poet and his Friend or Monitor.*

P E R S I U S.

HOW anxious are our Cares; and yet how vain
The bent of our Desires!

Friend. Thy Spleen contain:
For none will read thy Satyr.

Persius. This to me!

Friend. None; or what's next to none, but two or three:
'Tis hard, I grant.

Persius. 'Tis nothing; I can bear:
That paltry Scriblers have the public Ear:
That this vast universal Fool, the Town,
Shou'd cry up *Labeo's* Stuff, and cry me down;
They damn themselves; nor will my Muse descend
To clap with such, who Fools and Knaves commend:
Their Smiles and Censures are to me the same;
I care not what they praise, or what they blame.
In full Assemblies let the Crowd prevail:
I weigh no Merit by the common Scale.
The Conscience is the Test of ev'ry Mind;
Seek not thy self, without thy self, to find.
But where's that *Roman*? — Somewhat I wou'd say,
But fear; — Let Fear, for once, to Truth give way.
Truth lends the Stoic Courage: when I look
On human Acts, and read in Nature's Book,
From the first Fastimes of our Infant Age,
To elder Cares, and Man's severer Page:
When stern as Tutors, and as Uncles hard,
We lash the Pupil, and debase the Ward:

*Nothing is remaining of Atti-
cus Labeo, (so he is call'd by the
Learned Casaubon.) Nor is men-
tion'd by any other Poet besides Per-*

*sus: Casaubon, from an old Com-
mentator on Persius, says, that he
made a very foolish Translation of
Homer's Iliad.*

Then

Then, then I say, ---- or wou'd say, if I durst---

But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or burst.

Friend, Once more forbear.

Persius. I cannot rule my Spleen;

My Scorn rebels, and tickles me within.

First, to begin at Home; our Authors write.

In lonely Rooms, secur'd from public Sight;

Whether in Prose, or Verse, 'tis all the same:

The Prose is Fustian, and the Number's lame.

All Noise, and empty Pomp, a Storm of Words,

Lab'ring with Sound, that little Sense affords.

They comb, and then they order ev'ry Hair:

A Gown, or white, or scour'd to Whiteness, wear:

A Birth-day Jewel bobbing at their Ear.

Next, gargle well their Throats, and thus prepar'd,

They mount, a God's Name, to be seen and heard.

From their high Scaffold; with a Trumper-Check:

And ogling all their Audience ere they Speak.

The nauseous Nobles, e'en the chief of Rome,

With gaping Mouths to these Rehearsals come,

And pant with Pleasure, when some lusty Line

The Marrow pierces, and invades the *Chine*.

At open fulsome Bawdry they rejoyce,

And slimy Jests applaud with broken Voice.

Base Prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy Bread?

Thus dost thou feed their Ears, and thus art fed:

At his own filthy Stuff he grins and brays;

And gives the Sign where he expects their Praise.

Why have I learn'd, say'st thou, if thus confin'd,

I choke the noble Vigor of my Mind;

2 He describes a Poet prepar'd a Scaffold rais'd, and a Puppet
ring himself to rehearse his Works plac'd for him, who was to read
in Public, which was commonly forth, who borrow'd a new Gown,
perform'd in August. A Room or scour'd his old one, and adorn'd
was hir'd or lent by some Friend, his Ears with Jewels, &c.

Know.

Know, my wild Fig-Tree, which in Rocks is bred,
 Will split the Quarry, and shoot out the Head:
 Fine Fruits of Learning! Old ambitious Fool,
 Dar'st thou apply that Adage of the School,
 As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
 And Science is not Science till reveal'd?
 Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to see
 The Crowd, with pointing Fingers, cry, That's he:
 That's he whose wondrous Poem is become
 A Lecture for the noble Youth of Rome!
 Who, by their Fathers, is at Feasts renown'd;
 And often quoted when the Bowls go round.
 Full gorg'd and fluff'd, they wantonly rehearse,
 And add to Wine the Luxury of Verse.
 One, clad in Purple, not to lose his Time,
 Eats and recites some lamentable Rhime:
 Some senseless *Phillis*, in a broken Note,
 Snuffing at Nose, or croaking in his Throat:
 Then, graciously, the mellow Audience nod;
 Is not th' Immortal Author made a God?
 Are not his *Mans*! blest, such Praise to have!
 Lies not the Turf more lightly on his Grave!
 And Roses (while his loud Applause they sing)
 Stand ready from his Sepulchre to spring!
 All these, you cry, but slight Objections are,
 Meer Malice, and you drive a yet too far.
 For does there breathe a Man, who can reject
 A gen'ral Fame, and his own Lines neglect
 In 4 Cedar-Tablets worthy to appear,
 That need not Fish, or Frankincense to fear?
 Thou, whom I make the adverse part to bear.

1 Trees of that kind, grow wild in many parts of Italy: and make shew way through Rocks: Sometimes splitting the Tomb-stones.
2 The Romans wrote on Cedar and Cypress-Tables, in Regard of the Durability of the Wood. All Poets might justly be afraid of Frankincense: for the Papers in which they were written, were so far from being but to wrap it up.

Be answer'd thus: If I, by Chance succeed,
 In what I write (and that's a Chance indeed;))
 Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
 Not to feel Praise, or Fame's deserv'd Reward:
 But this I cannot grant, that thy Applause,
 Is my Work's ultimate, or only Cause.
 Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a Prize;
 For mark what Vanity within it lies.
 Like *Labeo's* Iliads; in whose Verse is found,
 Nothing but trifling Care, and empty Sound:
 Such little Elegies as Nobles write,
 Who wou'd be Poets, in *Apollo's* Spight.
 Them and their woful Works the Muse despises:
 Products of Citron-Beds, and Golden Canopies.
 To give thee all thy Due, thou hast the Heart,
 To make a Supper, with a fine Desert;
 And to thy thread-bare Friend, a cast old Sute impart.

Thus brib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him, tell me Friend,
 (For I love Truth, nor can plain Speech offend.)
 What says the World of me and of my Muse?

The Poor dare nothing tell but flatter'ing News;
 But shall I speak? Thy Verse is wretched Rhimes;
 And all thy Labors are but Loss of Time.
 Thy strutting Belly swells, thy Paunch is high;
 Thou writ'st not, but thou pillest Poetry.

All Authors, to their own Defects, are blind;
 Hadst thou but, *Janus* like, a Face behind,
 To see the People, what (play-Mouths they make;
 To mark their Fingers, pointed at thy Back:

3 *Writings of Noblemen, whose first Month of the Year is call'd*
Bedsteads were of the Wood of Citron. *January. He was flatter'd with*

6 *Janus was the first King of Italy; who refus'd Saturn, when and the future, some of the*
he was expuls'd by his Son Jupiter; (or as we now call the Reason given above,
is Candia.) From his Name, the

Thou

Their Tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the Pitch,
 When most a-thirst, of an *Apulian* Bitch:
 But Noble Scriblers are with Flatt'ry fed;
 For none dare find their Faults, who eat their Bread.
 To pass the Poets of Patrician Blood,
 What is't the common Reader takes for good?
 The Verse in Fashion is, when Numbers flow,
 Soft without Sense, and without Spirit slow:
 So smooth and equal, that no sight can find,
 The River, where the polish'd Piece was join'd.
 So even all, with such a steady View,
 As if he shut one Eye to level true.
 Whether the Vulgar Vice his Satyr stings,
 The People's Riots, or the Rage of Kings;
 The gentle Poet is alike in all;
 His Reader hopes no Rise, and fears no Fall,
 Friend. Hourly we see, some raw pin-feather'd Thing,
 Attempt to mount, and Fights and Heroes sing;
 Who for false Quantities was whipt at School
 But t'other day, and breaking Grammar-Rule.
 Whose trivial Art was never try'd above
 The bare Description of a native Grove:
 Who knows not how to praise the Country-Store,
 The Feasts, the Baskets, nor the Fatted Boar;
 Nor paint the flow'ry Fields, that paint themselves before.
 Where *Romulus* was bred, and *Quintus* Born,
 Whose shining Plough-share was in Furrows worn,
 Met by his tsembling Wife, returning Home,
 And rustically joy'd, as Chief of Rome.

Where *Romulus*, &c. He speaks of the Country in the foregoing Verses; the Praises of which, are the most easy Theme for Poets; but which a bad Poet cannot naturally describe: Then he makes a digression to *Romulus* the first King of Rome, who had a rustical Education; and enlarges upon *Quintus Cincinnatus*, a Roman Senator, who was call'd from the Plough to be Senator of Rome.

He wip'd the Sweat from the Dictator's Brow;
And o'er his Back his Robe did rudely throw;
The Lictors bore in State, their Lord's triumphant Plough.

Some love to hear the Rustian Poet roar;
And some on antiquated Authors pore;
Rummage for Sense; and think those only good,
Who labor most, and least are understood,
When thou shalt see the 'blear-ey'd' Fathers teach,
Their Sons, this harsh and mouldy sort of Speech;
Or others new affected Ways to try,
Of wanton Smoothness, Female Poetry;
One wou'd enquire from whence this motley Style
Did first our Roman-Purisy-defile:

For our old Dotards cannot keep their Seat;
But leap and catch at all that's Obsolete.

Others, by foolish Ostentation led,
When call'd before the Bar, to save their Head,
Bring trifling Tropes, instead of solid Sense;
And mind their Figures more than their Defence.
Are pleas'd to hear their thick-skull'd Judges cry,
Well mov'd, Oh finely said! and decently!
Their (says th' Accuser) to thy Charge I lay,

O *Pedius*: What does gentle *Pedius* say?
Audacious to please the Genius of the Times,
With * Periods, Points, and Tropes he stuns his Crimes:
He Robb'd not, but he Borrow'd from the Poor;
'And took but with Intention to restore.
He lards with Flourishes his long Harangue;
Tis fine, say'st thou; what, to be prais'd, and hang?
Seminate Roman, shall such Stuff prevail?
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy Tail?
Say, shou'd a Shipwreck'd Sailor sing his Woe,
You'dst thou be mov'd to Pity, or bestow.

* With Periods, &c. *Persius* are meant for Rhetorical Flourishes
are names Antitheses, or seeming as I think, with *Casaubon*.
contradictions; which in this place

An Alms? What's more preposterous than to see
A merry Beggar! Mirth in Misery!

Persius. He seems a Trap, for Charity, to lay;
And cons by Night his Lesson for the Day.

Friend. But to raw Numbers, and unfinish'd Verse,
Sweet Sound is added now, to make it Terse:

" 'Tis tagg'd with Rhime, like *Berecynthian Atys*.

" The mid part chimes with Art, which never flat is,

" The Dolphin brave, that cuts the liquid Wave,

" Or he who in his Line, can chine the long-ribb'd *Appennine*.

Persius. All this is Doggrel stuff.

Friend. What if I bring

A nobler Verse? *Arms and the Man I sing.*

Persius. Why Name you *Virgil* with such Tops as these?

He's truly great; and must for ever please;

Not fierce, but awful, is his Manly Page.

Bold is his Strength, but sober is his Rage.

Friend. What Poems think you soft? and to be read
With languishing Regards, and bending Head?

Persius. " 11 Their crooked Horns the *Admalleulan* Crew

" With Blasts inspir'd; and *Tassaris* who flew

" The Calf, with Sword advanc'd on high,

" Made from his Neck his haughty Head to fly.

" And *Menas*, when with Ivy-bridles bound,

" She led the spotted Lynx, then *Eulon* rung around;

" *Eulon* from Woods and Floods repairing Echo's Sound.

Could such rude Lines a Roman Mouth become,
Were any Manly Greatness left in Rome?

9 Berecynthian Atys, or A-
tin, &c. Foolish Verses of Nero,
which the Poet repeats; and which
cannot be translated properly into
English.

10 Arms and the Man, &c.
The first Line of Virgil's *Aeneid*.

11 Their crooked Horns, &c.
Other Verses of Nero, that are
meer Bombast. Tonly note, That
the Repetition of these and the for-
mer Verses of Nero, might justly
give the Poet a Caution to conceal
his Name,

Menas 12 and *Arys* in the Mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the lab'ring Head;
No Blood from bitten Nails, those Poems drew;
But churn'd, like Spittle, from the Lips they flew.

Friend. 'Tis Pustian all; 'tis execrably bad;
But if they will be Fools, must you be mad?
Your Satyrs, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The Great will never bear so blunt a Verse.

Their Doors are barr'd against a bitter Sout;
But, if you please, but you shall start without
Expect such Pay as railing Rhimes deserve,
'Tis in a very hopeful Way to starve.

Persius. Rather than so, uncensur'd let 'em be;
All, all is admirably well, for me
My harmless Rhime shall 'scape the dire Disgrace
Of common Shores, and ev'ry Pissing-place.

Two 13 painted Serpents shall on high appear;
'Tis Holy-Ground; you must not Urine here.
This shall be writ to fright the Fry away,
Who draw their little Bawbles, when they play.

14 Yet old *Lucretius* never fear'd the Times;
But lash'd the City, and disbathe'd Crimes;
Mutius and *Lupus* both by Name he brought;
He mouth'd 'em, and betwixt his Grinders caught.
Unlike in Method, with conceal'd Design,
Did crafty *Horace* his low Numbers join;
And, with a sly insinuating Grace,
Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in the Face.

15 *Menas* and *Arys*, Poets
on the *Mynades*, who were Priest-
esses of *Bacchus*; and of *Arys*, who
made himself an Eunuch to attend
on the Sacrifices of *Cybele*, call'd
Areocynthian by the Poets; she
was Mother of the Gods.

Two Snakes roll'd with each other,
were painted on the Walls, by the
Athenians, to show the Place was
Holy.

13 Let old *Lucretius*, &c. *Lucretius*
wrote long before *Horace*; who
imitates his manner of Satyr, but
far excels him in the Design.

13 Two painted Serpents, &c.

Wou'd raise a Blush, where secret Vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the Wound.
With seeming Innocence the Crowd beguill'd;
But made the desperate Passes, when he smil'd.

Cou'd he do this, and is my Muse control'd,
By servile Awe? Born free, and not be bold!
At least, I'll dig a Hole within the Ground;
And to the trusty Earth commit the Sound:
The Reeds shall tell you what the Poet fears,
King 15 Midas has a Snout, and Asses Ears.
This mean Conceit, this darling Mystery,
Which thou think'st nothing, Friend, thou shalt not buy;
Nor will I change for all the flashy Wit,
That flatt'ring Labeo in his Iliads writ.

16 Thou, if there be a Thou in this base Town,
Who dares, with angry *Eupolis*, to frown:
He, who, with bold *Cratinus*, is inspir'd,
With Zeal, and equal Indignation fir'd:
Who, at enormous Villany, turns pale,
And steers against it with a full-blown Sail,
Like *Aristophanes*; let him but smile,
On this my honest Work, tho' writ in homely Styles.
And if two Lines or three in all the Vein,
Appear less dress'd; read those Lines again.
May they perform their Author's just Intent,
Glow in thy Ears, and in thy Breast ferment.

15 King *Midas*, &c. The Story is vulgar, that *Midas* King of Phrygia was made Judge betwixt *Apollo* and *Pan*, who was the best Musician: He gave the Prize to *Pan*; and *Apollo* in revenge gave him Asses Ears. He wore his Hats long to hide them; but his Barber discovering them, and not daring to divulge the Secret, dug a hole in the Ground, and whisper'd into it: The people was *Marsus*; and when the Reeds grew up, they repeated the Words which were spoken by the Barber. By *Midas* the Poet means *Nero*.
16 *Eupolis* and *Cratinus*, as also *Aristophanes* mention'd afterwards, were all Athenian Poets, who wrote that sort of Comedy, which was call'd the old Comedy, where the People were nam'd, who were Satyriz'd by those Authors.

But, from the reading of my Book and me,
 Be far, ye Poets of Virtuous Poverty!
 Who Fortune's Fault upon the poor can throw,
 Point at the tatter'd Coat, and ragged Shoe;
 Lay Nature's Failings to their Charge, and jeer
 The dim weak Eye-sight, when the Mind is clear.
 When thou thy self thus insolent in State,
 Art but perhaps, some Country-Magistrate;
 Whose Pow' er extends no farther than to speak,
 Big on the Bench, and scanty Weights to break.
 Him, also, for my Censor I disdain,
 Who thinks all Science, as all Virtue, vain:
 Who counts Geometry, and numbers Toys;
 And, with his Foot, the sacred Dust destroys:
 Whose Pleasure is to see a Strumpet tear,
 A Cynic's Beard, and lug him by the Hair.
 Such, all the Morning, to the Pleadings run;
 But when the Bus'ness of the Day is done,
 On Dice, and Drink, and Drabs, they spent their Afternoon.

17. Who Fortune's Faults, &c. *Arithmetic and Geometry were taught on Floors, which were strew'd with Dust or Sand; in which the Numbers and Diagrams were made and drawn, which they might strike out again.*

18. And with his Foot, &c.



P E R S I U S.

THE

SECOND SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Satyr contains a most Grave and Philosophical Argument, concerning Prayers and Wishes. Undoubtedly it gave Occasion to Juvenal's Tenth Satyr; and both of them had their Original from one of Plato's Dialogues, call'd the Second Alcibiades. Our Author has induc'd it with great Mastery of Art, by taking his Rise from the Birth-day of his Friend; on which

which Occasions, Prayers were made, and Sacrifices offered by the Native. Persius commending the Purity of his Friend's Vows, descends to the Impious and Immortal Requests of others. The Satyr is divided into three Parts. The first is the Exordium to Macrinus, which the Poet confines within the Compass of four Verses. The Second relates to the matter of the Prayers and Vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein Men commonly sinn'd against right Reason, and offended in their Requests. The third Part consists in shewing the Repugnancies of those Prayers and Wishes, those of other Men, and Inconsistencies with themselves. He shows the Original of these Vows, and sharply inveighs against them: And lastly, not only corrects the false Opinion of Mankind concerning them, but gives the true Doctrine of all Addresses made to Heaven; and how they may be made acceptable to the Powers above, in excellent Precepts; and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.

The SECOND SATYR.

*Dedicated to his Friend Plotius Macrinus,
on his Birth-Day.*

LET this auspicious Morning be express,
With a white¹ Stone, distinguish'd from the rest:
White as thy Face, and as thy Honor clear;
And let new Joys attend, on thy new-added Year.
Indulge thy Genius, and o'erflow thy Soul,
Till thy Wit sparkle, like the chearful Bowl,
Pray; for thy Pray'rs the Taste of Heav'n will bear;
Nor need'st thou take the Gods aside, to hear,
While others, ev'n the mighty Men of Rome,
Big swell'd with Mischief, to the Temples come;
And in low Murmurs, and with costly Smoke,
Heav'n's Help, to prosper their black Vows, invoke.
So boldly to the Gods Mankind reveal,
What from each other they, for Shame, conceal.
Give me good Fame, ye Pow'rs, and make me just:
Thus much the Rogue to public Ears will trust,
In private then: — When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy Uncle from this World remove?
Or — O! Thou Thund'rer's Son, great² Hercules,
That once thy bounteous Deity wou'd please
To guide my Rake, upon the chinking sound,
Of some vast Treasure, hidden under Ground.

¹ White Stone, The Romans were us'd to mark their Fortunate Days, or any thing that luckily befell 'em, with a white Stone, which they had from Creta; and their

Unfortunate with a Coal.

² Hercules was thought to have the Key and Power of bestowing all hidden Treasure.

O were my Pupil fairly knock'd o' th' Head;
Thou'd possess th' Estate, if he were dead!
He's so far gone with Rickets, and with the Evil,
That one small Dose will send him to the Devil.

This is my Neighbor *Nerius*, his third Spouse,
Of whom in happy Time he rid his House,
But my Eternal Wife! — Grant Heav'n I may
Survive to see the Fellow of this Day:

Thus, that thou may'st the better bring about
Thy Wishes, thou art wickedly devout:
In *Ther* ducking thrice, by break of Day,

To wash th' Obscenities of Night away.
But prithee tell me, ('tis a small Request)

With what ill Thoughts of *Jeev* art thou possess'd?
Wou'd thou prefer him to some Man I Suppose,

I dipp'd among the worst, and *Stains* chose,
Which of the two wou'd the wise Head declare,

The trustier Tutor to an Orphan Heir?
Or, put it thus: — Unfold to *Stains*, freight,

What to *Jeev*'s Ear thou didst impart of late:
He'll stare, and, O Good *Jupiter*! will cry:

Can'st thou indulge him in this Villany?
And think'st thou, *Jeev* himself, with Patience then,

Can hear a Pray'r condemn'd by wicked Men?
That, void of Care, he lolls supine in State,

And leaves his Bus'ness to be done by Fate,
Because his Thunder splits some burly Tree,

And is not darted at thy House and thee?
Or that his Vengeance falls not at the Time,

Just at the Preparation of thy Crime;

The Ancients thought themselves tainted and polluted by Night is self, as well as bad Dreams in the Night, and therefore purified themselves by washing their Heads, and Hands every Morning: which Custom the Turks observe to this Day.

And

And makes thee a sad Object of our Eyes,
Fit for 4 *Ergemma's* Pray'r and Sacrifice?
What well-fed Off'ring to appease the God;
What pow'rful Present to procure a Nod,
Hast thou in store? What Bribe hast thou prepar'd,
To pull him thus unpunish'd, by the Beard?

Our Superstitions with our Life begin;
Th' obscene old Grandam, or the next of Kin:
The new-born Infant from the Cradle takes,
And first of Spittle a 5 Lustration makes:
Then in the Spawl her middle-finger dips,
Anoints the Temples, Forehead and the Lips;
Pretending Force of Magic to prevent,
By Virtue of her nasty Excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd Pray'r,
That Heav'n wou'd make him some rich Mistress' Heir,
Lucky to Ladies, and, in Time, a King;
Which to ensure, she adds a Length of Navel-string.
But no fond Nurse is fit to make a Pray'r;
And *Jews*, if *Jews* be wise, will never hear;
Not though she prays in White, with luscious Hands:
A Body made of Brass the *Grope* demands
For her lov'd Nuzzling, strung with Nerves of Wire,
Tough to the last, and with no toll to tire.
Unconscionable Vows, which when we use,
We teach the Gods, in Reason, to refuse.
Suppose they were indulgent to thy Wills:
Yet the Fat Intralls in the spacious Dish,

4. When any one was Thunder-struck, the Soothsayer (who is here call'd a *Bagotina*) immediately repaired to the Place, to expiate the Displeasure of the Gods, by sacrificing two Sheep.

5 The Poet laughs at the super-

stitious Ceremonies which the Old Women made use of in their Lustrations or Purification Days, when they nam'd their Children; which was done on the Eighth Day after birth, and in the Month of *Ides*.

Would

Wou'd stop the Grant: the very over-care,
 And nauseous Pomp, wou'd hinder half the Pray'r.
 Thou hop'st with Sacrifice of Oxen slain,
 To compass Wealth, and bribe the God of Gain,
 To give thee Flocks and Herds, with large Increase;
 Fool! to expect them from a Bulloc's Grease!
 And think'st that when the fatten'd Flames aspire,
 Thou see'st th' accomplishment of thy Desire:
 Now, now, my bearded Harvest gilds the Plane,
 The scanty Folds can scarce my Sheep contain,
 And Showers of Gold come pouting in amain:
 Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
 Till his lank Purse declares his Money gone.

Shou'd I present thee with rare figur'd Plate,
 Or Gold as rich in Workmanship as Weight;
 O how thy rising Heart wou'd throb and beat,
 And thy left Side, with trembling Pleasure, sweat:
 Thou measur'st by thy self the Pow'r's Divine;
 Thy Gods are burnish'd Gold, and Silver is their Shrine.
 Thy puny Godlings of inferior Race,
 Whose humble Statues are content with Brass,
 Shou'd some of these, in Visions purg'd from Phlegm,
 Foretel Events, or in the Morning Dream;

6 In Visions purg'd from Phlegm. &c. It was the Opinion both of Grecians and Romans, that the Gods, in Visions or Dreams, often reveal'd to their Favorites a Cure for their Diseases, and sometimes those of others. Thus Alexander dream'd of an Herb which cur'd Ptolemy. These Gods were principally Apollo and Esculapius; but, in after-times, the same Virtue and good-will was attribu'd to Isis and Osiris. Which brings to my Remembrance an old

Passage in Sir Thomas Brown's Religio Medici, or in his Vulgar Errors; the Sense whereof is, That we are beholden, for many of our Discoveries in Physic, to the courteous Revelation of Spirits. By the Expression of Visions purg'd from the Phlegm, our Author means such Dreams or Visions, as proceed not from natural Causes, or Humors of the Body; but such as are sent from Heaven; and are, therefore, certain Remem-

Ev'n those thou wou'dst in Veneration hold;
 And, if not Faces, give 'em Beards of Gold.
 The Priests in Temples, now no longer care
 For ⁷ Saturn's Brass, or ⁸ Numa's Earthen Ware;
 Or Vestal Urns, in each Religious Rite:
 This wicked Gold has put 'em all to Flight.
 O Souls, in whom no heav'nly Fire is found,
 Fat Minds, and ever grov'ling on the Ground!
 We bring our Manners to the blest Abodes,
 And think what pleases us, must please the Gods.
 Of Oil and *Cassia* one th' Ingredients takes,
 And, of the Mixture, a rich Ointment makes:
 Another finds the Way to dye in grain;
 And makes ⁹ Calabrian Wool receive the Tyrian Stain;
 Or from the Shells their Orient Treasure takes,
 Or, for their Golden-Ore, in Rivers rakes;
 Then melts the Mass: All these are Vanities!
 Yet still some Profit from their Pains may rise:
 But tell me, Priest, if I may be so bold,
 What are the Gods the better for this Gold?
 The Wretch that offers from his wealthy Store,
 These Presents, bribes the Pow'ers to give him more:

⁷ For Saturn's Brass, &c. Brazen Vessels, in which the public Treasures of the Romans were kept: It may be the Poet meant only old Vessels, which were called Cronia, from the Greek Name of Saturn.

⁸ Numa's Earthen Ware. Under Numa the second King of Rome and for a long Time after him, the Holy Vessels for Sacrifice were of Earthen Ware according to the Superstitious Rites which were introduced by the same Numa: Tho' afterwards, when Memmius had taken Corinth, and Paulus Emilius, had conquered Macedonia,

Luxury began amongst the Romans; and then their Utensils of Devotion were of Gold and Silver, &c.

⁹ And makes Calabrian Wool, &c. The Wool of Calabria was of the finest Sort in Italy, as Juvenal also tells us. The Tyrian Stain is the Purple-Color dy'd at Tyrus; and I suppose, but dare not positively affirm, that the richest of that Dye was nearest our Crimson, and not Scarlet, or that other Colour more approaching to the Blue. I have not room to justify my Conjecture.

As 10 Maids to *Venus* offer Baby-Toys,
To bless the Marriage-Bed with Girls and Boys.
But let us for the Gods a Gift prepare,
Which the Great Man's great Charges cannot bear:
A Soul, where Laws both Human and Divine,
In Practice more than Speculation shine;
A genuin Virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last Recesses of the Mind;
When with such Offrings to the Gods I come;
A 11 Cake, thus giv'n, is worth a Hecatomb.

10 As Maids to *Venus*, &c. Those Baby-Toys were little Babies or Puppets, as we call them; in Latin Pupæ; which the Girls, when they came to the Age of Puberty, or Child-bearing, offer'd to *Venus*; as the Boys at Fourteen or Fifteen Years of Age offer'd their Bulls, or Besses.

11 A Cake thus given, &c. A Cake of Barley, or coarse Wheat-mal, with the Bran in it; The Meaning is, that God is pleas'd with

the pure and spotless Heart of the Offerer; and not with the Riches of the Offering. *Laberius* in the Fragments of his Mimes, has a Verse like this: *Puras, Deus, non piacens aspicit manus.*—What I had forgotten before in its due Place, I must here tell the Reader, That the first half of this Satyr was translated by one of my Sons, now in Italy; but I thought so well of it, that I let it pass without any Alteration.

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P E R S I U S.
T H E
T H I R D S A T Y R.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

The A R G U M E N T.

Our Author has made two Satyrs concerning Study; the First and the Third; The First related to Men; This to Young Students, whom he desir'd to be educated in the Stoic Philosophy: He himself sustains the Person of the Master or Preceptor in this admirable Satyr. Where he upbraids the Youth of Sloth and Negligence in Learning. Yet he begins with one Scholar reproaching his Fellow-Students with late rising to their Books. After which he takes upon him the other part of the Teacher. And addressing himself particularly

to Young Noblemen, tells them, That, by reason of their High Birth, and the Great Possessions of their Fathers, they are careless of adorning their Minds with Precepts of Moral Philosophy: And withal, inculcates to them the Miseries which will attend them in the whole course of their Life, if they do not apply themselves sometimes to the Knowledge of Virtue, and the End of their Creation, which he pathetically insinuates to them. The Title of this Satyr in some antient Manuscripts, was The Reproach of Idleness; tho' in others of the Scholiasts 'tis inscrib'd, Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich. In both of which the Intention of the Poet is pursu'd; but principally in the former.

I remember I Translated this Satyr when I was a *Knight-Scholar* at *Westminster-School*, for a *Thursday-Night's Exercise*; and believe that it, and many other of my Exercises of this Nature, in *English Verse*, are still in the Hands of my *Learned Master*, the Reverend Doctor *Bauby*.

Is this thy daily Course? The glaring Sun
Breaks in at ev'ry Chink: The Cattle run
To Shades, and Noon-Tide Rays of Summer sun,
Yet plung'd in Sloth we lie, and more supine;
As fill'd with Fumes of undigested Wine.

This grave Advice some sober Student bears;
And loudly rings it in his Fellow's Ears.
The yawning Youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lamy Limbs and dony Head to raise:

Then rubs his gummy Eyes, and scrubs his Face;
 And cries, I thought it had not been so late;
 My Cloths, make haste: Why when! If none be near,
 He mutters first, and then begins to swear:
 And brays aloud, with a more clam'rous Note:
 Than an *Arcadian* Ass can stretch his Throat.

With much ado, his Book before him laid,
 And Parchment with the smoother Side display'd;
 He takes the Papers; lays 'em down again;
 And with unwilling Fingers, tries the Pen:
 Some peevish Quarrel straight he strives to pick;
 His Quill writes double, or his Ink's too thick.
 Infuse more Water; now 'tis grown so thin,
 It sinks, nor can the Characters be seen.

O Wretch, and still more wretched ev'ry Day!
 Art Mortal born to sleep their Lives away!
 Go back to what thy Infancy began,
 Thou who wert never meant to be a Man:
 Eat Pap, and Spoon-meat, for thy Gougaw's cry:
 Be silent, and refuse the Lullaby.

No more accuse thy Pen; but charge the Crime
 On Native Sloth, and Negligence of Time.
 Think'st thou thy Master, or thy Friends to cheat?
 Fool! 'tis thy self; and that's a worse Deceit.
 Beware the publick Laughter of the Town;
 Thou spring'st a Leak already in thy Crown.
 A flaw is in thy ill bak'd Vessel found;
 'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.

Yet, thy moist Clay is pliant to Command;
 Unwrought, and easy to the Potter's Hand;
 Now take the Mold; now bend thy Mind to feel
 The first sharp Motions of the Forming Wheel.

1. Parchment, &c. The Students us'd to write their Notes on Parchments; the inside, on which they wrote was white; the other

Quintillian reproves this Custom, and advises rather Table-Books, lin'd with Wax, and a Style, like that we use in our Vallum Table-Books as more easy.

But thou hast Land; a Country-Seat secure
By a just Title; costly Furniture;
A Furnishing-Pan thy *Lovers* to appease:
What need of Learning when a Man's at ease?
If this be not enough to swell thy Soul,
Then please thy Pride, and search the Herald's Roll,
Where thou shalt find thy famous Pedigree
Drawn from the Root of some old *Tuscan* Tree;
And thou, a Thousand off, a Fool of long Degree,
Who, clad in Purple, can't thy Censor greet;
And loudly call him Cousin in the Street.

Such Pageantry be to the People shown;
There boast thy Horse's Trappings and thy own;
I know thee to thy Bottom; from within
Thy shallow Centre, to the utmost Skin;
Dost thou not blush to live so like a Beast,
So trim, so dissolute, so loosely dress'd?

But 'tis in vain: The Wretch is drench'd too deep.
His Soul is stupid, and his Heart asleep;
Fatten'd in Vice; so callous and so gross,
He sine, and sees not, sensible of his Loss.
Down goes the Wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the Water's Brim.

Great Father of the Gods, when for our Crimes,
Thou send'st down heavy Judgment on the Times;

A Furnishing-Pan, &c. Before
Eating is was customary to put off
some part of the Meat, which was
first put into a Pan, or little Dish,
then into the Fire as an Offering to
the Household-Gods: This they call'd
a Libation.

Drawn from the Root, &c.
The *Tuscans* were accounted of most
ancient Nobility. Horace alludes
this in most of his Compliments to
Mecenas, who was deriv'd from

the Old Kings of Tuscany, now the
Dominion of the Great Duke.

Who clad in Purple, &c.
The Roman Knights assist'd in the
Rebellion of *Triaba*, were summon'd
by the Censor to appear before him,
and to salute him in passing by, as
their Names were call'd over. They
led their Horses in their Hand, see
more of this in *Pompey's* Life,
written by *Plutarch*.

Some Tyrant-King, the Terror of his Age,
 The Type, and true Vicegerent of thy Rage;
 Thus punish him: Set Virtue in his Sight,
 With all her Charms adorn'd, with all her Graces bright;
 But set her distant, make him pale to see
 His Gains out-weigh'd by lost Felicity!

Scyllian Tortures, and the Brazen Bull,
 Are Emblems, rather than express the Full
 Of what he feels: Yet what he fears, is more.
 The Wretch, who sitting at his plumeous Board,
 Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed Sword,
 Hang o'er his Head, and hanging by a Twine,
 Did with less dread, and more securely Dine.
 Ev'n in his Sleep he starts, and fears the Knife,
 And, trembling in his Arms, takes his Accomplish'd Wife;
 Down, down he goes; and from his Darling-Friend
 Conceals the Woes his guilty Dreams portend.

When I was young, I, like a lazy Fool,
 Wou'd blear my Eyes with Oyl to stay from School;
 Averse from Pains, and loth to learn the Part
 Of Care, dying with a daunted Heart!

Scyllian Tortures, &c. Some of the *Scyllian Kings* were great Tyrants, that the Name is become Proverbial. The Brazen Bull is a known Story of Phalaris, one of these Tyrants; who when Pericles, a famous Artist, had presented him with a Bull of that Metal belov'd with him, which when the condemn'd Person was inclin'd in it, would render the sound of a Bull's Roaring, caus'd the Workman to make the first Experiment. *Damocles* that was for before him

The Wretch who sitting, &c. He alludes to the Story of *Damocles*, a Flatterer of one of these *Scyllian Tyrants*, namely *Dionysius*. *Damocles* had infinitely inclin'd the Hoppings of *King Dionysius*, so much so that he of the contrary, invited him to a feast, and clothed him in Purple; but caus'd a Sword with the Point downwards to be hung over his Head by a silver Twine; which when he perceiv'd, he run'd out nothing of the Delusion that was for before him

Tho' much, my Master, that stern Virtue prais'd,
Which, o'er the Vanquisher the Vanquish'd rais'd:
And my pleas'd Father came with Pride to see
His Boy defend the Roman Liberty.

But then my Study was to Cog the Dice,
And dextrously to throw the lucky Sice:
To shun Ames-Ace, that sweeps my Stakes away:
And watch the Box, for fear they shou'd convey
False Bones, and put upon me in the Play.
Careful, besides, the whirling Top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.

Thy Years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What's Good or Ill, and both their Ends discern:
Thou, 7 in the Stole-Porch, severely bred,
Hast heard the *Dogmata* of great *Seneca* read:
Where on the Walls, by ' *Polygnatus*' Hand,
The Conquer'd *Medians* in Trunk Breeches stand,
Where the shewn Youth to midnight Lectures sit,
Rous'd from their Slumbers to be early wit:
Where the coarse Cake, and homely Husks of Beans,
From pamp'ring Riot the young Stomach weans:
And 8 where the *Samian* Y directs thy Steps to run,
To *Virtue's* narrow Steep, and *Broad-way* Vice to shun.

7 Thou in the Stole-Porch,
61. The Stoics taught their Phi-
losophy under a Porticus, so fa-
vour their Scholars from the Wea-
ther. Zeno was the Chief of that
Sect.

8 Polygnatus, a famous Palae-
strer, who drew the Pictures of the
Grecians and Persians, conquer'd

by Miltiades, Themistocles, and
other Athenian Captains, on the
Walls of the Portico, in their Na-
tural Habits.

9 And where the *Samian*
Y, &c. Pythagoras of Samos,
made the Allegion of the Y, in
Greek *Ypsilon*, as *Vice* and *Vice*
run. One Side of the Letter be-
ing broad, *Charadri* Vice, is

which

And yet thou snor'st; thou draw'st thy drunken Breath,
Sour with Debauch; and sleep'st the Sleep of Death;
Thy Chaps are fallen, and thy Frame disjoint'd;
Thy Body as dissolv'd as is thy Mind.

Hast thou not yet, propos'd some certain End,
To which thy Life, thy ev'ry Act may tend?
Hast thou no Mark, at which to bend thy Bow?
Or like a Boy pursu'st the Carrion-Crow
With Pellets, and with Stones, from Tree to Tree:
A fruitless Toil, and liv'st *Entempest*?
Watch the Disease in time: For, when within
The Dropsy rages and extends the Skin,
In vain for *Hyllibore* the Patient cries;
And fees the Doctor; but too late is wise;
Too late for Cure, he professes half his Wealth;
Conquest and *Gibbons* cannot give him Health.
Learn, Wretches learn the Motions of the Mind;
Why you were made; for what you were design'd;
And the great Moral End of Human-Kind;
Study thy self: What Rank, or what Degree
The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee:
And all the Offices of that Estate
Perform; and with thy Prudence guide thy Fate.
Pray justly, to be heard: Nor more desire
Than what the Decencies of Life require,
Learn what thou ow'st thy Country, and thy Friends;
What's requisite to Care, and what to spend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the Store
Of the greatest Advocate, that blinds the Poor:

which the *Ascent* is wide and steep, our Saviour might also allude to this, in those noted Words of the Evangelist, The way to Heaven, is

For ¹⁰ Fees from the defended *Umbrian* draws;
And only gains the wealthy Client's Cause,
To whom the ¹¹ *Martians* more Provision send,
Than he and all his Family can spend.

Gammons, that give a Relish to the Taste,
And potted Fowl, and Fish come in so fast,

That ere the first is out, the second stinks.

And mouldy Mother gathers on the Brinks;

But, here, some Captain of the Land or Fleet,

Stout of his Hands, bur of a Soldier's Wit;

Cries, I have Sense to serve my Turn, in Store;

And he's a Rascal who pretends to more.

Damnee, what e're those Book-learn'd Blockheads say,

John's the ver'st Fool in all the Play;

Top-heavy Drones, and always looking down,

(As over-balaſted within the Crowd)

Mutt'ring betwixt their Lips some mystic things;

Which well examin'd, is flat Conjuring,

Meer Mad-men's Dreams: For, what the Schools have taught,

Is only this, that Nothing can be brought

From Nothing; and, What is, can ne'er be turn'd to nought.

Is it for this they Study to grow pale,

And miss the Pleasures of a glorious Meal;

For this, in Rags accoutre'd, they are seen,

And made the May-game of the publick Splend.

Proceed, my Friend, and tell; But hear me tell—

A Story, which is just thy Parallel.

A Spark, like thee, of the Man-killing Trade;

Tell sick; and thus to his Physician said:

Methinks I am not right in ev'ry Part;

I feel a kind of Trembling at my Heart:

¹⁰ For Fees, &c. Casaubon ¹¹ or Lawyers, grow rich.

here notes, that among all the ¹² The *Martians* or *Umbrian*

Romans, who were brought up to arms, were the most plentiful of all

Learning, few besides, the Orators, the Provinces of Italy.

My Pulse unequal, and my Breath is strong;
 Besides a filthy Furr upon my Tongue,
 The Doctor hee'd him, exercis'd his Skill;
 And, after bid him for Four Days be still.
 Three Days he took good Counsel, and began
 To mend, and look like a recov'ring Man;
 The Fourth, he cou'd not hold from drink, but sends
 His Boy to one of his old musty Friends,
 Adjuring him, by all the Gow's Divine,
 To ply his Distress, who could not Dine
 Without a Flaggon of his healing Wine.
 He drinks a swilling Draught; and, lind within,
 Will supple, in the Bath, his outward Skin;
 Whom should he find but his Physician there,
 Who, wisely, bade him once again beware.
 Sir you look wan, you hardly draw your Breaths;
 Drinking is dang'rous, and the Bath is Deaths;
 'Tis Nothing, says the Fool; But, says the Friend,
 This Nothing, Sir, will bring you to your End;
 Do I not see your Drops, Belly swell,
 Your yellow Skin?—No more of that; I'm well.
 I have already bury'd two or three
 That stood betwixt a fair Estate and me.
 And, Doctor, I may live to bury thee.
 Thou tell'st me, Flook ill; and thou look'st worse,
 I've done, says the Physician; take your Course.
 The laughing Sor, like all unthinking Men,
 Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again;
 His Throat half throated with corrupted Phlegm,
 And breathing through his Jaws a belching Steam;
 Amidst his Cups with fainting shir'ing seiz'd,
 His Limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseas'd,
 His Hand refuses to sustain the Bowl;
 And his Teeth chatter, and his Eye-balls rowl;
 Till, with his Mear, he vomits out his Soul!

Then Trumpets, Torches, and a tedious Crew
Of Hireling Mourners, for his Funeral due.

Our dear departed Brother lies in State;

His Heels stretch'd out, and pointing to the Gate;

And Slaves, now manumit'd, on their dead Master wait.

They hoist him on the Bier, and deal the Dole;

And there's an End of a luxurious Fool.

But what's thy fulsome Parable to me!

My Body is from all Diseases free;

My temperate Pulse does regularly beat;

Feel, and be satisfy'd, my Hands and Feet;

These are not cold, nor those oppress'd with Heat.

Or lay thy Hand upon my naked Heart,

And thou shalt find me hale in ev'ry part.

I grant this true: But, still, the deadly Wound

Is in thy Soul: 'tis there thou art not sound;

Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting Gold,

Or a more tempting Harlot do'st behold;

Then, when she casts on thee a side-long Glance,

Then try thy Heart, and tell me if it dance.

Some coarse cold Salad is before thee set;

Bread with the Bran perhaps, and broken Meat;

Fall on, and try thy Appetite to eat.

These are not Dishes for thy dainty Tooth:

What, hast thou got an Ulcer in thy Mouth?

Why stand'st thou picking? Is thy Pallat sore?

That Bete and Radishes will make thee roar?

Such is th' unequal Temper of thy Mind;

Thy Passions, in extremes, and unconfin'd;

Thy Hair so bristles with unmanly Fears,

As Fields of Corn, that rise in bearded Ears.

12 His Heels stretch'd out, *[see the Poet says, that the dead
etc. The Romans were buried (Man's Heels were stretch'd out
without the City; for which Reason towards the Gate.*

And

And, when thy Checks with flushing Fury glow,
The rage of boiling Caldrone is more slow;
When fed with Fuel and with Flames below,
With Foam upon thy Lips and sparkling Eyes,
Thou say'st, and do'st, in such outrageous wise;
That mad Orestes, if he saw the Show,
Wou'd swear thou wert the madder of the two.

13 That mad Orestes. Orestes was Son to Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. Agamemnon, at his return from the Trojan Wars, was slain by Aegisthus, the Adulterer of Clytemnestra, Orestes

to revenge his Father's Death, slew both Aegisthus and his Mother: For which he was punished with Madness, by the Eumenides, or Furies, who continually haunted him.

P E R

P E R S I U S.

THE FOURTH SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN,

The ARGUMENT.

Our Author, living in the Time of Nero, was Cotemporary and Friend to the Noble Poet Lucan; both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good Men, how unskillfully he manag'd the Commonwealth: and perhaps might guess at his Future Tyranny, by some Passages, during the latter part of his first five Years; tho' he broke not out into his great Excesses, while he was restrain'd by the Counsels and Authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spar'd him in the Poem of his Pharsalla; for his very Complement look'd askint as well as Nero.

N n

Persius

Persius has been bolder, but with Caution likewise. For here, in the Person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his Ambition of meddling with State Affairs, without Judgment or Experience. 'Tis probable that he makes Seneca, in this Satyr, sustain the Part of Socrates, under a borrowed Name. And, withal, discovers some secret Vices of Nero, concerning his Lust, his Drunkenness, and his Effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to public Notice. He also reprehends the Flattery of his Courtiers, who endeavour'd to make all his Vices pass for Virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his Faults; but it is here described as a Veil cast over the true Meaning of the Poet, which was to Satyrize his Prodigality and Voluptuousness, to which he makes a Transition. I find no Instance in History, of that Emperor's being a Pathic, tho' Persius seems to brand him with it. From the two Dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the Poet took the Arguments of the Second and Third Satyr, but he inverted the Order of them: For the Third Satyr is taken from the First of those Dialogues.

The Commentators before Casaubon, were ignorant of our Author's secret Meaning; and thought he had only written against young Noblemen

Noblemen in general, who were too forward in aspiring to Public Magistracy: But this excellent Scholiast has unravell'd the whole Mystery; and made it apparent, that the String of this Satyr was particularly aim'd at Nero.

W^Hoe'er thou art, whose forward Years are bent
On State-Affairs, to guide the Government;
Hear, first, what Socrates of old has said
To the lov'd Youth, whom he at Athens bred.
Tell me thou Pupil to great Pericles,
Our second Hope, my Alcibiades,
What are the Grounds, from whence thou dost prepare
To undertake so young, so vast a Care?
Perhaps thy Wit; (A Chance not often heard,
That Farts and Prudence shou'd prevent the Beard.)
'Tis seldom seen, that Senators so young
Know when to speak, and when to hold their Tongue.
Sure thou art born to some peculiar Fate;
When the mad People rise against the State,
To look them into Duty: and command
An awful Silence with thy lifted Hand.
Then to bespeak 'em thus: *Athenians*, know
Against right Reason all your Counsels go.

Socrates, whom the Oracle of *Delphos* praised, as the wisest man, whose Life is written by *Plutarch*.
Man of his Age, lived in the time of the Peloponnesian War. He finding the uncertainty of Natural Philosophy, apply'd himself wholly to the Moral. He was Master to *Xenophon* and *Plato*; and to many of the Athenian young Noblemen; among the rest to *Alcibiades*, the most lovely Youth then.

Pericles was Tutor, or rather Overseer of the Will of *Clinias*, Father to *Alcibiades*. While Pericles liv'd, who was a wise Man, and an excellent Orator, as well as a great General, the Athenians had the better of the War.

This is not fair; nor profitable that;
 Nor 't'other Question proper for Debate.
 But thou, no doubt, can'st set the the Business right,
 And give each Argument its proper Weight;
 Know'st, with an equal hand, to hold the Scales;
 Seest where the Reasons pinch, and where they fall,
 And where Exceptions o'er the general Rule prevail.
 And, taught by Inspiration, in a trice,
 Can'st punish Crimes, and brand offending Vice.
 Leave, leave to fathom such high Points as these,
 Nor be ambitious, ere thy time to please:
 Unseasonably Wise, 'till Age, and Cares,
 Have form'd thy Soul, to manage great Affairs.
 Thy Face, thy Shape, thy Outside, are but vain;
 Thou hast not Strength such Labors to sustain:
 Drink 4 Hellebore, my Boy, drink deep and purge thy Brain.

What aim'st thou at, and whither tends thy Care,
 In what thy utmost Good? Delicious Fare;
 And, then to sun thy self in open Air.

Hold, hold; are all thy empty Wishes such?
 A good Old Woman wou'd have said as much.
 But thou art Nobly born: 'tis true; go boast
 Thy Pedigree, the thing thou valu'st most.
 Besides thou art a Beau: What's that, my Child?
 A Pop well dress'd, extravagant, and wild:
 She, that cries Herbs has less Impertinence;
 And, in her Calling, more of common Sense.

Can'st punish Crimes, &c. Letter of (chambers,) which is, that is, by Death. When the glist is Death. Judge would condemn a Malefactor, they cast their Votes into an Urn, as according to the Modern way of voting, as he here does, a Balloting-Bon. If the strikes, is fitter to be govern'd than Suffrages were marked with (th) self, than to govern others: He they qualified the Sentence of Death therefore adjudge him to drink Hellebore, as being the first labors, which purges the Brain.

None, none defends *into himself, to find*
 The secret Imperfections of his Mind;
 But ev'ry one is Eagle-eyed, to see
 Another's Faults; and his Deformity;
 Say, dost thou know *Vedidius?* Who, the Wretch
 Whose Lands beyond the *Jubba* largely stretch;
 Cover the Country, that a sailing Kite
 Can scarce o'erfly 'em, in a Day and Night;
 Him, dost thou mean, who spight of all his Store,
 Is ever craving, and will still be poor?
 Who cheats for Half-pence, and who dross his Coat,
 To save a Farthing in a Ferry-boat?
 Ever a Glutton, at another's Cost
 But in whose Kitchen dwells perpetual Frost?
 Who eats and drinks with his Domestick Slaves;
 A verier Hind than any of his Knaves;
 Born with the Curse and Anger of the Gods,
 And that indulgent Genius he defrauds;
 At Harvest-home, and on the Sheering-Day,
 When he shou'd 4 Thanks to *Pan* and *Pales* pay,
 And better *Ceres* trembling to approach
 The little Barrel, which he fears to broach;
 He 'says the Wimble, often draws it back,
 And deals to thirsty Servants but a smask.

5 Say, dost thou know *Vedidius*, &c. The Name of *Vedidius* is here us'd appellatively to signify any rich covetous Man; tho' perhaps there might have been of that Name then living. I have translated this Passage parenthetically, and loosely, and leave for thee to hot on, who are not unlike the *Plutus*.

6 When he shou'd Thanks, &c. *Pan* the God of Shepherds, and *Pales* the Goddess residing over rural Affairs, whom *Virgil* invokes in the beginning of his *Georgic*. I give the Reason of better to *Ceres*, because she first taught the Use of Corn for Bread, as the Poets tell us. *See* in *Scaliger's Agri.* finding only on *Asinus*, or Ass instead of Bread.

To a short Meal he makes a tedious Grace,
Before the Barley Pudding comes in place;
Then, bids fall on; himself, for saving Charges,
A peel'd slic'd Onion eats, and tipples Verjuice.

Thus fares the Drudge: But thou, whose Life's a Dream
Of lazy Pleasures, tak'st a worse Extreme.

'Tis all thy Bus'ness, Bus'ness how to shun
To bask thy naked Body in the Sun.

Suppling thy stiffen'd Joints with fragrant Oil;
Then, in thy spacious Garden, walk a while;

To suck the Moisture up, and soak it in;
And this thou think'st, but vainly think'st, unseen

But, know thou art observ'd: and there are those
Who, if they durst, wou'd all thy secrets Sin expose.

The Depilation of thy modest Part:
Thy Catamite, the Darling of thy Heart.

His Engine hand, and ev'ry lewder Art,
When, prone to bear, and patient to receive,

Thou tak'st the Pleasure, which thou can'st not give;
With odorous Oil thy Head and Hairs are sleek;

And then thou kemb'st the Tresses on thy Cheek;
Of these my Barbers take a costly Care,

While thy salt Tail is over-grown with Hair.
Not all thy Pincers, nor unmanly Arts,

Can smoothe the Roughness of thy shameful Parts;
Not five, the strongest that the Clowns breeds,

From the rank Soil can root those wicked Weeds.

The Depilation of thy modest Part, &c. Our Author here

satirizes Nero covertly, with that Effeminate Custom now us'd in Italy,

and especially by Harlots, of smoothening their Bodies, and taking off

the Hairs which grow about their Secrets. In Nero's time they were

pull'd off with Pincers: but now they use a Paste, which apply'd to those Parts, when it is remov'd, carries away with it those Excrescences.

Not five the strongest, &c. The Learned Holiday (who has made us amends for his bad Poetry

by his good Prose) has made us amends for his bad Poetry

by his good Prose.

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Tho' suppl'd first with Soap, to ease thy Pain,
The stubborn Fern springs up, and 'sprouts again;

Thus others we with Defamations wound,
While they stab us: and so the Jest goes round,

Vain as thy Hopes, to 'scape censorious Eyes;

Truth will appear through all the thin Disguise:

Thou hast an Ulcer which no Leach can heal;

Tho' thy broad Shoulder-belt the Wound conceal,

Say thou art sound and heal in ev'ry Part;

We know, we know thee rotten at thy Heart.

We know thee fallen, impotent and proud:

Nor can'st thou cheat thy Nerve, who cheat'st the Crowd.

But when they praise me, in the Neighbourhood,

When the pleas'd People take me for a God,

Shall I refuse their Incense? Not receive

The loud Applauses which the Vulgar give?

If thou do'st Wealth, with longing Eyes, behold;

And, greedily, art gaping after Gold;

If some alluring Girl, in gliding by,

Shall tip the Wink, with a lascivious Eye,

And thou, with a consenting Glance, reply;

in this and the rest of these Satyrs, with his excellent Illustrations, here tells us from good Authority, that the Number Five does not allude to the Five Fingers of one Man, who us'd them all in taking off the Hair before mentioned; but to Five strong Men, such as were skillful in the five robust Exercises, then in Practice at Rome, and were performed in the Circus, or Public Place, ordained for them. These Five he recites up in this manner: First, The Castus, or Whirlbats, describ'd by Virgil, in his fifth Aeneid; and this was the most dangerous of all the rest. The Second was the Boot-

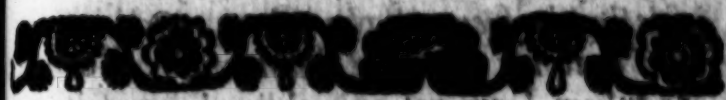
race. The Third the Discus, like the throwing a weighty Ball; a Sport now us'd in Cornwall, and other Parts of England; we may see it daily practis'd in Red-Lion-Fields. The Fourth was the Saltus, or Leaping; And the Fifth Wrestling naked, and besmear'd with Oil. They who were practis'd in these Five Manly Exercises, were call'd (Pentathloi.)

3 Thy Nerve, &c. That is, thou canst not discover thy obscene Part, which is weak, or impotent, tho' thou mak'st ostentation of thy Performances with Women.

If thou, thy own Solicitor, become,
 And bid'st arise the lumpish *Pendulous*;
 If thy lewd Lust provokes an empty Storm;
 And prompts to more than Nature can perform;
 If, with thy 10 Guards, thou scour'st the Streets by Night,
 And do'st in Murthers, Rapes, and Spoils delight;
 Please not thy self, the flattering Crowd to hear;
 'Tis fulsome stuff, to feed thy itching Ear:
 Reject the nauseous Praises of the Times;
 Give thy base Poets back their cobbled Rhimes:
 Survey thy Soul, not what thou do'st appear;
 But what thou art, and find the Beggar there.

10 If with thy Guards, &c. 11 Survey thy Soul, &c. *Ther*
Perflus durst not have been a *fool*, to look into thy self, and examine
 with Nero, as I dare now; and thy own Conscience; there thou shalt
 therefore there is only an *intimation* find, that how wealthy forever thou
 of that in him, which I publicly appearest to the World, yet thou art
 speak: I mean of Nero's walking but a Beggar, because thou art
 in the Streets by Night, in Disguise, destitute of all Virtues, which are
 and committing all sorts of *Outra* the Riches of the Soul. This, aff
 ges; for which he was sometimes was a *Paradox* of the *Stoic* School
 beaten.

P. E. R.



P E R S I U S.

THE FIFTH SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Judicious Casaubon, in his Proem to this Satyr, tells us, That Aristophanes the Grammarian being ask'd, what Poem of Archilocus his Iambics he preferred before the rest; answer'd, The longest. His Answer may be justly apply'd to this Fifth Satyr; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the

most instructive: For this Reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscribed it to my Learned Master Dr. Busby; to whom I am not only obliged my self for the best part of my own Education, and that of my two Sons; but have also received from him the first and truest Taste of Persius. May he be pleas'd to find in this Translation, the Gratitude, or at least some small Acknowledgment of his unworthy Scholar, at the Distance of 24 Years, from the time when I departed from under his Tuition.

This Satyr consists of two distinct Parts: The first contains the Praises of the Stoic Philosopher Cornutus, Master and Tutor to our Persius. It also declares the Love and Piety of Persius, to his well-deserving Master; and the mutual Friendship which continued betwixt them, after Persius was now grown a Man. As also his Exhortation to Young Noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his Institution, From hence he makes an artful Transition into the second Part of his Subject: wherein he first complains of the Sloth of Scholars, and afterwards perswades them to the Pursuit of their true Liberty: Here our Author excellently treats that Paradox of the Stoics, which affirms, that the

Wise

*Wise or Virtuous Man is only free; and
that all Vicious Men are naturally Slaves.
And, in the Illustration of this Dogma,
he takes up the remaining Part of this
inimitable Satyr.*

The FIFTH SATYR.

Inscrib'd to the Reverend Dr. B U S B R.

The Speakers Persius and Cornutus.

P E R S I U S.

OF antient Use to Poets it belongs,
To wish themselves an hundred Mouths and Tongues;
Whether to the well-lung'd Tragedians Rage
They recommend their Labours of the Stage,
Or sing the *Paribian*, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman Jav'lin from his Thighs.
Corn. And why won'dst thou these mighty Morfels chuse,
Of Words unchew'd, and fit to choak the Muse?
Let Fustian Poets with their Stuff be gone,
And suck the Mists that hang o'er *Hellon*;
When 1 *Progne's* or 2 *Thyestes'* Feast they write;
And, for the mouthing Actor, Verse indite.

1 *Progne was Wife to Tereus, King of Thracia: Tereus fell in Love with Philomela, Sister to Progne, ravish'd her, and cut out her Tongue: In Revenge of which, Progne kill'd Itys, her own Son by Tereus, and serv'd him up as a* 2 *Thyestes and Atreus were Brothers, both Kings: Atreus to revenge himself of his unnatural Brother, kill'd the Sons of Thyestes, and invited him to eat them.*

Thou

Thou neither, like a Bellows swell'st thy Face,
 As if thou wert to blow the burning Mass
 Of melting Ore: nor canst thou strain thy Throat,
 Or murmur in an undistinguish'd Note,
 Like rowling Thunder till it breaks the Cloud,
 And rattling Nonsense is discharg'd aloud.
 Soft Elocution dos thy Style renown,
 And the sweet Accents of the peaceful Gown:
 Gentle or sharp, according to thy Choice,
 To laugh at Follies, or to lash at Vice.
 Hence draw thy Thyme, and to the Stage permit
 Raw-head and Bloody-bones, and Hands and Feet,
 Ragousts for *Tirens* or *Thyestes* dress;
 'Tis Task enough for thee to expose a Roman Feast.

Pers. 'Tis not, indeed, my Talent to engage
 In lofty Trifles, or to swell my Page
 With Wind and Noise; but freely to impart,
 As to a Friend, the Secrets of my Heart;
 And, in familiar Speech, to let thee know
 How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
 Knock on my Heart: for thou hast skill to find
 If it sound solid, or be fill'd with Wind;
 And, thro' the Veil of Words, thou view'st the naked Mind.

For this a hundred Voices I desire,
 To tell thee what an hundred Tongues would dire;
 Yet never could be worthily express,
 How deeply thou art seated in my Breast.
 When first my ³ childish Robe resign'd the Charge,
 And left me unconfin'd, to live at large;

³ By the Childish Robe, is meant the Bullæ, or little Belts; which the Prætexta, or first Gown which the Roman Children of Quality wore: These were wetted with Purple; and on those Belts were fast-
 ned the Bullæ, or little Belts; which when they came to the Age of Puberty, were hung up, and consecrated to the Lares, or Household Gods.

When now my golden *Bulla* (hung on high
To Household Gods), declar'd me past a Boy;
And my ⁴ white Shield proclaim'd my Liberty:
When, with my wild Companions, I cou'd rowl
From Street to Street, and sin without controul;
Just at that Age, when Manhood set me free;
I then depos'd my self, and left the Reins to thee.
On thy wise Bosom I repos'd my Head,
And, by my better ⁵ *Socrates*, was bred.
Then thy streight Rule set Virtue in my sight,
The crooked Line reforming by the right.
My Reason took the bent of thy Command,
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful Hand:
Long Summer-days thy Precepts I rehearse;
And Winter-nights were short in our converse:
One was our Labour, one was our Repose,
One frugal Supper did our Studies close.

Sure on our Birth some friendly Planet shone;
And, as our ⁶ Souls, our Horoscope was one:
Whether the ⁷ mounting Twins did Heav'n adorn,
Or, with the sisting ⁸ *Ballance*, we were born;
Both have the same Impressions from above;
And both have ⁹ *Saturn's* Rage, repell'd by Jove.

⁴ The first Shield which the Ro-
man Youths wore, were white, and
without any Impress or Device on
them, to shew they had yet Achiev-
ed nothing in the Wars.

⁵ *Socrates*, by the Oracle, was
declar'd to be the Wisest of Man-
kind: He instructed many of the
Athenian Young Noblemen in Mo-
rality, and amongst the rest *Alcibia-*
des.

⁶ Astrologers divide the Heaven
into Twelve Parts, according to the
Number of the Twelve Signs of the

Zodiac: The Sign or Constellation
which rises in the East, at the Birth
of any Man, is call'd the *Ascendant*:
Persius therefore judges, that *Cor-*
nutus and he had the same, or a

⁷ The Sign of *Gemini*.

⁸ The Sign of *Libra*.

⁹ Astrologers have an Axiom,
that whatsoever *Saturn* ties, is
loos'd by *Jupiter*: They account *Sa-*
turn to be a Planet of a Malevolent
Nature, and *Jupiter* of a Propiti-

What Star I know not, but some Star I find,
Has giv'n Thee an Ascendant o'er my Mind.

Corn. Nature is ever various in her Frame;
Each has a different Will; and few the same;
The greedy Merchants, led by Lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies; and the rising Sun;
From thence hot Pepper, and rich Drugs they bear,
Bar'ring for Spices, their Italian Ware;
The lazy Glutton safe at home will keep,
Indulge his Sloth, and batten with his Sleep;
One bribes for high Preferments in the State,
Another shakes the Box, and sits up late;
A second shakes the Bed, dissolving there,
'Till Knots upon his Gouty Joints appear,
And Chalk is in his Crippled Fingers found;
Rots like a Doddard Oak, and piecemeal falls to Ground.
Then, his lewd Follies he wou'd late repent,
And his past Years, that in a Mist were spent.

Perf. But thou art pale, in nightly Studies grown,
To make the ^o Stoic-Institutes thy own:
Thou long with studious Care hast till'd our Youth,
And sown our well-purg'd Ears with wholsom Truth.
From thee both old and young, with Profit, learn
The Bounds of Good and Evil to discern.

Corn. Unhappy he who does this Work adjourn,
And to To-morrow wou'd the Search delay:
His lazy Morrow will be like To day.

Perf. But is one Day of Ease too much to borrow?

Corn. Yes, sure: For Yesterday was once To-morrow.
That Yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd;
And all thy fruitless Days will thus be drain'd;

to Zeno was the Great Master of the Stoic School: Cornutus, who was Master of the Stoic Philosophy; and Cleanthes, or Tutor to Persius was of the same School: they was second to him in Reputation.

For thou hast more To-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy Task;
Who, like the hindmost Chariot-Wheels are curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.

O Freedom! first Delight of Human Kind!
Not that which Bondmen from their Masters find,
The ¹¹ Privilege of Doles; not yet r'inscribe
Their Names in ¹² this or t'other Roman Tribe:
That false Enfranchisement with Ease is found:
Slaves are ¹³ made Citizens by turning round.
How replies one, can any be more free?
Here's *Dama*, once a Groom of low Degree,
Not worth a Farthing, and a Sor beside;
So true a Rogue, for Lying's sake he ly'd:
But, with a turn, a Freeman he became;
Now ¹⁴ *Marcus Dama* is his Worship's Name.
Good Gods! who wou'd refuse to lend a Sum,
If wealthy *Marcus* Surety will become!
Marcus is made a Judge, and for a Proof
Of certain Truth, *He said it*, is enough.
A Will is to be prov'd: put in your Claim;
'Tis clear if ¹⁵ *Marcus* has subscrib'd his Name.

¹¹ When a Slave was made free, he had the Privilege of a Roman born; which was to have a Share in the Donatives or Doles of Bread, &c. which were distributed by the Magistrates amongst the People.

¹² The Roman People was distributed into several Tribes: He who was made free was allotted into some one of them, and thereupon enjoy'd the common Privileges of a Roman Citizen.

¹³ The Master, who intended to

enfranchise a Slave, carried him before the City Prætor, and turn'd him round, using these Words; I will that this Man be free.

¹⁴ Slaves had only one Name before their Freedom: After it, they were admitted to a Prænomen, like our Christian Names: So *Dama*, is now call'd *Marcus Dama*.

¹⁵ At the Proof of a Testament, the Magistrates were to subscribe their Names, as allowing the Legality of the Will.

This is ¹⁶ true Liberty, as I believe;
 What can we farther from our Caps receive,
 Than as we please without Controul to live?
 Not more to ¹⁷ Noble Brutus cou'd belong.
 Hold, says the Stoic, your Assumption's wrong:
 I grant true Freedom you have well defin'd
 But, living as you list, and to your Mind,
 And loosely tack'd, all must be left behind.
 What, since the Prætor did my Fetters loose,
 And left me free at my own dispose,
 May I not live without Controul and Awe,
 Excepting still the ¹⁸ Letter of the Law?
 Hear me with Patience, while thy Mind I free
 From those fond Notions of false Liberty:
 'Tis not the Prætor's Province to bestow
 True Freedom; nor to teach Mankind to know
 What to our selves, or to our Friends we owe.
 He cou'd not set thee free from Cares and Strife,
 Nor give the Reins to a lewd vicious Life:
 As well he for an Ass a Harp might string,
 Which is against the Reason of the thing;
 For Reason still is whispering in your Ear,
 Where you are sure to fall, th' Attempt forbear.
 No need of Public Sanctions, this to bind,
 Which Nature has implanted in the Mind:
 Not to pursue the Work, to which we're not design'd.

¹⁶ Slaves, when they were first
 free, had a Cap given them in Sign
 of their Liberty.

¹⁷ Brutus freed the Roman
 People from the Tyranny of the
 Tarquins, and chang'd the Form

of the Government into a glorious
 Common-wealth.

¹⁸ The Text of the Roman
 Laws, was written in Red Letters,
 which was called the Rubric; trans-
 lated here, in more general Words,
 The Letter of the Law.

Unskill'd.

Unskill'd in *Hellebore*, if thou shou'dst try
 To mix it, and mistake the Quantity.
 The Rules of *Physic* wou'd against thee cry.
 The high-shoo'd Ploughman, shou'd he quit the Land,
 To take the Pilot's Rudder in his hand,
 Artless of Stars, and of the moving Sand,
 The Gods wou'd leave him to the Waves and Wind,
 And think all Shame was lost in Human Kind.

Tell me, my Friend; from whence hadst thou the Skill,
 So nicely to distinguish Good from Ill?
 Or by the sound to judge of Gold and Brass,
 What Piece is Tinkers Metal, what will pass?
 And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
 This to condemn, and that to ratify?
 When to be bountiful, and when to spare,
 But never Craving, or oppress'd with Care?
 The Baits of Gifts, and Money to despise,
 And look on Wealth with undesiring Eyes?
 When thou canst truly call these Virtues thine,
 Be wise and free, by Heav'n's Consent, and mine.

But thou, who lately of the common strain,
 Wer't one of us, 'if still thou do'st retain
 The same ill Habits, the same Follies too,
 Gloss'd over only with a Saint-like Show,
 Then I resume the Freedom which I gave,
 Still thou art bound to Vice, and still a Slave.
 Thou can'st not wag thy Finger, or begin
 The least light Motion, but it tends to Sin.

How's this? Not wag my Finger, he replies?
 No, Friend; nor fuming Gums, nor Sacrifice,
 Can ever make a Madman free, or wise.
 "Virtue and 19 Vice are never in one Soul;
 "A Man is wholly Wise, or wholly is a Fool.

19 The Stoics held this Paradox, That any one Vice, or notorious Folly, which they call'd Madness, hinder'd a Man from being Virtuous: That a Man was of a Piece,

without a Mixture; either wholly Vicious, or Good; one Virtue or Vice, according to them, included all the rest.

A heavy Bumkin, taught with dally Care,
 Can never dance three Steps with a becoming Air,
Persi In spite of this, my Freedom still remains.
Corn. Free, what, and fetter'd with so many Chains?
 Can'st thou no other Master understand
 Than ^{so} him that free'd thee by the Prator's Wand?
 Shou'd he, who was thy Lord, command thee now,
 With a harsh Voice, and supercilious Brow,
 To servile Duties, thou wou'dst fear no more;
 The Gallows and the Whip are out of Door.
 But if thy Passions lord it in thy Breast,
 Art thou not still a Slave, and still oppress'd?
 Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's Lap,
 When thou wou'dst take a lazy Morning's Nap;
 Up, up, says Avarice; thou shor'st again,
 Stretchest thy Limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.

The Tyrant Lucre no Denial takes;
 At his Command th' unwilling Sluggard wakes:
 What must I do! he cries: What! says his Lord,
 Why rise, make ready, and go freight aboard;
 With Fish, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Vessel freight;
 Flax, Castor, *Coan* Wines, the precious Weight
 Of Pepper, and *Sabaean* Incense, take
 With thy own Hands, from the tir'd Camel's Back:
 And with Post-haste thy running Markets make.
 Be sure to turn the Penny; lye and swear;
 'Tis wholesome Sin: But *Jove*, thou say'st, will hear
 Swear, Fool, or starve; for the Dilemma's even;
 A Tradesman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n!
 Beset by'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage pack,
 Each saddled with his Burden on his Back:
 Nothing retards thy Voyage, now, unless
 Thy other Lord forbids, Voluptuousness!

^{so} The Prator held a Wand struck the Slave on the Head,
 in his Hand, with which he smote, when he declared him free.

And

And he may ask this civil Question: Friend,
What dost thou make a Shipboard! to what end?
Art thou of *Bethlem's* Noble College free?
Stark, staring mad, that thou wou'dst tempt the Sea?
Cubb'd in a Cabbin, on a Mattress laid,
With a brown *George*, and lowlie Swabbers fody
Dead Wine that stinks of the *Carrack*, sup
From a foul Jack, or greasie Maple-Cup?
Say wou'dst thou bear all this, re-raise thy Store
From Six I'th' Hundred, to Six Hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give;
For, not to live at Ease, is not to live!

Death stalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Des some loose Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st; for Death will make us all
A Name, a Nothing, but an Old Wife's Tale.

Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure, chuse
To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuse,
But both, by turns, the Rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt 'em both, wilt be a Slave.

Nor think when once thou hast resisted one,
That all thy Marks of Servitude are gone;
The struggling Greyhound gnaws his Leath in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the Chain.

Says *Phadra* to his Man, Believe me, Friend,
To this uneasy Love I'll put an end;
Shall I run out of all! My Friends disgrace,
And be the first lewd Unhrist of my Race?
Shall I the Neighbours nightly Rest invade
At her deaf Doors, with some vile Serenade?

* 21 This alludes to the Play of *Comedy*, *Phadra* was *Invaded's* Terence, call'd the Eunuch; with his *Man Pamphilius*, dis-
which was excellently imitated of courting, whether he shou'd leave
late in English, by Sir Charles his Mistress *Thais*, or return to
Sidley; In the first Scene of that her, now that she had invited him,

Well hast thou freed thy self, his Man replies.

Go, thank the Gods, and offer Sacrifice.

Ah, says the Youth, if we unkindly part,

Will not the poor fond Creature break her Heart?

Weak Soul! and blindly to Destruction led!

She break her Heart! she'll sooner break your Head.

She knows her Man, and when you rant and swear

Can draw you to her, with a single Hair.

But shall I not return? Now, when she sues!

Shall I my own, and her Desires refuse?

Sir, take your Course: But my Advice is plain.

Once freed, 'tis Madness, to resume your Chain.

Ay, there's the Man, who, loo'd from Lust and Pelf,

Left to the Prator owes, than to himself.

But write him down a Slave, who, humbly proud,

With Presents begs Preferments from the Crowd,

That early ^{is} Suppliant who salutes the Tribes,

And sets the Mob to scramble for his Bribes!

That some old Dotard, sitting in the Sun,

On Holy-days may tell, that such a Feast was done!

In future times this will be counted rare.

Thy Superstition too may claim a Share:

When Flow'rs are strew'd, and Lamps in order plac'd,

And Windows with Illuminations grac'd,

On ^{is} Herod's Day; when sparkling Bowls go round,

And Tunny's Tails in savoury Sauce are drown'd,

22 He who sued for any Office amongst the Romans, was call'd a Candidate, because he wore a white Gown; and some times chalk'd it, to make it appear whiter. He rose early, and went to the Levees of those who headed the People: Saluted also the Tribes severally, when they were gather'd together, to chuse their Magistrates; and distributed a Largeft amongst them, to engage them for their Votes; much

resembling our Elections of Parliaments-Men.

23 The Commentators are divided, what Herod this was whom our Author mentions; whether Herod the Great, whose Birth day might be celebrated, after his Death, by the Herodians, a Sect among the Jews, who thought him their Messiah; or Herod Agrippa, living in the Author's time, and after it. The latter seems the more probable Opinion:

Thou

Thou mutter'st Pray'rs obscene; nor do'st refuse
 The Fasts and Sabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.
 Then a crack'd Egg-shell thy sick Fancy frights,
 Besides the Childish Fear of walking Sprights.
 Of o'er-grown Guelding-Priests thou art afraid;
 The Timbrel and the Saintifigo Maid
 Of *St. Awe* thou; lest the Gods, for sin
 Shou'd, with a swelling Dropsy, stuff thy Skin:
 Unless three Garlick Heads the Curse avert,
 Eaten each Morn, devoutly, near thy Heart.
 Preach this among the brawny Guards, say'st thou;
 And see if they thy Doctrin will allow:
 The dull fat Captain, with a Hound's deep Throat,
 Wou'd bellow out a Laugh, in a Base-Note;
 And prize a hundred *Xeno's* just as much
 As a clipped Sixpence, or a Schilling Dutch.

24 The *Antients* had a Super- make use of it, in bewitching us, or
 stition, contrary to ours, concerning falling over the Sea in it, if it were
 Egg-shells: They thought that if an whole.
 Egg-shell were crack'd, or a hole 25 The rest of the Priests of *Asia*, and
 bor'd in the Bottom of it, they were her one-ey'd, or squint-ning Priests,
 subject to the Power of Surgery: We is more largely treated in the flesh
 as vainly break the Bottom of an Satyr of *Juvenal*, where the Super-
 Egg-shell, and cross it, when we have stitions of *Women* are related.
 eaten the Egg, lest some Hagg shou'd

P E R.

P E R S I U S.

THE SIXTH SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

This Sixth Satyr treats an admirable Common-place of Moral Philosophy; Of the true Use of Riches. They are certainly intended by the Power who bestows them, as Instruments and Helps of living commodiously our selves; and of administering to the Wants of others, who are oppress'd by Fortune. There are two Extremes in the Opinions of Men concerning them. One Error, tho' on the right hand, yet a great one, is, That they are no Helps to a Virtuous Life; the other places all our Happiness in the Acquisition and Possession of them;

them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worst Extreme. The Mean betwixt these is the Opinion of the Stoics; which is, That Riches may be useful to the leading a virtuous Life; in case we rightly understand how to give according to right Reason; and how to receive what is given us by Others. The Virtue of Giving Well, is call'd Liberality: And 'tis of this Virtue that Persius writes in this Satyr; wherein he not only shews the lawful Use of Riches, but also sharply inveighs against the Vices which are oppos'd to it; and especially of those, which consist in the Defects of Giving or Spending; or in the Abuse of Riches. He writes to Cælius Bassus his Friend, and a Poet also. Enquires first of his Health and Studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself; that he is endeavoring by little and little to wear off his Vices; and particularly, that he is combating Ambition, and the Desire of Wealth. He dwells upon the latter Vice: And being sensible that few Men either desire or use Riches as they ought, he endeavors to convince them of their Folly; which is the main Design of the whole Satyr.

The

The SIXTH SATYR.

To Cæsius Bassus, a Lyric Poet.

H A S Winter caus'd thee, Friend, to change thy Seat,
 And seek in Sabin Air a warm Retreat;
 Say, do'st thou yet the Roman Harp Command
 Do the Strings answer to thy Noble Hand?
 Great Master of the Muse, inspir'd to Sing
 The Beauties of the first-created Spring;
 The Pedigree of Nature to rehearse,
 And sound the Maker's Work, in equal Verse.
 Now : sporting on thy Lyre the Loves of Youth,
 Now Virtuous Age, and Venerable Truth
 Expressing justly Sappho's wanton Art
 Of Odes, and Pindar's more Majestic Part.

For me, my warmer Constitution wants
 More Cold, than our Ligurian Winter grants;
 And therefore to my Native Shores retir'd,
 I view the Coast old Ennius once admird;

1 And seek, in Sabin Air, 'ed: As Persius did to his, whilst
 &c. All the Studios, and par- was near the Port of the bloom, in
 ticularly the Poets about the End Etruria; and Bassus to his which
 of August, began to set themselves was in the Country of the Sabine,
 on Work: Refraining from Wri- nearer Rome.
 sing, during the Heats of the 2 Now sporting on the Lyre,
 Summer. They wrote by Night, &c. This proves Cæsius Bassus to
 and sat up the greatest part of it: have been a Lyric Poet: 'Tis
 For which Reason the Product of said of him, that by an Eruption
 their Studies, was call'd their of the Flaming Mountain Vesuvius,
 Elucubrations, or Nightly La- near which the greatest Part of his
 bours. They who had Country-Seats, Fortune lay, he was burnt him-
 retir'd to them while they Studi- self, together with all his Writings.

Where

Where Cliffs, on either side their Points display;
And, after, opening in an ampler Way
Afford the pleasing Prospect of the Bay.
'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard
The Port of Luna, says our Learned Bard;
Who in a drunken Dream behind his Soul
The Fifth within the Transmigrating Roll;
Which first a Peacock, then Euphorbus, was,
Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
And last of all the Line did into Ennius pass
Secure and free from Business of the State;
And more secure of what the Vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private Thoughts; nor care
What Rots for Sheep the Southern Winds prepare;
Survey the Neighb'ring Fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger Crop than mine:
To see a Beggar's Brat in Riches flow,
Adds not a Wrinkle to my even Brow;
Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear
My plenteous Bowl, nor bate my bounteous Cheer.
Nor yet unseal the Dregs of Wine that stink
Of Cask; nor in a nasty Flaggon drink;

3 who in a drunken Dream, Euphorbus in the Wars of Troy
Ec. I call it a Drunken Dream of Commentators differ in placing the
Ennius; not that my Author in Order of this Soul, and who had it
this place gives me an encourage- first. I have here given it to the Pea-
ment for the Epithet; but because cock, because it looks more according
Horace, and all who mention En- to the Order of Nature, that it should
nius, say he was an excessive Drink- lodge in a Creature of an inferior
er of Wine. In a Dream, or Vision, Species; and so by Gradation rise
call you it which you please, he thought to the informing of a Man. And
it was reveal'd to him, that the Soul Persius favours me, by saying, that
of Pythagoras was transmigrated, Ennius was the Fifth from the
into him: As Pythagoras, desires Pythagorean Peacock.

Let others stuff their Guts with homely Fare;
 For Men of different Inclinations are;
 Tho' born perhaps beneath one common Star.
 In Minds and Manners Twins oppos'd we see
 In the same Sign, almost the same Degree:
 One, frugal, on his Birth-Day fears to Dine;
 Does at a Penny's cost in Herbs repine,
 And hardly dares to dip his Fingers in the Brine.
 Prepar'd as Priest of his own Rites to stand,
 He sprinkles Pepper with a sparing hand.
 His Jolly Brother opposite in Sense,
 Laughs at his Thrift; and lavish of Expence,
 Quaffs, Crams, and Guttles, in his own Defence.

For me, I'll use my own; and take my share;
 Yet will not Turbots for my Slaves prepare;
 Nor be so nice in Taste myself, to know
 If what I swallow be a Thrush, or no.
 Live on thy Annual Income; Spend thy Store;
 And freely grind, from thy full threshing-Floor;
 Next Harvest promises as much, or more.
 Thus I wou'd live: But Friendship's holy Band,
 And Offices of Kindness hold my Hand:
 My 4 Friend is Shipwreck'd on the Brantian Strand,

4 My Friend is Shipwreck'd,
 &c. Perhaps this is only a fine
 Transition of the Poet, to introduce
 the Business of the Satyr; and not,
 that any such Accident had happen-
 ed to one of the Friends of Persius.
 But, however, this is the most Poeti-
 cal Description of any in our Au-
 thor: And since he and Lucan
 were so great Friends, I know not

but Lucan might help him, in two
 or three of these Verses, which seem to
 be written in his Style; certain it is,
 that besides this Description of a
 Shipwreck, and two Lines more,
 which are at the End of the Second
 Satyr, our Poet has written nothing
 Elegantly. I will therefore trans-
 scribe both the Passages to justify my
 Opinion. The following are the last

His Riches in th' Ionian Main are lost;
 And he himself stands shivering on the Coast;
 Where destitute of Help, forlorn and bare,
 He wearies the Dead Gods with Fruitless Pray'rs.
 Their Images, the Relics of the Wreck,
 Torn from the naked Poop, are tided back
 By the wild Waves, and rudely thrown ashore,
 Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
 The Vessel sticks, and shews her open'd Side,
 And on her shatter'd Mast the Mews in Triumph ride.
 From thy new Hope, and from thy growing Store,
 Now lend Assistance, and relieve the Poor,
 Come; do a Noble Act of Charity;
 A Tittance of thy Land will set him free.
 Let him not bear the Badges of a Wreck,
 Nor beg with a blue Table on his Back;
 Nor tell me that thy frowning Heir will say,
 'Tis mine that Wealth thou squander'st thus away!

What

Verfes saving one of the Second Satyr. Compositum jus, fasque animi; sanctosque recessus.

Mentis, & incoctum generoso pectus honesto.

The others are those in this present Satyr, which are subjoin'd:

Trabrupta, Brutia Saxa Prendit Amicus inops: Remque om-

nem, surdaque vota.

Condit Ionio! Jacet ipse in Lit-

tore? & una

Ingentes de puppe Dei: Jamque obvia Mergis

Costa ratis lacera

; From thy new Hope, & The Latin is, Nunc & de Cespite vivo,

frange aliquid. Casaubon only op-

poses the Cespes vivus, which,

Word for Word, is the living Turf,

to the Harvest or Annual Income:

I suppose the Poet rather means,

Sell a piece of Land already sown,

and give the Money of it to my

Friend who has lost all by Shipwreck.

That is, do not stay 'till thou hast reaped; but help him immediately as his Wants require.

6 Nor beg with a blue Table, &c. Holiday translates it a Green

What is't to thee, if he neglect thy Urn,
 Or without Spices let thy Body burn?
 If Odors to thy Ashes he refuse,
 Or buys corrupted *Cassia* from the Jews?
 All these, the wiser *Besius* will reply,
 Are empty Pomp, and Deadmen's Luxury:
 We never knew this vain Expence, before
 Th' effeminated *Greeks* brought it o'er:
 Now Toys and Trifles from their *Athen* come;
 And Dates and Pepper have unsinew'd *Rome*.
 Our sweating Hinds their Sallads, now, defile,
 Infecting homely Herbs with fragrant Oil.
 But, to thy Fortune be not thou a Slave;
 For what hast thou to fear beyond the Grave?
 And thou who gap'st for my Estate, draw near;
 For I wou'd whisper somewhat in thy Ear.
 Heard'st thou the News, my Friend? th' Express is come
 With Laurel'd Letters from the Camp to *Rome*:
Caesar's salutes the Queen and Senate thus:
 My Arms are on the *Rhine* Victorious.

From

Table: The Sense is the same: for the Table was painted of the Sea-Color; which the Shipwreck'd Person carried on his back, expressing his Losses thereby, to excite the Charity of the Spectators.

7 Or without Spices, &c. The Bodies of the Rich before they were burnt, were embalm'd with Spices; or rather Spices were put into the Urn, with the Relics of the Ashes. Our Author here names Cinnamon and Cassia, which Cassia was sophisticated with Cherry-Gum.

And probably enough by the Jews, who adulterated all things which they sell. But whether the *Antients* were acquainted with the Spices of the *Molucca Islands*, *Ceylon* and other parts of the Indies; or whether their Pepper and Cinnamon &c. were the same with ours, is another Question. As for Nutmegs and Mace, 'tis plain, that the Latin Names of them are Modern.

8 *Caesar* salutes, &c. The *Caesar* here mention'd is *Calus Caligula*.

from Mourning Altars Sweep the Dust away!
Cease Fasting, and proclaim a fat Thanksgiving Day.
The goodly Empress, jollily inclin'd,
Is, to the welcom Bearer, wondrous kind:
And, setting her good Housewifry aside,
Prepares for all the Pageantry of Pride.
The Captive Germans of Gygantic Size,
Are rank'd in Order, and are clad in Frize:
The Spoils of Kings, and conquer'd Camps we boast,
Their Arms in Trophies hang on the triumphal Post.

Now, for so many Glorious Actions don
In Foreign Parts, and mighty Battels won;
For Peace at Home, and for the Public Wealth,
I mean to crown a Bowl to *Cæsar's* Health:
Besides, in Gratitude for such high Matters.
Know: I have vow'd two hundred Gladiators.

Say,

who affected to triumph over the
Germans, whom he never conquer'd,
as he did over the Britans; and ac-
cordingly sent Letters wrapt about
with Laurels, to the Senate, and the
Empress *Calpurnia*, whom I here call
Queen; though I know that Name
was not us'd amongst the Romans:
But the Word Empress won'd not
stand in that Verse; for which reason
I adjourn'd it to another. The Dust
which was to be swept away from
the Altars, was either the Ashes
which were left there, after the last
Sacrifice for Victory; or might per-
haps mean the Dust or Ashes, which
were left on the Altars, since some
former Defeat of the Romans, by
the Germans: After which Over-

throw, the Altars had been neglect-
ed.

9 *Calpurnia*, Wife to *Caius Calpurnia*, who afterwards, in the Reign
of *Claudius*, was proposed; but in-
effectually, to be marry'd to him, after
he had executed *Messalina* for Ad-
ultery.

10 The Captive Germans, &c.
He means only such as were to pass
for Germans in the Triumph;
Large Body'd Men, as they are still;
whom the Empress cloth'd with
with coarse Garments, for the great
or Ostentation of the Victory.

11 Know, I have vow'd Two
hundred Gladiators. A hundred
pair of Gladiators, were beyond the

Say, wou'dst thou hinder me from this Expence!

I disinherit thee, if thou dar'st take Offence,

Yet more, a public Largeſs I deſign

Of Oil and Pies, to make the People dine:

Controul me not, for fear I change my Will.

And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling ſill,

You give as if you were the *Perſian* King:

Your Land does not ſo large Revenues bring,

Well! on my Terms thou wilt not be my Heir?

If thou can'ſt little, leſs ſhall be my Care:

Were none of all my Father's Siſters left;

Nay, were I of my Mother's Kin bereft,

None by an Uncle's or a Grandam's ſide,

Yet I cou'd ſome adopted Heir provide,

I need but take my Journey half a Day

From haughty *Rome*, and at *Aricea* ſtay,

Where Fortune throws poor *Manius* in my way.

Him will I chuſe: What him, of humble Birth,

Obscure! a Foundling, and a Son of Earth?

Obscure! Why pr'ythee what am I? I know

My Father, Grandfire, and great Grandfire too:

If farther I derive my Pedigree,

I can but gueſs beyond the fourth Degree.

The reſt of my forgotten Anceſtors,

Were Sons of Earth, like him, or Sons of Whores.

Yet why wou'dſt thou, old coverous Wretch, aſpire

To be my Heir, who might'ſt have been my Sire?

In Nature's Race, ſhou'dſt thou demand of me

My Torch, when I in courſe run after thee?

Paſſe if any private Man to give:
Therefore this is only a threatening
to his Heir, that he could do what
he pleas'd with his Eſtate.

Shou'dſt thou demand of
me my Torch, &c. Why ſhou'dſt

thou, who art an old Fellow, hope to
out-live me, and be my Heir, who
am much Younger? He who was
firſt, in the Courſe, or Race, deliver-
ed the Torch, which he carry'd, to
him who was Second.

Think

Think I approach thee, like the God of Gain;
 With Wings on Head and Heels, as Poets feign:
 Thy mod'rate Fortune from my Gift receive;
 Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
 But take it as it is, and ask no more.
 What, when thou hast embellish'd all thy Store?
 Where's all thy Father left? 'Tis true, I grant,
 Some I have mortgag'd, to supply my Want;
 The Legacies of Tads too are flown;
 All spent, and on the self-same Errand gone.
 How little then to my poor Share will fall!
 Little indeed; but yet that little's all.

Not tell me, in a dying Father's Tone,
 Be careful still of the main Chance, my Son;
 Put out the Principal in trusty Hands;
 Live on the Use; and never dip thy Lands:
 But yet what's left for me? What's left, my Friend!
 Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.
 Is not my Fortune at my own Command?
 Pour Oil; and pour it with a plenteous Hand
 Upon my Sallads, Boy: Shall I be fed
 With sodd'n Nettles, and a sing'd Sow's Head?
 'Tis Holy-day; provide me better Cheer;
 'Tis Holy-day, and shall be round the Year.
 Shall I my Household Gods and Genius cheat,
 To make him rich, who grudges me my Meat?
 That he may loll at Ease; and pamp'rd high,
 When Lam laid, may feed on Gible Pie?
 And when his throbbing Lust extends the Vein,
 Have whereewithal his Whores to entertain?
 Shall I in homespun Cloth be clad, that he
 His Faunch in Triumph may before him see.

Go Miser, go; for Lucre sell thy Soul;
 Truck Wares for Wares, and trudge from Pole to Pole;
 That Men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
 See what a vast Estate he left his Son!

How large a Family of brawny Knaves,

Well fed, and fat as *1* Cappadocian Slaves!

Increase thy Wealth, and double all thy Store;

'Tis done: Now double that, and swell the Score;

To ev'ry Thousand, add Ten Thousand more.

Then say, *4* Chrysiippus, thou who wou'dst confine

Thy Heap, where I shall put an End to mine.

13 Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian Slaves: Who were famous for their Lustiness; and being, as we call it, in good Liking. They were set on a Stall when they were expos'd to Sale, to shew the good Habits of their Body, and made to play Tricks before the Buyers, to shew their Activity and Strength.

14 Then say, Chrysiippus, &c. Chrysiippus the Stoic invented a

kind of Argument, consisting of more than three Propositions; which is call'd Sorites, or a Heap. But as Chrysiippus could never bring his Propositions to a certain Point; so neither can a covetous Man bring his craving Desires to any certain Measure of Riches, beyond which he could not wish for any more.

F I N I S.

Quæ continent

S A T Y R Æ;

I. II. III. IV. V. VI.

Vates, Vota, Ignavus, Princeps, Liber, Avarus

C O N T E N T S.

Sat. i. ii. iii.

Of Poets, Wishes, Idleness and Health,

iv. v. vi.

The Statesman, Freedom, Avarice and Wealth.

PERSIUS has imitated **HORACE** in many Passages, which I think proper to place under their Names in the following Manner.

HORACE

Quid faciam? prescribere. sat. 3
Scribimus indocti
Et cantu tremulo pota. lib. 4.
od. 12.
donec ohe jam
Ad cœlum manibus sublati --
lib. 2 sat. 5
senium deponere cæmenz.
lib. 1 ep.
Balba feris annofo verba
palato. sat. 3 l. 1
speramus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro. art. poet.
unctum qui recte ponere
possit, ibid
trita munere vestis. ep. 19
lib. 1
vos o
Pompilius sanguis. art. poet.
quia ponere torum
Nesciet.
Mene moveat cimex Pantilini.
art. poet.
sivis me flere dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi -- ibid
Sæpe caput scaberet, et vivos
roderet ungues. sat. 10 li. 1
Crescæ ne careat pulchra dies
nota, lib. 1 od. 36
ad miseræ preces
Decurrere, et votis pacisci. lib.
3 od. 29
At bona pars hominum -- sat.
2 lib. 1
Jane pater, clare, clare cum dixit,
Apollo!

PERSIUS

SAT. I.

Quid faciam? lin. 12
Scribimus inclusi. 13
Tremulo scalpuntur, &c. 14
dicas cuncte perditus ohe
En pallos seniumque 23
teneo supplantat verba polatio
33
et cedro digna locutus 42
calidum scis ponere fumen.
53
trita donare lacerna. 54
vos o patricius sanguis 67
nec ponere lucum
Artifices 70
Men' moveat quippe. 79

Florabit qui me volet incurvasse
querela. 91
Nec luteum cadit, nec demorfo
sapit unguis. 106.

SAT. II.

Hunc, Macrine, diem numero
melliore lapillo. 1
non tu prece poscis emaci. 5
At bona pars procerum -- 8

hæc clare, et ut audiat
hospes.

Labra

HORACE

Labra movet metuens audiri;
pulchra Laverna
Da mihi fallere -- ep. 16 lib. 1

O si urnam argenti fors qua mihi
monstret. sat. 6 lib. 2

maxime quis non
Jupiter exclamet --
an triste bidental

Moverit incestus -- art. poet.

Quid voveat dulci nutricula
majus alumno, ep. 4 lib. 1

quo pacto pessime sat. 7 lib. 2
Immunis aram si tetigit manus
Non sumptuosa blandior hostis,
Mollibit averfos penates

Farre pio, et saliente mica. lib.
3 od. 23

Jam pastor umbras cum grege
languido. lib. 3 od. 29

nemon' oleum feret ocyus?
sat. 7 lib. 2

Culpantur frustra calami sat. 2
lib. 2

argillâ quidvis imitaberis
udâ. ep.

modo sit mihi mensa
tripes et

Concha salis puri -- sat. 3 lib. 1
vivit filiquis et pane secundo.

ep. 1 lib. 2
reddat natis charisque pro-
pinquis. sat. 1 lib. 2

Stes capite obstipo --

velut agri compia vana

Fingentur species -- art. poet.
impransu correptus voce
magistri.

ne sis patrums mihi --

rectius hoc est:

PERSIUS

Illa sibi introorsum, et sub lingua
immurmurat: 8

O si

Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi
seria -- 11

proh Jupiter! Obone, clamet. 12

Triste jaces lucis evitandumque
bidental. 27

Ast ego nurrici non mando
vota. 39

quo pessime pacto. 46

Hæc cedo ut admoveam templis
et farre litabo. 75

SAT. III.

et patulâ pecus omne sub
ulmo est. 6

Ocyus adit huc aliquis: ne-
mon? 7

Tunc queritur crassius calamo
quod pendeat humor. 12

Udum et molle lutum ea. 28

purum et sine labe salinum 53

filiquis et grandi pasta
polenta. 55

patriz charisque propinquis
Quantum elargiri deceat -- 70

Obstipo capite et figentes lumine
terram, 80

Ægroti veteris meditantes som-
nâ 85

cur quis non prandeat, hoc
est? 15

ne sis mihi tutor: 90
Hoc puto non justum est, illud

SAT. IV

male, rectius istud. Hoc

H O R A C E.

Hoc faciens vivam melius -- sat. 4 lib. 1

Introrsum turspem, speciosum pelle decori. lib. 2 ep. 16
aliquis cubito stantem prope tangens. sat. 3 lib. 1

Cedimur, et totidem plagis consumimus hostem.

Regibus hic mos est --

At tu conclusas hircinis follibus auras

Usque laborantes, dum ferrum molliat ignis,

Ut: mavis imitare -- lib. 1 sat. 4
notum si calida verbum

Reddiderit junctura novum --

Utumque nostrum incredibili modo

Consentit astrum. od. 17 lib. 2
Scit genus natale comes qui temperat astrum.

Hic mutat merces surgente a sole, ad eum quo

Vespertina reper regio --

Est mihi purgatam crebro qui personet aurem. ep. 1

Dum vult libertas mera dici.

clament periisse pudorem

Cuncti pene patres --

Securus cadat, an recto flet fabula talo.

creta an carbone notandi? sat. 3 lib. 2

In triviis fixum cum se dicuntur ob assem.

Quz poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicute?

In cicere arque faba bona tu perdasque lupinis. sat. 5 lib. 2

Labra moves cupiens audiri

O si angulus ille

Proximus accedat qui nunc denomet agellum. sat. 1. 2

P E R S I U S.

summā nequicquam pelle decorus. 11

Est prope te ignotus cubiro qui tangit. 12

Cedimus inque vicem præbamus crura sagittis. 41

S A T. V.

Vatibus hic mos est, 2

Tu neque anhelanti coquitur dum massa camino,

Folle premis ventos: 10

junctura calidus acri 14
amborum fœdere ceto

Consentire dies,

Nescio quod certe est, quod me tibi temperat astrum. 51

Mercibus hic Italis mutat sub sole recenti. 54

Cultor enim es juvenum purgatas inferis aures. 63

Hæc mera libertas.

exclamat Melicerta periisse 82

Frontem de rebus 103

tibi recto vivere talo. 104

illa prius creta mox hæc carbone notasti. 108

Inque luto fixam possis transcendere nummum. 112

quam non extinxerit urnæ cicute.

eicer ingere large

Rixanti populo -- 177

Labra moves tacitus. 184

S A T. VI.

angulus ille

Vicini, nostro, quis pingulor -- 12

indignum

NORACE

indignum quod sit pejoribus
ortus.
nec metuas quid de me
judicet hares,
Quod non plura datis inveneris.
Quantulum enim summa curta-
bit quisque dierum.

PERSIUS.

Ditescant orti pejoribus
sed cenam funeris hares
Negliget iratus.
Quod rem curaveris.

T. SHERIDAN.



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